SPECIAL AUTO SHOW ISSUE...THE 1955 CARS

TRUE

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

JANUARY 25c

FABULOUS
SERGE RUBINSTEIN

GEORGE N. KAYE is shown above at his cattle breeding ranch in New York. In the background is lovely North Lake, where he and guests swim and fish.

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January 1955

TRUE

the man's magazine

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'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.—Byron

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VOL. 35 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 212

THE FACT STORY MAGAZINE FOR MEN

Frederic N. Dodge, *National Advertising Manager*

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GRISLY BEAR STORY!!

ONCE there was an outdoor-type girl named Goldilocks. She had a 22" waist, a 34" bust and a Nash Statesman.

One day she went for a drive in her Nash and came to a house beside the road. She went in, looked around and found nobody home. So she sat down in a chair and waited.

Pretty soon three bears walked in. One was a small bear, one was a medium-sized all-purpose bear, and the other was a large grizzly-type bear.

"Gr-r-r!" said the large bear. "Somebody's been sitting in my chair!"

"You ain't just whistlin' 'Dixie', kiddo," said Goldilocks, and she up with her .30-06 and fixed his wagon, while the other bears took it on the lam.

Then she loaded the big bear into the Nash's huge luggage compartment and drove to a taxidermist's.

"My!" said the taxidermist. "What a magnificent automobile! I've heard lots about it from sportsmen-owners—all about the Twin Travel Beds feature, the Airliner Reclining Seats, the sensationally smooth ride, the All-Season Air Conditioning,* the—"

"Never mind the commercial," said Goldilocks. "I got a bear in the trunk, and I want it stuffed."

Unfortunately, however, the bear had only a superficial scalp wound, and when the luggage compartment was opened he regained consciousness, hopped out and ate the taxidermist.

"That wasn't the way I meant for you to stuff it, stupid," said Goldilocks, and drove off to the hairdresser, getting an absolutely amazing number of miles to the gallon of gas.

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Choose Your Dagger

In *Dagger Makers of Morocco* (October True) Sid Latham wrote, "Over all the noise and confusion hangs the scent of burning sandalwood and the sweet bite of spices from stalls of herb sellers."

Brother! He must have had one helluva cold or a clothespin stuck on his nose. The scent there is spelled s-t-e-n-c-h, and I'm telling you it's terrific! It comes not from burning sandalwood, not from spices in the stalls of the herb sellers, but straight upward from all those dirty, filthy, narrow winding streets and alleys that are used as open air "Chic Sales" by those Arabs, camels, donkeys and flocks of sheep.

—*Homer J. Harrison*
Chicago, Ill.

Maybe it had just rained, or they had cleaned the joint up, because Sid insists he smelled all those poetic smells.

Happy Hunting Ground

Michael Crammond's article, *Killer Cougars*, (October True) is factually true, but while the cougars are just as fierce as he reports them to be, he overemphasizes the fear the people hold for them. On the contrary, it is not common practice for us to cower behind locked doors because there are a few hundred hungry cougars running around. Locked doors are only advocated at one or two spots during a wave of anxiety following an attack. It wears off very soon. Nor do loggers refuse to work in the woods. When the cougars get too numerous a couple of the loggers, or professional predatory hunters, go out and knock a few off to reduce the threat to backwood communities. The hunters get their pictures taken, and everyone forgets about it until another cougar goes for humans.

—*Allan Robinson*
Campbell River, B. C.

Michael Crammond didn't exaggerate in his article, *The Killer Cougars*. The situation here is really serious. I know a man in the Sayward district who had a cougar strike at him from out of an apple tree one dark night. The blow fortunately missed him, but loosened a barbed fence wire about the height of the man's head.

A friend of mine, though, who not so long ago was gate keeper for one of the logging companies in the hinterland of Vancouver Island, may have accidentally stumbled on a solution to the problem. He plays the bagpipes, and had them with him on his job. One evening he was marching back and forth outside his cabin playing the pipes. He happened to raise his eyes and there a short distance away was a cougar sitting on a stump listening to the pipes, completely fascinated.

Now, why couldn't the government send out a few hundred pipers accompanied by good shots. In a few weeks there wouldn't be a live cougar left on the island.

—*J. W. Cumming*
Campbell River, B. C.

Question: How could a good shot miss a bagpiper?

Crime and Punishment

How many of our citizens will read your shocking story (*The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson*, November True) and forget because their own lives have not been touched? That is why the Army cannot make an example of Corporals Dickenson and Batchelor—because people too soon forget. If, in the future, the POW conditions of 1950 were ever repeated, there would be those men who would break or not depending upon their make-up and not upon what they had heard in 1954 about two corporals. If the Army is doing anything, it is giving every GI cause to reflect that if ever he is captured, he'd a darn sight better just stay captured.

Ten years for Corporal Dickenson; since your magazine went to press—20 years for Corporal Batchelor. I cried when I read it. I cried because I felt (but only in a small way for I am not in their shoes) how long would be the nights and how full of anguish and torment the days if I had begged a son of mine to come back home to such a fate. And I said to my husband, "I am nobody but if I were somebody, I'd be afraid to say a word against this injustice for fear I might be branded as a Communist collaborator." But I give thanks for such people as True's editors and author Richard Stern who are not afraid. And now I am not afraid any more either, for this should be the people's fight.

—*Helen H. Holter*
Frederick, Md.

Your story about Dickenson brought a burn that has been smoldering within me for about a week now. I shall put it this way:

Universal Military Justice (Ha Ha)
Lt. Col. Fleming—Charge, aiding the enemy.
Punishment, involuntary discharge.
Cpl. Dickenson—Charge, aiding the enemy.
Punishment, 10 years.
Cpl. Batchelor—Charge, aiding the enemy.
Punishment, 20 years.

—*F. H. Taft, Jr.*
Cleveland, Ohio

I believe Dickenson's conviction is about the rottenest act I have heard of. The people of the United States and the world were given to believe that the POW's were not to be punished for their deeds while in Communist prisons.

Now, as Mr. Emery said, "They needed a goat." I do not doubt but that Dickenson was the best to be had at the time. But I defy those so-called "witnesses" to tell me they have not been afraid in their lives, or would not have done things that were not quite right, if the proper pressure were applied.

If this injustice is allowed to go on, I will be ashamed of and for the people of this country.

I am sending $10 to be sent to Mr. Emery to help fight this shame to the American people. As an ex GI, I am not sure how I would have stood up under the strain had I been in Dickenson's shoes.

—*Ray Torrey*
Mount Shasta, Calif.

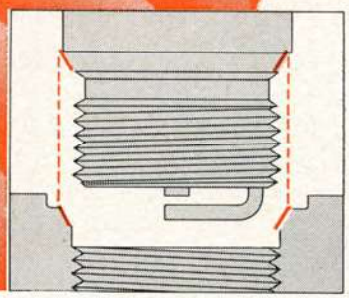
With thanks we are returning Ray Torrey's $10, and other money forwarded to True *for possible aid to Corporal Dickenson. There is no authorized fund being raised for the corporal that we know of. If one is organized we will let you know.*

[Continued on page 6]

'55 FORD FEATURES CHAMPION TURBO-ACTION SPARK PLUGS!

First in its field to provide the spark plug in your future

Greater clearance in the new Turbo-Action firing end permits turbulent gases to keep the insulator free of harmful deposits. Heat range, the temperature zone in which spark plugs operate efficiently, is extended to the widest limits in automotive history.



Tapered Turbo-Action seating design forms a positive lock with a mating surface in the cylinder head without using a gasket. Correct installation is automatic and Turbo-Action Spark Plugs remain firmly fixed and accurately positioned in the combustion chamber.

Ford—America's most popular motorcar—now features the *spark plug in your future* as original equipment in all 1955 models.

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With TURBO-ACTION —one of the great developments in automotive history—Champion again demonstrates its leadership in spark plug design, performance and dependability . . . leadership which has made Champions the first choice of motorists for every car!

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Truely Yours

[*Continued from page* 4]

It is a terrible thought, but, if the treatment given Corporal Dickenson is a yardstick by which American justice can be measured, then those soldiers of the United States of America who died, thinking that justice was one of the things they were fighting for, have all died in vain.

—*Hugh Allen*
Regina, Saskatchewan

In regard to Dickenson's crucifixion, I am wondering if any of the members of the court martial would have reacted any better to the "North Korean Touch" of "brainwashing," starvation, and threat of death that was always prevalent. The most infamous miscarriage of justice to my knowledge.

Turn the boy loose—he's served enough and suffered enough as it is!!

—*Capt. Vincent D. Splane,*
U.S. A. F. R.
Humboldt, Tenn.

I have just read *The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson.* I am shocked! Corporal Dickenson's decision—originally—to remain with the Reds is not to be condoned. But I'm convinced that most Americans, at least those who saw action in W. W. II, as I did, can understand what happened to this unfortunate fellow.

Who among us knows what he would do under the duress to which Dickenson was subjected? It took some sort of courage for Dickenson to leave the Reds after he was supposedly converted to their ideology. He's a victim of "an example must be made."

—*Ex. Lt. (J.G.) George Liquear,*
U.S.N.R.
Richmond, Va.

Correction Dept.

The Shooting Art of Shotgun Fred incorrectly states that Fred Etchen runs the shooting school in Sun Valley, but Etchen has never had anything to do with it. The Sun Valley shooting school is under the direction of Carl Bradsher, internationally known instructor, and has been since 1939, at which time he suggested the plans after which the field is laid out.

—*Mrs. Carl Bradsher*
Sun Valley, Idaho

True *goofed.*

Heroes All

In *Wings Without Wheels,* (October True) the authors very briefly state that after the numerous unsuccessful attempts by the Coast Guard crew of the cutter *Bibb* to rescue the crew aboard the *Bermuda Sky Queen,* a flying boat forced down on the storm-lashed waters of the North Atlantic in the fall of 1947, a passage was finally made from the plane to the cutter by three Merchantmen in the plane's rubber life boat. The full account of this saga of seamanship and guts is worthy of a Conrad. Aboard the *Bermuda Sky Queen* were some Merchantmen (officers and crew) being flown home from England where their ship had been sold. Despite the many hours of unsuccessful attempts at rescue and abandonment by the Coast Guard crew, three Merchantmen volunteered to attempt the crossing to the cutter using the plane's rubber life raft. (Professionally speaking, as those who have been through the mill well know, a spit kit of a rubber raft is cantankerous and unwieldy under the best of circumstances, not to mention how almost unmanageable it is in any kind of weather, if only just to keep afloat.) Working in teams for many long and dangerous hours, the Merchantmen transferred the entire personnel of the plane, sixty-seven in all, to safety aboard the cutter.

And the aftermath—upon arrival of the cutter *Bibb* in Boston, the Coasties were given a hero's welcome, publicity, fire boats, etc. As for the Merchant Seamen, not one word about their marvelous feat of seamanship performed under the most hazardous of circumstances, and in traditions of the sea.

—*Glenn Arthur*
Sierra Madre, Calif.

Objection Overruled

The cartoonist who drew this gag really must be a mental scavenger. It's

an insult to any woman with any sense at all.

—*Jeane Gleffe*
Colusa, Calif.

We've just made a startling discovery. None of the dames we know have any sense at all. Showed the cartoon and your letter to these dames. None of them agree with you, and several opine you've dredged up a meaning never intended.

Gourmet Dept.

Who says women won't eat "prairie oysters," *A Very Male Meal, Indeed,* November True? In 1947, I married me a cowboy, and was introduced to the items in question. I admit it took a little talkin' to get me to taste them, but now it's a family row as to who gets the biggest share of them.

I, however, don't agree with the article, which said to first skin them and then soak, as soaking in this condition makes them goopy. What we do here in Montana is soak them all in cold salt water until we're ready to use them, and then skin them. I'm always on hand with a bucketful at the brandin' fire. Yes, sir, best stuff you ever ate.

—*Mrs. Bob Condie*
Grant, Mont.

You're a brave dame, Mrs. Bob. Only yesterday we were told about a woman who refused to kiss her husband good night after he had eaten prairie oysters.

Talk about different dishes, during the salmon seining season of 1951 our chef had knocked himself out to throw a wonderful ham dinner on our modern seine boat for his crew of five Indians and myself. One half hour before chow, though, the native boys decided to throw a spread for themselves. One of them jumped down into the well-filled fish hold and hacked off the heads of several dog salmon. These, without the preliminaries of washing, were boiled in sea water and eaten with much smacking of lips in preference to the luscious ham. I stuck to the cook's special, but after having gorged myself on the ham I thought I might be missing something so dug into the fish heads, eyes and all. I have eaten fish in Louisiana and Florida and was raised on wall-eyes in northern Minnesota and have eaten almost every edible fish here in Southeastern Alaska—but I can honestly say I have never tasted a more delicious fish than these salmon heads. Another taste delight is eating live sea urchins out of the shell.

—*M. R. Monrean*
Ketchikan, Alaska

BE SURE YOU GET WHAT YOU WANT WHEN YOU WANT IT

Good things sell fast and once your newsdealer's supply of TRUE is exhausted, you're out of luck for the month, friend. Insure yourself against missing a single issue of TRUE'S man-to-man reading by ordering a mail-man-delivered subscription. Premiums are low, protection is guaranteed.

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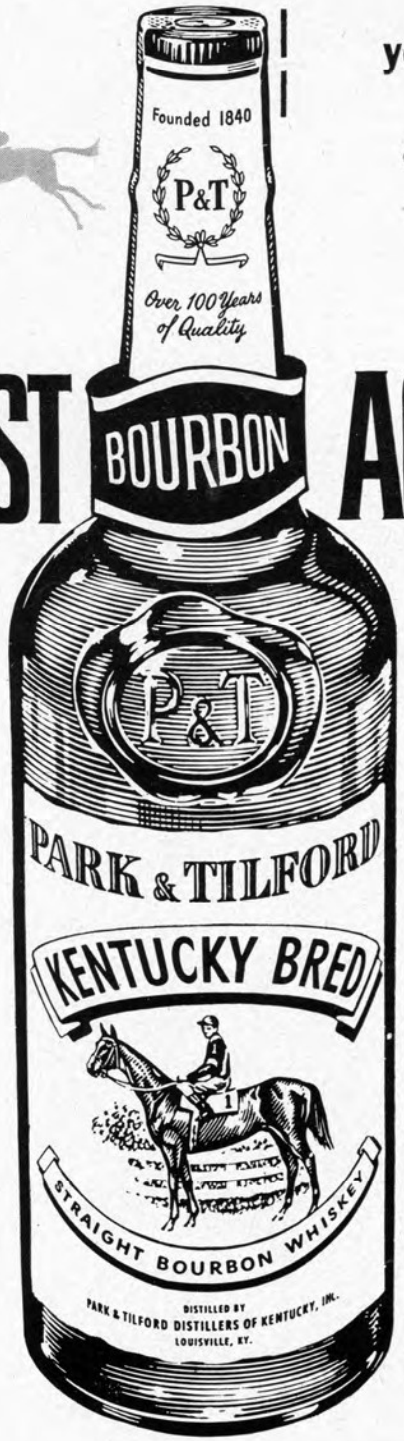

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HOW I RETIRED

in 15 years with $250 a month

by a Phoenix Mutual Policy Holder

"Here on the Florida Keys every day is good fishing weather. And I've time to take it or leave it.

"You see, I'm one of the lucky ones. I'm retired. Retired at 60—better even than the boss could manage! Each month, every month, whether I'm loafing down here, or taking a trip up north in my car, I get a check for $250. That check, in its white envelope, makes me my own boss for life.

"Yet till 15 years ago—I hardly even pictured myself being able to retire. I'd been working for twenty years then. I had a good job, but salaries weren't high in the thirties. I felt a man ought to have some fun—not just live and work and die, but I couldn't see any way of doing it. There seemed no easy way for me to make a lot of money.

"Then suddenly I discovered the one sure way to get a retirement income guaranteed for life—the Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.

"The years have gone quickly and happily. They say people with retirement plans live longer—and I figure I'm going to make a record."

This story is typical.

Would you like to retire? A 28-page booklet, "Retirement Incomes," shows how. With a Phoenix Mutual Plan, you can use part of your salary now to buy a retirement income for later on.

It tells how a man or woman with no big savings account, nothing but a good job, and 15 or 20 earning years ahead, can retire with an income of $250 a month guaranteed for life—how he can start a new life in Florida or elsewhere.

It explains how to avoid worries about business ups and downs, how to obtain an income you will never lose, never outlive.

If you're in your forties or younger and you'd like to retire someday, send for this booklet—whether you're interested in an income of $10 or $300 a month or more, whether you'd like to retire at age 55, 60, 65 or older. This booklet is offered as a public service by the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company. Write for your free copy today. No cost. No obligation. Address: Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 988 Elm Street, Hartford 15, Conn.

the EDITOR speaking

TRUE's editors, ordinarily deluged with some 3,500 letters a month, have been virtually inundated since TRUE ran the shocking story titled *The Crucifixion of Corporal Dickenson.*

Not since TRUE blew the lid off the Hollohan Case have readers blown their collective stacks so vehemently. The score: about 15-1 for TRUE's firm stand that the corporal got a raw deal. In fact, plenty of readers dug down into their jeans to start a defense fund for Dickenson; others suggested that TRUE formalize a committee to free Dickenson; still others sat down and wrote sizzling letters to their congressmen. Just to set the record straight, TRUE is not in the business of collecting dough (unless you want to subscribe), nor is it in the business of setting up committees. TRUE is, every once in a while, in the business of reporting an outrageous injustice. Every congressman in the U. S. got a copy of that story. Now, it's up to one of them to see that final justice is done.

* * *

Now that we've got that bit of business off our chest we'd like to report a little story we picked up in the good, gray *New York Times,* a rather pompous newspaper which has as its motto: "All the news that's fit to print." The *Times* saw fit to print this item under the heading: BALLOON BEATS CAR JAM: Four fly 60 miles to Jersey as traffic stalls motor escort.

"FREEHOLD, N. J.: Four lighthearted balloonists out for a Sunday ride landed safely here this afternoon after proving there is more than one way to beat the Sunday traffic. The four took off in the wicker basket of a large gas-filled balloon from an airport at Valley Forge, Pennsylvania, at 10 a.m. They were to have been followed by an automobile convoy. But the autos bogged down in Philadelphia traffic. . . ."

"Helen."

The *Times* story went on to say that the four "lighthearted" characters were Francis Shields, president of the Balloon Club of America, Anthony Fairbanks, a veteran balloon pilot, Robert Halmi, a photographer, and yours truly, who could have better been described as "heavy-hearted" instead of lighthearted.

The whole object of the flight was to get background material for a whopper of a story that Bob Halmi worked up for TRUE. (Halmi, incidentally, for those of you who came in late, is the crazy Hungarian photographer who spent *Seven Days in the Hole*, spelunking for TRUE readers in the October issue .) How Halmi ever conned us into this crazy flight we'll never know. Probably the best answer is that his English could best be described as "fractured," and it wasn't until two minutes before take-off that he managed to convey (by sign language) that he wanted us to go along. Sheer pride finally overcame rank cowardice and we climbed aboard the flimsy wicker basket.

Our worst fears were realized right at the take-off. Instead of bobbing lazily upward into the wild blue yonder, the balloon stubbornly bounced along the airfield, prodded by a 15-knot breeze. Then, at the last moment (while this department frantically heaved out bagfuls of sand) the balloon rose just in time to crash headlong into a huge tree. Halmi was happily climbing around the rigging at the time and almost missed the whole trip. The rest of the journey was as sensational as it was uneventful until Pilot Fairbanks "valved" out some of the gas and we crash-landed in the New Jersey cornfield, 60 miles and three hours later. (A week later another pilot made the mistake of valving out too much gas at 4,000 ft., and all four occupants ended up with busted extremities.)

"Free Ballooning," *i.e.*, flight uncontrolled by any ground lines, is the oldest form of flying (if you discount the Icarus myth), and is also an ancient and honorable sport. There was a time, as late as the postwar years, when upwards of half-a-million spectators gathered in Paris to see the start of the international balloon races. But in the U.S., the sport has virtually died out. In fact, the Balloon Club of America is the only one in the country that owns a flyable bag. Since a new bag cost some $10,000 no one, least of all us, is about to holler for the revival of the sport. But Photographer Halmi has cooked up a new (and ancient) sport, and we'll be telling you all about it soon.

* * *

Next month, among other things, TRUE's Gun Expert Lucian Cary will be telling you about the sharpshooters that say, *To Hell With the Bullseye;* Dan Mannix will give you an amazing story titled *The Stag Stabbers of Chateau Touffou;* Alan Hynd will tell you about *The Case of the Man Who Solved His Own Murder;* Joe Millard has a TRUE special booklengther on *Bloody Henry Morgan;* and feature writer A. E. Hotchner has just come back from a TRUE tour of Washington and various Army camps with an eye-opening article about the U. S.'s tough new Army.

For a quarter, how can you miss?

—doug kennedy

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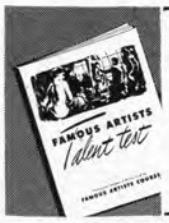

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strange but TRUE

by Mee Morningside

Numerous persons have survived falls from great heights. In one case a man jumped off a 14-story structure and landed on an automobile, yet he was able to return to his job in two months. In another case, a woman stepped out of an eighth-floor window, landed on her stomach across a fence and then promptly got down, dusted her clothes and walked to a nearby hospital to find out if she had been seriously injured. In a third case, a lady dived from a building toward a house 66 feet below, struck the roof with her head and a shoulder, crashed through it and dropped into the attic. How she did so much damage to the roof and so little to herself baffled the investigators. In a fourth case, a man sustained only comparatively slight injuries in an accidental fall from a perpendicular cliff to a gravel beach, although the fall was equivalent in distance to one from the top of a 32-story building. *By William Lord, Denver, Colo.*

An incredible racket, carried on in Europe during the Middle Ages, was the sale of small empty boxes, each of which was guaranteed to contain some (invisible) thing of religious significance. The purchaser had a choice of "contents," which included a finger of the Holy Ghost, rays from the Star of Bethlehem and peals from the bells of Solomon's Temple.

Many slang words used by Americans did not, as is commonly supposed, originate in this country, but in England where they were popular more than 200 years ago. Among them are bamboozle, booze, frisk, grub, hick, kid, lousy, mooch, racket and zany. *By Norman Carney, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

One of the oddest documents on record was sent to Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797-1879), once the librarian of the British Museum. In 1821, he was sentenced to death for taking part in a revolutionary plot against his native duchy in Italy. But on the eve of his execution, he managed to break out of prison and reach England. Soon afterward, Panizzi received a letter from government officials back home, demanding that he repay them for two expenditures for which he was "responsible." One was the cost of erecting the gallows to hang him and the other was the fee promised and paid the hangman.

Social prestige obligated fashionable seventeenth century New Yorkers, when sick in bed, to employ the services of two "comforters" whose occupation was to comfort the patient throughout the long hours of the night. Dressed in black and having a funereal expression and way of speaking, these cheerful chaps sang mournful hymns, read sad parts of the Bible and discussed death and the hereafter. By dawn, the patient was usually hoping for the worst.

The only man who was ever sentenced to be branded with a red-hot iron in the United States was Jonathan Walker, convicted in 1844 in Pensacola, Territory of Florida, for having helped seven slaves escape to the Bahamas. The initials *S.S.* (Slave Stealer) were burned into the palm of his right hand and few incidents aroused more bitterness between the abolitionists and southern slave

RingTheBell.com on Archive.org

owners. This act so incensed John Greenleaf Whittier that he wrote the inflammatory poem, *The Man With the Branded Hand,* which was recited constantly throughout the North for the next twenty years. *By Arthur W. Miller, Jackson, Mich.*

For generations in the theaters of China, some actors have specialized and become so proficient in female impersonation, and some actresses in male impersonation, that they seldom portray a character of their own sex. Consequently, a rare and momentous event is the presentation of a "reversed role" drama in which such an actor plays the part of a man and such an actress plays the part of a woman. *By Earle Nelson, Cambridge, Mass.*

The homing instinct is thought to be more strongly developed in the deer than in any other wild mammal. In one instance a number of Scottish stags were shipped from Scotland to New Zealand. Soon after their arrival, several escaped from their new quarters and, days later, were found far out at sea swimming directly toward their former home, which was 13,000 miles away across both the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

At least 1½ million cattle brands are registered in the West and the stories about their origins are largely legendary. One such outstanding tale, still told and believed, relates how Burk Burnett happened to adopt the famous brand "6666" for the 200,000-acre ranch which he acquired in Texas in 1900. According to the yarn, he won the ranch in a poker game with a hand containing four sixes.

A shadow cast by a person on a pool of crude oil, on hot sunny days in tropical countries, appears to remain for about ten seconds after the individual has moved away. This phenomenon, which is little known even among petroleum men, is explained by the fact that the shadow cools the covered area, causing it to darken and therefore to reproduce the form of the shadow which, after the real shadow is gone, continues to be visible until the oil regains its former temperature.

The longest telegram ever sent to an individual in this country was the night letter in which the people of Birmingham, Alabama, wired birthday greetings to President Roosevelt on January 30, 1934. It contained 41,000 names, was a quarter of a mile in length, required a total of 19 hours to transmit by high-speed automatic instruments and cost $421.

At the Paris Exposition on the night of July 2, 1937, the best dancing troupe of each of ten countries gave an exhibition of their skill in an international contest that was planned, conducted and financed by the French government. The United States was represented by the 46 Rockettes of New York's Radio City Music Hall, who made the 6,000-mile trip to do four of their popular four-minute precision dances for which they were awarded the Grand Prix de la République.

Opium became so plentiful in Honolulu's Chinatown in December 1936 that the Bureau of Narcotics in Washington assigned to the case one of its best detectives, a Chinese-American whom we shall call "Sam Chu." Believing only unorthodox methods would trap the smugglers who were bringing in the opium, Chu set out to convince the underworld that he was indeed a U.S. narcotics agent but that he disliked his job, was poorly paid and was not immune to bribery. To further the impression, he wore old clothes, seldom went to his office and never arrested anyone. By August 1938, Chu still did not know that the men he sought were three Chinese—a crew member of a certain ship and two local residents who would go aboard and get the opium from the man. But feeling that the time was now ripe to apply pressure, Chu had an order issued which required the searching of all persons who left the docks. As this stopped the smugglers, the leader, as expected, went to Chu, revealed himself, and bribed the agent to bring future shipments ashore because he would not be searched. So on December 15, 1938, Chu himself went aboard the *Empress of Japan,* picked up eighty hidden cans of the dope as instructed and delivered them to the leader. And the man and his accomplices were arrested within an hour.

In 1881 in Antwerp, Belgium, one Armand Peltzer had a bitter enemy named Berneys, whom he wanted murdered—and by someone who would assume a fictitious identity, thereby causing the police to search for a man who did not exist. Armand assigned the job to his brother Leon in the U.S., who was heavily indebted to him and could not refuse. The two then met in Paris and worked out the details. Leon completely changed his appearance with a wig, whiskers, glasses and a different style of clothes, and set up a home and office in Brussels. Within five months, he became widely known as "Henry Vaughan," an agent of a large Australian steamship company, through his frequent visits to Europe's leading shipping lines. Having thus established the existence of "Vaughan," Leon requested his intended victim Berneys, who was a lawyer, to come over from Antwerp to discuss an international merger. When the unsuspecting man entered the office, "Vaughan" shot him dead, fled and became nonexistent an hour later when Leon removed the disguise. Because the body had not been discovered after ten days, Leon wrote a letter signed "Vaughan" to the police, informing them where they would find it. Although he had committed a clever murder and was in the clear, Leon's better judgment was overcome by his eagerness to read that the search for the fictitious shipping agent had begun. His letter was photographed and reproduced in numerous newspapers, and someone who had known Leon happened to recognize his handwriting. Consequently, both brothers were captured, tried, convicted and sentenced to prison for life. *By Jerry Walton, Chicago, Ill.*

Lawsuits against insects was a profitable racket in France between the thirteenth and eighteenth centuries. Gullible peasants, who believed that the creatures could and should be tried for destructive acts, were talked into instigating legal action. They were assured that the insects, if found guilty, would be banished from the community by judicial order. No plaintiff was ever involved in more than one of these trials because they were purposely prolonged to increase their court costs, lawyers' fees and a number of compulsory and expensive ceremonies. One such suit, brought in 1445 by the inhabitants of St. Julian against a swarm of beetles, lasted nearly fifty years before it was dropped. *By Gene Sperry, Ragged Mountain, Colo.*

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man to man answers

conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True

Most people think that an H-bomb blast would be the worst sort of catastrophe that could happen here in America. They are wrong. About 60 million years ago there occurred such a cataclysmic event that the H-bomb would look like a firecracker in comparison. But the great upheaval gave us the land and animal life we now know; so it doesn't really rate as a first-class *disaster*.

Although scientists are still not sure exactly what happened, most are pretty well agreed that some gigantic force rumbling underneath the surface of the earth thrust up the land in the western part of the country, shoving tons of rock and earth through the earth's crust, forming a great range of mountains.

At the time, dinosaurs were roaming throughout the land from Florida to Montana. They thrived in the swamps of the east that had been formed eons before when the ocean had flooded the central and western parts of the country as far as Canada.

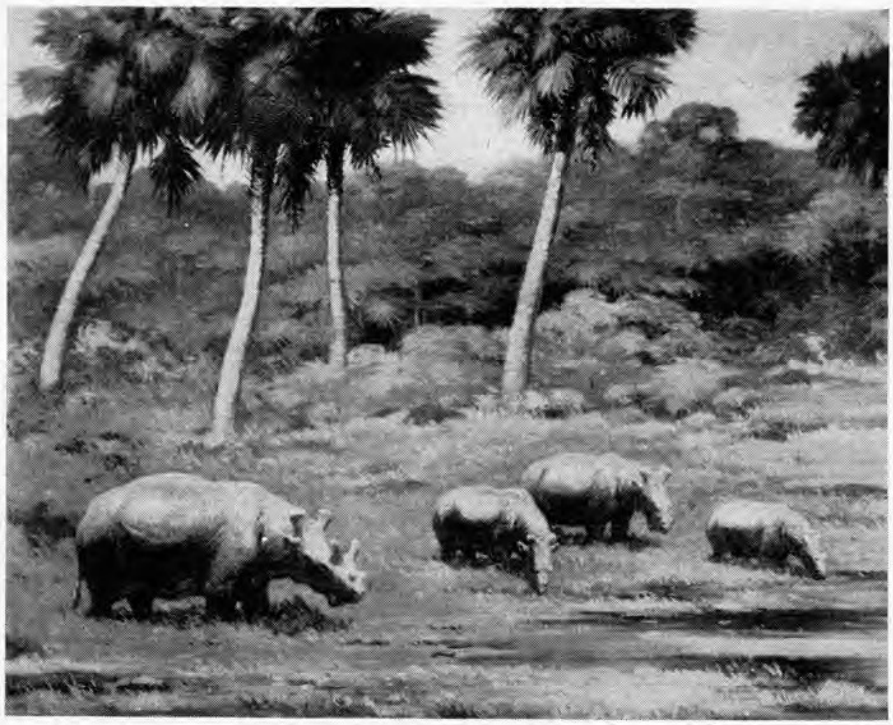
But the great barrier wall of mountains shut off that part of the country from the rain clouds of the Pacific, the tropical swamps and forests disappeared, and then the giant reptiles disappeared.

The above is in answer to a question from reader Reginald Mason of Jacksonville, Florida, who wants to know why all the exotic creatures now extinct lived elsewhere, and why America was empty of giant mammals. Actually, America was a large experimental laboratory where nature tried out the development of new animals. Some lived, others perished.

After the Rockies rose and the plains lifted and became dry, the Age of Mammals began. They are the most recent of all the earth's beasts. The first lived 160 million years ago, but they really didn't come into their own until 40 million years later; which is a short time when you consider that the earth is now about 4 billion years old.

The mammals—first of the creatures to have warm blood and to produce their offspring not from eggs—had bigger brains and were much smarter than the reptiles. A species of horse developed that was about the size of a rabbit, but a near cousin, the Titanotheres, grew to be monstrous. Other prototypes included a 6 foot wolf, beavers as large as bears, and giant-size dogs and cats.

Many of the early mammals died out completely. The only reptiles remaining from nature's great experiment today are the boa constrictor, the turtle and the alligator. Somehow, the bigger animals just couldn't survive. But the smaller ones—the dogs, opossums, bears and rodents—are still around today. So it seems that America had a great share in helping populate the animal world after all.



Uintatherium—huge horned animals that once lived in Wyoming and Utah.

Q: What and where is the oldest university still in operation? ***Mrs. Edward Minge, Fergus Falls, Minn.***

A: This is difficult, even impossible, to determine. It might be said that gatherings of curious-minded men in early Greece constituted a university, and more so in Egypt, where astronomy and mathematics were born. Of those still in existence, probably the University of Bologna and the Universities of Oxford and Paris, established in the 11th century, could claim to be first.

Q: Does Los Angeles have greater population and area than Chicago? ***William Sellers, Jackson, Mich.***

A: Los Angeles has the largest area of our cities with 450.9 square miles. It is fourth in population with 1,970,358. Chicago is third in area with 207.5 square miles and second in population with 3,620,962. Figures are from 1950 census.

Q: Is it possible to temper copper, a lost art? ***V. W. Ashby, Logansport, Ind.***

A: If it were possible, modern science would have uncovered it. Early humans found copper, used it for tools, discovered it was harder and tougher when hammered. Perhaps this led to the lost art of tempering idea. Bronze was discovered early too, probably because copper and tin were found together, and bronze was harder than copper.

Q: Does shortening a shotgun barrel reduce the velocity? ***George Vomacka, Omaha, Nebraska.***

A: A 30-inch barrel has 14 foot seconds more velocity than a 28-inch barrel. Lucian Cary says this makes no difference in killing game.

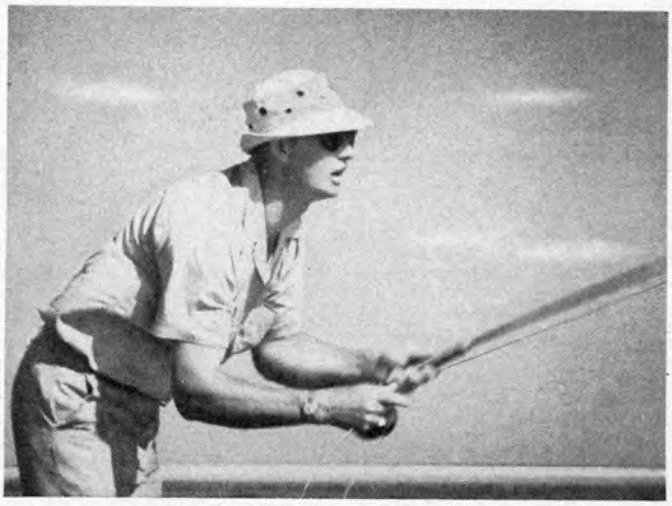
Q: Who made the first swords? ***Clifton Hagan (8 years old), Midland, S. D.***

A: Perhaps some form of sword was made before men began to write history. However, it is believed that the Assyrians were the first to make swords of bronze. The Romans made the first iron sword 20 inches long. Most famous swords are those made of steel in Damascus and Toledo, Spain. They are said to be so keen they will cut in two a feather pillow tossed into the air.

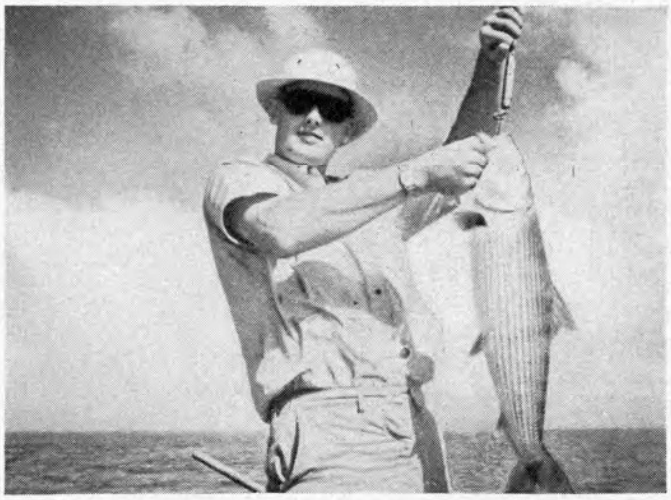
Q: Do hair and fingernails grow after death? ***T. H. Davis, Norfolk, Va.***

A: You can get different views on this, even from scientists. However, their majority opinion is that hair and fingernails cease to grow at death. The skin shrinks toward the roots which gives this appearance. [*Continued on page* 55]

Lucky day for Ted Williams



Ted hooks a battling bonefish. His company made the glass rod, the Ted Williams 9-footer.



It's a big one . . . a real beauty. Ted caught this handsome heavyweight off the Florida Keys.

Every day he goes fishing is a Lucky day for Ted Williams. Tucked in his shirt pocket is a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes. Baseball's fabulous Thumper smokes Luckies for a good reason. "*Outdoors and indoors,*" he says, "*they always taste better.*" Luckies taste better, first of all, because Lucky Strike means fine tobacco. Then, that tobacco is toasted to taste better. "*It's Toasted*"—the famous Lucky Strike process—tones up Luckies' light, mild, good-tasting tobacco to make it taste even better . . . cleaner, fresher, smoother. So, enjoy the better-tasting cigarette, Lucky Strike.

After weighing up his catch, Ted enjoys a Lucky. "I like Luckies," he says. "They taste better."

LUCKIES TASTE BETTER—Cleaner, Fresher, Smoother!

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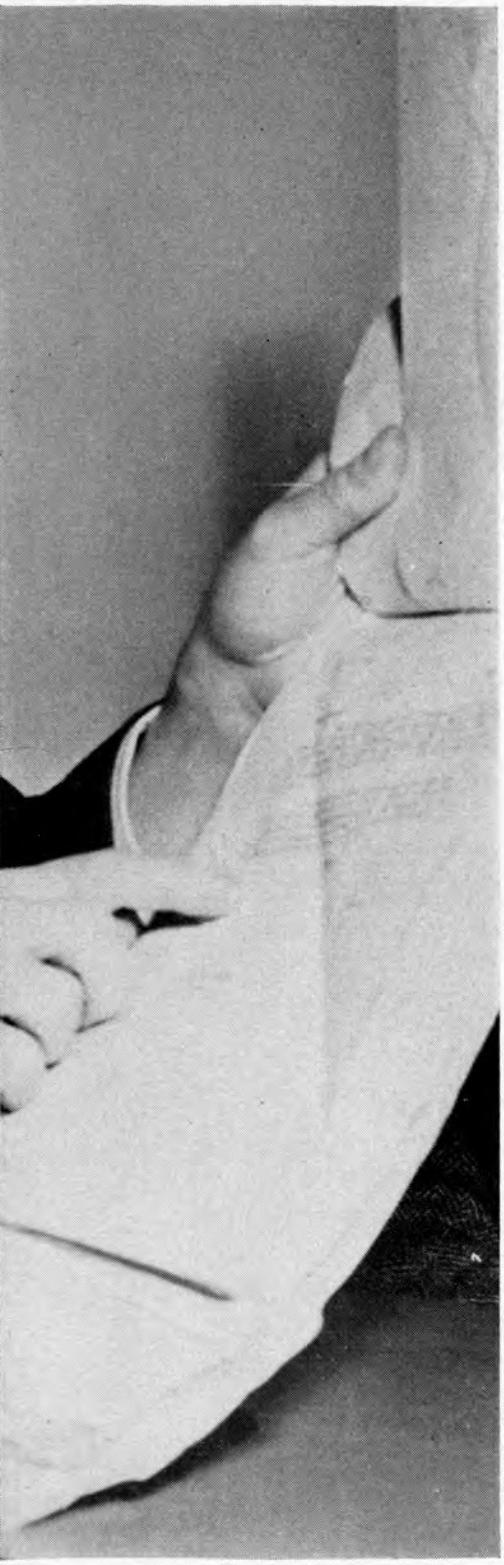
Serge Rubinstein and his attorney, Jack Wasserman *(left)* fight his deportation at a hearing held in Washington.



RUBINSTEIN: The Jailbird We Can't Deport

Despite his many shady deals, this Russian-born draft dodger has beaten all but one rap, a Federal jail term. For the past ten years our Justice Department has been trying to boot him out, but nobody else wants him either

BY MARTIN L. GROSS

Shortly before midnight on January 23, 1954, the second highest court in the land, the United States Court of Appeals, met in extraordinary session in the living room of Justice Henry W. Edgerton's Washington, D. C., apartment.

Long after working hours and in a mood befitting a national emergency, the three sleepy justices in their strange makeshift courtroom sat down to ponder the fate of Sergio Manuel Rubinstein de Rovello, better known as Serge Rubinstein, flamboyant Russian-born adventurer, manipulator, and mastermind international financier.

While the hurriedly called midnight court listened to his attorney's plea, Rubinstein himself was bottled tight in his private apartment on the third floor of his six-story mansion at 814 Fifth Avenue. Outside, parked in 2-way radio cars, were four U. S. Immigration agents with a warrant for Rubinstein's arrest and deportation signed by Attorney General Herbert Brownell. Other Federal agents were posted on the roof and in the house itself, outside the indignant Rubinstein's barricaded living room.

To the Justice Department it seemed like the culmination of an expensive (half a million) ten-year battle to deport the self-made promoter whose activities have become legend from Texas to Tokyo. Within a few hours the stateless Serge would finally be on Ellis Island, ready for the final boot out of the U.S.A.

But Mr. Brownell, like his predecessor, Mr. McGranery, had underestimated his quarry. Before the court had adjourned, it had handed down an unprecedented order that not only snatched Rubinstein out of Brownell's hands at the last second, but granted him immunity from arrest by the U. S. government.

Soon after, in a startling decision that has since been upheld by the United States Supreme Court (by a squeaky 4-4 tie), the august judges gave Rubinstein an injunction barring Brownell from arresting him. Serge was free pending the outcome of his own suit against Uncle Sam for "unlawful arrest"—a clever legal gambit that will probably take years to decide.

Convening midnight court sessions and virtually tying the hands of Federal authorities is no mean trick—even for a multimillionaire who fled St. Petersburg as a boy in 1918 with a fortune in jewels sewed

to his undershirt. Rub takes justifiable pride in his latest caper. "My restraining order enjoining an Attorney General from making an arrest," he boasts, "is the first handed down since the beginning of the Republic."

Rubinstein, whose checkered career has been watched by an amazed public ever since he arrived in the United States in 1938, is probably best known for his draft conviction after World War II. But his victory over Brownell and his fight to stay in America is much more typical of a lifetime of antics and financial legerdemain that has dumbfounded governments the world over.

At the age of 22, to circumvent a French law that prohibited alien *émigrés* from working, Serge—a young pauper with his overcoat in the hockshop—formed a holding company with somebody else's money and emerged as managing director of a Parisian counting-house, the high-sounding Banque Franco-Asiatique with branches in China, Manchuria and Turkey. Years later, when he reportedly made 3 million francs playing with the French money market, he was kicked out of France by Premier Laval only to be welcomed back three years later with open arms by Premier Daladier.

He outsmarted the Japanese government at least twice. Once when he used Prince Ito as a front to keep his gold mines in Korea from being expropriated as a "foreign interest," and later when he smuggled 2,700,000 yen out of Japan and pulled the rug out from under the Japanese currency in the world market. Rub still chortles over this. "It was," he says, "a Pearl Harbor in reverse."

For ten years Rubinstein was a certified Portuguese citizen complete with the monicker "de Rovello" despite the fact that he has never stepped foot in Portugal and the language is not one of those (German, English, French, Russian, Spanish, and some Swedish) he is fluent in. Portugal disowned Rub in 1947 but not without leaving him a heritage. His mysteriously acquired Portuguese nationality beat an American deportation rap in 1943 and his name still appears in the Manhattan phone book as Serge M. Rubinstein de Rovello. It was once claimed that the Portuguese Vice-Consul in Shanghai, Antonio Lice, was made a director in Rub's gold mines soon after the man without a country got a Portuguese passport, but Rubinstein indignantly denies the implication.

Rubinstein is one of the few men in financial history to outfox the oriental masters, the Chinese. When he was fiscal agent for the Chinese Nationalists in Paris he gingerly took them for $1 million in a complex bond deal, yet Chiang Kai-shek smilingly received Rub at his palace a few years later. The wily British also came out second best when they matched wits with Serge, a product of the Cambridge cricket fields. It wasn't until 1946 that they could collect any part of the carpetbag full of English corporate funds Rub had brought to America in 1938.

Rub's draft tussle has marred his perfect record on criminal charges (he was acquitted in 1951 on SEC violations, and a Mann Act charge involving a blonde was thrown out by the grand jury), but he has yet to make a major mistake when it comes to making a dollar. When he first came to America at the age of 30, he was already referred to as "the mystery man of finance," a latter-day version of Sir Basil Zaharoff. Within a short time, he was known as "the boy wizard of Wall Street." By 1947, when he cashed in $6 million in blue chips to make ready for the trip to Lewisburg Federal Penitentiary (Pa.) for 2½ years, he had amassed control of seventeen corporations —operations that at one time or another included banks in France, oil in Texas and Canada, a Panamanian holding company, mining in South America, construction in the U. S., apartment houses in Manhattan, gold mines in Korea, bonds in China, and aircraft manufacturing in Ohio. Rub never does anything as an individual but always as one of his very flexible corporations.

Serge has turned many a fancy profit, running his Panhandle Oil from $1 a share up to $14 (he bought it at a Texas auction sale), and coining $1 million each on the Postal Telegraph–Western Union merger and the BMT subway unification deal. Never too modest a soul, Rub boasts: "If it wasn't for me there wouldn't be a unified subway in New York City." His most recent success, a $10 million paper profit is the result of a phenomenal "several hundred percent rise" in an aircraft company of which Rub holds the largest block of stock. When asked his formula, Serge shrugs. "It may sound conceited, but there's no substitute for brains."

His critics think otherwise. Rubinstein, they say, is a blackguard who owes his success to such factors as buying influence in high circles, swindling, violating SEC regulations, using the old-fashioned "rubber-band technique" for stretching corporate assets, stock-rigging, and all the other sins of modern civilization. Serge has been sued some fifty times.

But no one has pinned as much as a $1 judgment on the fast-moving, quick-shifting mastermind. Aided by top-notch legal talent—who get double pay when they score another Rubinstein victory—Serge has defeated every invasion on his pocketbook.

On the subject of influence, Rubinstein laughingly brings up his draft conviction. "I've got just enough influence to get myself arrested," he says. But influence or not, Rub probably knows more politicians in America and abroad than anyone in his profession. The late Bronx boss, Ed Flynn, lost his nomination as U.S. Minister to Australia when an irate Congressman brought up the fact that Flynn's law firm, Goldwater and Flynn, had represented Rub—a man who among other things reportedly once had dealings with the Japanese ("While in Japan as chairman of the board of a Japanese mining company I gave a few dollars to the war widows of the 1937 Sino-Jap War to ease a business deal," Rub says). Rub is also supposed to have gotten a car plaque that let him in the East Gate of the White House, but according to the story, it was taken away from him when they learned it was done through Ed Flynn.

Shortly before Serge's marriage to tall willowy, strawberry blonde Laurette Kilbourne, a Flushing, Long Island, model and would-be sculptress, he and the fiancee had dinner at the White House. Two weeks later, on March 19, 1941, they were married across the Potomac at Alexandria, Virginia, with high brass and big politicos generously sprinkled among the guests. No less than nine Latin-American ambassadors and a dozen U.S. Senators and Congressmen were on hand to wish Rubinstein and his towering bride happiness.

A gregarious if rather loud-spoken soul, Rubinstein has charmed (some people say bought) or ingratiated himself with many an important world figure. He boasts friendship with more than one U.S. legislator (he personally financed the successful campaign of one senator), and with such foreign dignitaries as Chiang Kai-shek; former Prime Minister of Japan, Prince Konoye (who used to call Rub up in the middle of the night to come to the palace and talk); Eduard Benes, whom Rub represented as fiscal agent for the Czech government-in-exile; Archduke Franz Josef von Hapsburg; Premier Daladier; Lord Hore Belisha, etc.

Rubinstein, in Napoleonic garb, with his former wife. *Center* and *right:* as he appears in official FBI records.

Rubinstein works hard at making money, but as he says: "I also play hard." In fact, playboy Serge is better known than the financier. Rub haunts the elegant nightspots in New York (and London, Paris, Vienna, Tokyo and, in the old days, Prague and Berlin), where public opinion of him varies from an open-fisted European gentleman to an arrogant high-liver who buys his friendships by grabbing up every tab in sight. John Perona of the El Morocco, for one, has banished him "for eternity." Rub writes off the affront as a cheap attempt to get publicity at his expense. The El Morocco was supposedly piqued because after Rub had reserved their entire Champagne Room for a New Year's Eve Party at $50 a head, he angrily canceled the fantastic reservation when an item about the party appeared in one of the tabloids.

Rubinstein is a fabulous party-giver, one of the last of his kind extant. ("It's the Russian in me," he says. "It satisfies my inferiority complex when I'm the host and the center of attention.") He's now down to three spectaculars a year—New Year's Eve, his birthday, and Thanksgiving, but there were gayer times when a mob of elegantly costumed freeloaders came tipsying out of 814 Fifth Avenue every other week. The newspaper *Show Business* described one of Rub's blowouts: "The New Year's party at Serge Rubinstein's was on four floors. His house is really a museum with marble statues, antique wall tapestries, Maison figurines, 14K gold portieres. Each floor had its bar, enormous tables with food we'd never heard of before. We haven't seen so many beautiful women in town before or so many men in their dress suits."

Rub is an accomplished sportsman (he once beat the U.S. record for the ½ mile bobsled on a single run at Lake Placid) and man with a bent for blondes. His name has been linked with dozens of actresses including Swedish beauty Agnes Petersen and Barbara Peyton, but shrewder observers of the Rubinstein technique point out that he usually squires pretty unvarnished little things that can be kept in style in fashionable Park-front hotels.

But for all the talk and headlines about Rubinstein, his money, love-life, charm or unscrupulousness, depending on whom you speak to, Serge Manuel Rubinstein de Rovello has remained an enigma to the general public. Since 1947 he has not permitted any interviews at all. To meet this millionaire-without-a-country in the flesh, learn what makes him tick, and uncover the full story of a man who built a fortune of perhaps some $25 million while living a full raucous life we went to interview Serge Rubinstein in his stone Fifth Avenue mansion, near the corner of 62nd Street.

Once 814 Fifth Avenue was the home of Wall Street broker Jules Bache who filled the 30-room mansion with art treasures. Now under Rubinstein's aegis (he bought it for $105,000—one-fifth down), the house still looks like an art sanctuary. The dimly-lit lobby includes an authentic 1,000-year-old fireplace brought over piecemeal from Chateau La Loire in France. On the walls hang a small fortune in treasures including Rembrandt's *The Notary,* which Rubinstein values at $75,000 and a valuable old tapestry Rub picked up from Lord Halifax at the British Embassy in Washington.

Two small, self-operated elevators from the main foyer serve all six floors. Rub's own office is a well-carpeted, wood-paneled room with stained-glass windows overlooking Central Park. Before his wife divorced him while he was in jail in 1949, it served as the family living room.

Rub was waiting behind a large mahogany desk. He is a natty dresser, about 5 feet 7 inches tall, brown hair, gray eyes, and well-built—without the paunchy figure that was his trademark before Lewisburg trimmed forty pounds off him. His somewhat flattened nose gives him the disordered, but not bad-looking, appearance of an ex-pug, another business the versatile Rubinstein had dabbled in while he was at Cambridge University.

On his desk, staring resolutely ahead, is a foot-high statue of Napoleon whom Rub resembles a little. Serge immodestly admits that he feels a kinship with the Emperor (he loves to dress as Napoleon at masquerade balls and the house is full of pictures of him in the Emperor's dress clothes).

"Yes, I've had my share of troubles," Rubinstein began the interview in defense of his public and private life. "The

reason is because I'm not a hypocrite. I could have done things behind closed doors and put on a front of do-good-ism like other financiers, but I prefer to live my life as I see it.

"Of course," Rubinstein conceded, "my personality—which I like to call 'flamboyant'—helps invite criticism. When I was a young man I got some advice I should have followed. Henri Paty, chairman of the Board of the Banque Franco-Asiatique, called me in one day. 'Rubinstein,' he said, 'the world forgives success to the unhappy. People sympathize with a rich old man whose wife is unattractive and whose mistress is cheating on him. But the world resents happy successful people and they will destroy those who are brazen about it.'

"Everything I've done has been magnified greatly," Rub complains. "Part of my trouble is that I never understood the American press. In France it was the custom to give a substantial check each year to a 'Distributeur de Publicité,' who shared it among the newspapers. This guaranteed me kind words in the newspaper. In England the newspapers never slander anyone because of the fact that they have very strict libel laws."

Rub, however, credits the free-wheeling American newspapers—especially two vehement critics, Leslie Gould, financial editor of the New York *Journal-American* and Burton Crane of the New York *Times*—for blackening his name and inviting such histrionics as a recent sensational attempt to extort a small fortune from the old master.

Rub explained the case, which made headlines throughout the country this past August. "Some bum named Lieberman, alias Lester, called my attorney, Edwin B. Wolchok and told him if I didn't pay up $535,000 immediately I'd be killed. He had bought a worthless assignment of a $3,500,000 damage suit a man named O. E. Seagraves filed against me claiming we had some fantastic verbal agreement to be partners on everything I earned. Wolchok made an appointment to meet Lester in a restaurant, and while he talked Wolchok recorded everything on a miniature recorder hidden in his wristwatch.

"When I didn't pay up, a couple of thugs attacked me on Fifth Avenue in front of 200 people—hit me in the face and stomach and then ran. When they threw a warning note through my window saying I wouldn't walk away next time, I went to the DA and we staged a setup. We asked Lester up to my house for a conference. Meanwhile the DA sent over three detectives dressed as gas repairmen and they listened in the next room. When they heard the bum say: 'I talked the boys out of killing you, but you can't run your business from the hospital,' the detectives barged in and took him away.

"People somehow get the impression I'm an easy mark," Rub continued. "Until I came to America I was never sued in my life. In France you have to put up $2 for every $1,000 asked in your suit, and in England you have to pay court costs in advance. Here in America it doesn't cost anything so everybody sues everybody."

Like Clemenceau who said war was too serious a thing to leave to the generals, Serge thinks his complex legal matters are too important to leave entirely even to his highly-touted legal talent, always the best money can buy. In the past, his law backfield has included Connecticut Senator Brien McMahon; famed English barrister Josiah Stamp; Breed, Abbott and Morgan, prominent New York firm; Goldwater and Flynn (Boss Ed Flynn) who represent his Norfolk insurance company; Isadore Kressel, famed criminal lawyer; Edward Ennis, former General Counsel of the U.S. Immigration Service; Jack Wasserman of Washington, former member of the Immigration Appeals Board; and Lemuel B. Schofield, who once headed the entire U.S. Immigration Service.

Rubinstein, however, was once greatly dissatisfied with his legal counsel. He paid Fennelly and Corbin $150,000 to defend him in the draft case but claims that their strategy of not putting him on the stand cost him two years in the Federal penitentiary.

"The government made a damaging case out of the fact that I had spent little time at defense plants," Rub says. "But, hell, the chairman of the board of Bethlehem Steel runs his business by remote control from New York City, and so do officials of other corporations, but I couldn't point that out because I wasn't called to testify. It also looked as though I had something to hide."

Rub however has no complaints about his attorneys in the deportation case, experts Ennis, Wasserman, and Schofield whose backgrounds with the Immigration Department make them virtually infallible partners for Rub in his ten-year brilliant legal razzle-dazzle to stay in this country. "I love America even if it doesn't love me," Rub says. "Eighty percent of everything wonderful the world has—including beautiful women—is right here."

Serge Rubinstein, the man we can't seem to deport, was born May 31, 1908, in the walled fortress of Kronstadt, a suburb of Czarist St. Petersburg (Leningrad). He is the son of Stella and Dmitri Rubinstein—despite later claims of illegitimacy allegedly made to pick up Portuguese citizenship in Macao, China. His father Dmitri was a prominent financier, an officer of two banks and financial adviser to the mad monk Rasputin and the Czar himself. As the son of Dmitri Rubinstein, who bore the title of lower nobility, *Dvorintstvo*, young Serge would have been entitled some day to become an officer in one of the Czar's Guards Regiments.

Little Serge almost died at the age of 1 from a stomach disorder, and all through his early years he was a pampered babe. He attended the best private schools, had a governess, and until he was 13, mother Stella dressed him in blue and white sailor suits. ("I have been trying to make up for it ever since," Serge says.)

A famous rivalry between Serge and his older brother Andre (who sued Serge regularly until he died in 1943) started while they were still boys in St. Petersburg. "My father," Rub relates, "pronounced my brother to be a financial genius at the age of 9, but I could never see it. In fact he had no touch for business at all. I supported him from the time he was 22 and he did nothing but make my life miserable."

As a youth Rub noticed the advantages of wealth. ("I wanted to be a grand duke," Rub once said. "I noticed that they had the longest, blackest limousines and the tallest, blondest women, but both I find now are disappointing.") But the Reds didn't consult young Serge. When Serge was 10, the revolution broke out. Father Dmitri grabbed a boxful of securities from his vault, lined his greatcoat with foreign currency, and on a horse-drawn sleigh in the winter of 1918, fled across the frozen Gulf of Finland to Sweden—where he arranged to have false papers counterfeited for his wife and two sons. In June of that year, the small family—Serge with jewels sewed to his clothing and a large sapphire hung around his neck—joined their father in Stockholm.

During the next decade, the Rubinstein family wandered—two years in Stockholm, then Vienna, then Paris. Rub attended high school in Vienna, and [*Continued on page* 60]

THE INCREDIBLE SAGA OF THE S-5

For one dreadful moment the men in the U. S. Navy's "Silent Service" knew sheer terror. Then, as the acrid battery fumes choked them, they heard the clear calm voice of their captain giving them an inkling of hope

BY EVAN McLEOD WYLIE

Illustrated by DeWitt Whistler Jayne

TO NAVY DEPARTMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

SEND ALL ASSISTANCE AS QUICK AS POSSIBLE XXX SS ALANTHUS HOLDING UP SUBMARINE S-5 HEAD DOWN XXX CREW UNDER WATER 36 HOURS XXX ALL STILL ALIVE XXX SEND ALL ASSISTANCE POSSIBLE TO SAVE LIVES XXX SEND ELECTRIC DRILLS AND OTHER EQUIPMENT TO AID IN CUTTING HOLD THROUGH SIDE XXX 32 MILES EAST FENWICK SHOAL LIGHTSHIP XXX

E. J. SWENSON, MASTER GENERAL G. W. GOETHALS
E. A. JOHNSON, MASTER ALANTHUS

This urgent, cryptic wireless message, crackling into stations up and down the eastern seaboard on a cool September Thursday evening in 1920, was the first inkling the world had of a desperate life and death struggle that had been going on for a day and a half 50 miles out in the Atlantic Ocean. Even today it ranks as the weirdest of all experiences that have befallen American submarines in war or in peacetime.

The chain of fantastic circumstances that led to the message had begun in Boston harbor four days earlier. Monday afternoon the submarine *S-5* had slipped its mooring and glided down the channel toward the sea. Commissioned only a few weeks before, the new submarine was one of the largest our Navy had ever built, measuring 231 feet in length. Its skipper, Lieutenant Commander Charles M. Cooke, had orders to proceed on an extended recruiting cruise, displaying the vessel to the public in Baltimore and other southern ports. His crew of thirty-eight officers and men, money belts bulging after a visit from the paymaster, were making elaborate plans for their coming week-end ashore in Baltimore.

As the *S-5* slipped out the Boston docks, she passed a small wooden freighter the *Alanthus* which coincidentally was to play a vital part in the submarine's death struggle within the next few days.

Aboard the freighter, a noisy dispute was raging. The *Alanthus'* skipper, a stocky, red-faced Dutchman named Edward Johnson, was confronting his arch-enemy, a burly cook named Donnelly, who had gotten himself appointed ship's delegate of an outlaw seaman's union and had been harrassing Johnson with strike-threats ever since. Waving his arms in the direction of the deck crew, Donnelly bellowed, "We gets paid the new wage scale or we don't sail!"

"You'll be paid according to the regular union contract you signed on," snapped Johnson.

"Then take the consequences," blustered Donnelly.

Johnson stepped forward and thrust his jaw a few inches from Donnelly's face. "I'll take nothing from you, you broken-down galley robber," he shouted. "Get off my ship!" Plucking the cook off the deck by the seat of his pants, he fired him headfirst down the gangplank.

Donnelly picked himself up and shook his fist at Johnson. "You'll get no crew in Boston," he bawled. "Come on, lads. Over the side!"

With aggrieved expressions the entire deck crew marched off the ship.

"To blazes with you all!" shouted Johnson and stormed into his cabin.

The *S-5* by this time was well down the channel toward open water. At a chart table in the control room, Lieutenant Grisham, the executive officer, was swiftly plotting a course southeast across Cape Cod Bay and out into the open Atlantic.

"We'll be in the Cape Cod Canal before dark," he told Commander Cooke.

"All right, Charlie," Cooke drawled. "Keep a sharp lookout for the bathing beauties." His long, angular, pleasantly plain face creased into a slow smile.

Hailing from Arkansas, Charles M. Cooke had a deliberate manner of speech, an unruly cowlick of sandy hair and an odd, loose-jointed gait. At sea he wore a turtleneck sweater and khaki trousers tucked into knee-high seaboots. "You'd think he was on his way to milk the cows if you saw him," one of his officers once joked in a letter home.

The rescuers frantically worked by moonlight as the doomed *S-5* protruded buoylike from the sea.

But Cooke's appearance belied the fact that he actually was a brilliant young Naval officer. At Annapolis he had stood high in his class and earned the nickname of "Savvy," an Academy term traditionally reserved for the keenest students. He had served aboard a British submarine during the war and since then commanded two American undersea boats, the *E-2* and the *R-2*. His crew held him in high esteem. He was a scrupulously fair skipper who met every situation with an air of unruffled calm and treated the younger members of his ship's company like a father.

Cooke's second-in-command, Lieutenant Grisham, was also a veteran submariner. The third officer aboard was Ensign Longstaffe. Fresh out of Annapolis, he had requested submarine duty after a few months aboard a heavy cruiser. Now he was trying to accustom himself to the cramped quarters and radically different atmosphere of the *S-5*. Already he was bruised from head to toe by its hundreds of sharp and knobby protuberances. In the tiny wardroom that night after supper, he confided in a letter home to Nebraska, "My left knee is swollen from the banging I give it everytime I drop through the conning tower, but my head is thoroughly deflated. Never have I felt so

Illustrated by DeWitt Whistler Jayne

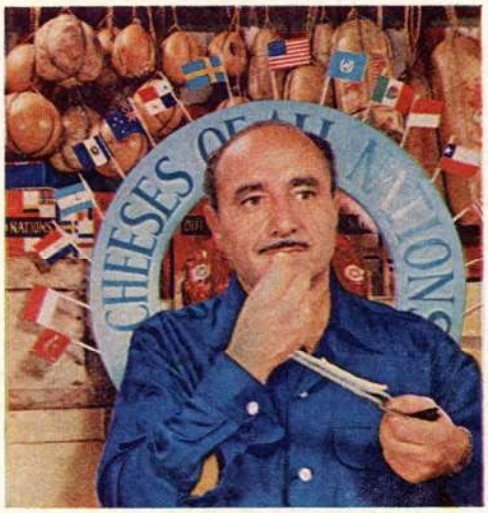
awkward and useless. Captain Cooke is being very patient with me. . . ."

As Ensign Longstaffe penned his letter, Captain Johnson on the *Alanthus* sat in his cabin trying to raise his drooping spirits with a pony of Holland gin. Despite the solid front he had presented to the crew, Captain Johnson was desperate. A robust mariner, built as solidly as a mooring bollard, Edward Johnson hailed from Saba, a tiny green islet in Caribbean whose men are traditionally seafarers. After twenty years of windjammers, freighters and ocean liners, Johnson had finally achieved the dream of every Saba sailor: mastership of his own vessel. But now it was about to be snatched away from him.

His little *Alanthus* was one of the scores of wooden cargo ships spewed forth by American shipyards during the war. But now the merchant marine was beset by postwar economic turmoil. Lately strikes and lack of cargo had kept the *Alanthus* in port piling up such costly demurrage charges that Johnson had ruefully nicknamed her "Darling and Demurrage."

A few days before in Norfolk, the broker who had the *Alanthus* under charter had [*Continued on page* 82]

Try these cheeses on your pantry shelf—they're only a few of the 367 different kinds carried in the Alpert shops.



Phil Alpert samples a cheese with his trier.

CHEESE

and the man with the tasty tongue

Phil Alpert sells tons of this he-man food every week, and he still can't get over his first reaction to it—he eats it up. With hundreds of kinds to choose from, he promotes them all, from the mildest cream to a type so rugged it makes Limburger smell like perfume

by David Landman

Color Photographs for TRUE by David B. Eisendrath, Jr.

"Cheese is the coagulated proteins of milk with more or less milk fat and water," says the United States Food and Drug Administration.

"Cheese is a wonderful food I can eat three meals a day. There are 367 varieties and I love them all!" says cheeseman Phil Alpert.

Whether you favor the scientific definition or the ecstatic one, there's truth in both. It's undeniable that since prehistoric times cheese has been the C-ration of men on the move—huntsmen, mountain men, traders and soldiers, a favorite food of men so well fed they can barely budge, and a faithful drinking companion of men of all stations.

Some people are aware of only three kinds of cheese: Cream, American and Limburger (which they know only from a distance). There are at least 364 others; cheeses that look like wagon wheels or pistachio ice-cream cones or bricks; creamy cheeses that spread like butter on a chunk of bread; cheeses so hard they'll turn the blade of a penknife; little cheeses that gently titillate the most delicate maiden aunt; bold cheeses that send gourmets off into small shrieks and that men eat standing up.

There's no better place to get sniffing on all these than in the hole-in-the-wall shop of Phil Alpert on Fulton Street, New York City. You're completely surrounded by cheese here—common and rare, hard and runny, delicate and robust, and downright smelly. There are four-foot stacks in the aisles, mounds behind the counters, cheeses hanging from the rafters or heaped in refrigerators, soft cheese in tubs, tough indestructible cheeses piled on the sidewalk.

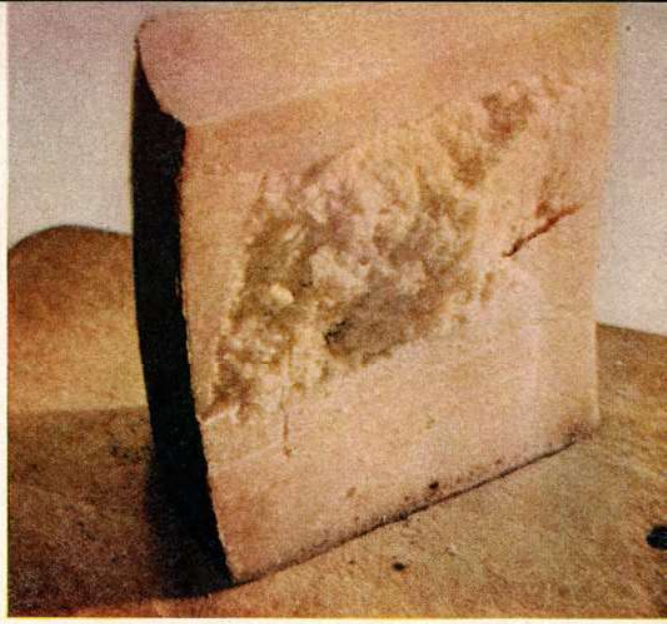
The range of colors, as well as of smells, is surprising, for cheese isn't just white or yellow. The interiors of cut loaves are amber and gold and brown and green, while the exteriors range far beyond the cream and brown tones you'd expect. There are gray cheeses and silver and little flat yellow ones, bright as buttercups.

Almost hidden in the shop's array are four clerks armed with shiny foot-long knives which hack off chunks for buying customers and slivers for timid nibblers. On an especially busy day you may also spot a round-faced man with a pencil mustache. That's Phil Alpert.

Phil is a soft-spoken 40-year-old, brown-eyed, graying, plumpish—"I eat two-and-a-half pounds of cheese a day." Anyone who'll hand you a business card which reads: "Cheeses of All Nations. Phil Alpert, Connoisseur" must be mighty sure of himself, but if "connoisseur" means someone who can judge the rare and choice, then Alpert certainly qualifies.

Cheese is his livelihood. He sells seven tons every week, three-quarters of a million pounds a year. Cheese is his life, his philosophy, his addiction. He thinks cheese and talks cheese. He vacations by going on cheese business, like the time he visited Miami in January to enjoy the beach and open a branch store. On a Caribbean ship he found no opportunity for business, so he spent his time converting tablemates to cheese-eating.

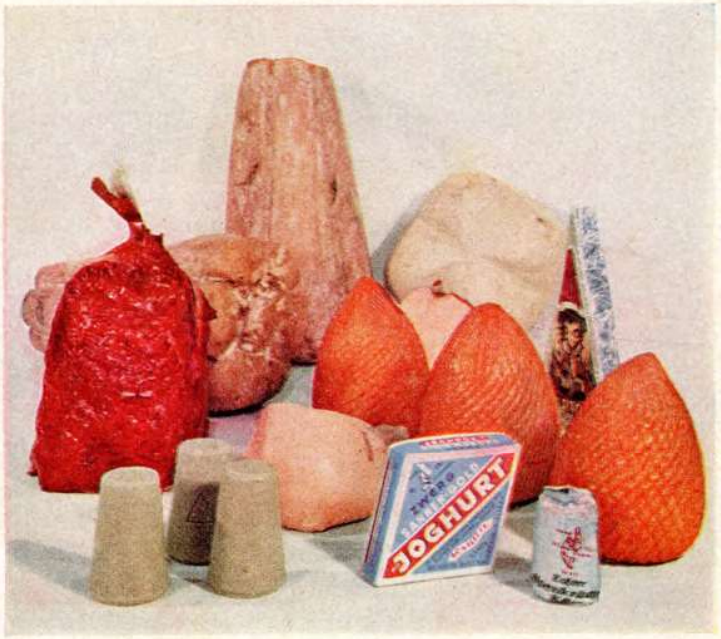
"Whenever we go out," says his wife, "wherever we go,



Most expensive of the cheeses is a good hard Parmesan like this 3½-year-old specimen, which sells for $3.50 a pound.

Strongest and sharpest in taste is Italy's Ricotta Forte, a grayish tan crumbly cheese which goes fine with beer.

Notorious for its driving odor is Germany's hand cheese, which has a delicious flavor if you can hold your breath.



Weird and wonderful are the sizes and shapes of cheese, from a few ounces to over a thousand pounds; from blocks and bricks through balls, wheels and rounds to pineapples, diamonds, pears, cones, pyramids, each characteristic of its type.

the conversation almost invariably will turn to cheese."

"That's because everyone is so interested in cheese," Alpert explains.

The food editor of a national magazine once told me, "Phil knows more about cheese than any man in the world." Alpert himself would never make this claim. Every time I asked him a tough question he turned to some other cheese man. But if there was no one around to help, he always had the answer.

He couldn't pass the buck the day in 1946 when he found himself standing blindfolded before 150 people in the ballroom of the old Ritz. It was a gourmet society's annual banquet, and Phil had obligingly agreed to identify some cheese. He heard three plates set down on the table before him. Picking up the first sample, he squeezed it, sniffed it, tasted it. "That's Blue, Danish Blue." There was loud applause. Alpert tried the next plate. Wisconsin Blue, he said, and that was right too. He turned to the third sample. "Roquefort!" he exclaimed. But it couldn't be—there hadn't been any in the United States since before the war! It was, flown in by Air France the preceding day, the first Roquefort in New York in seven years, and Phil Alpert got it right.

A cookbook writer and cheese fancier of considerable status came storming up to Alpert one day, package in hand. "Phil," he crowed, "I've found one of the most remarkable cheeses in the world—why don't you stock it?"

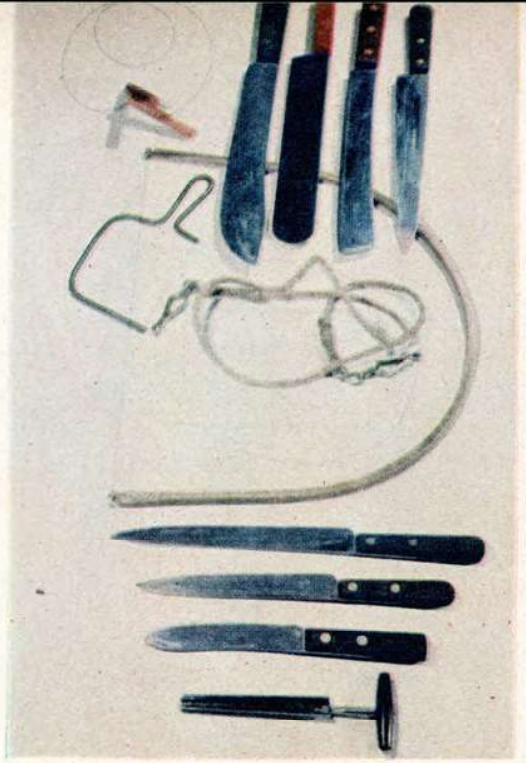
"May I taste?" Alpert asked. The cheese was a creamy yellow with a brown rind, and Alpert smacked his lips after the first bite.

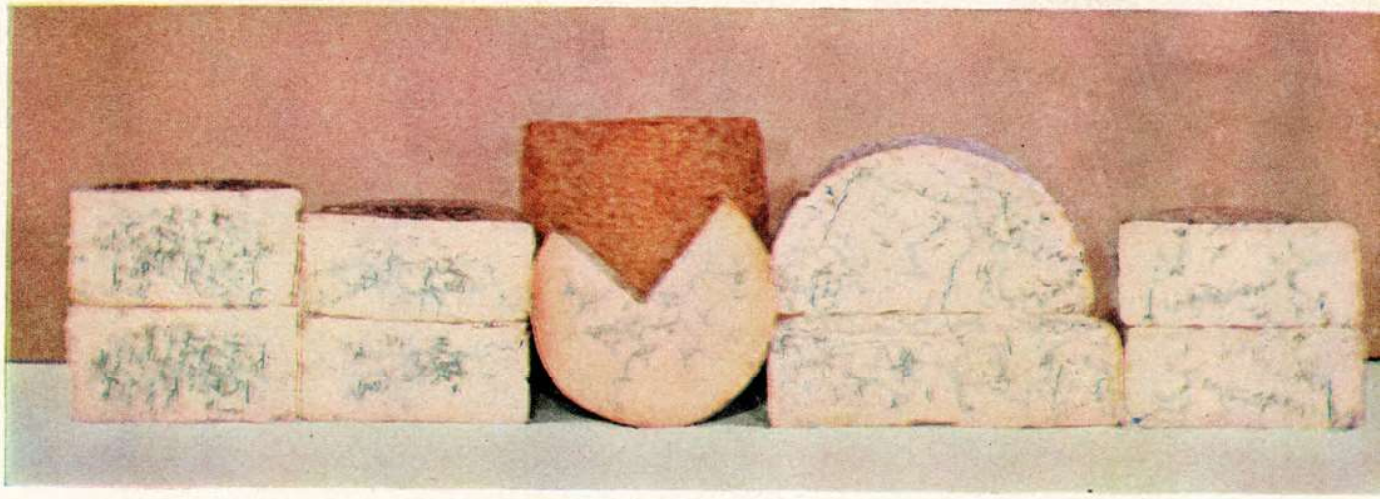
"It's Vermont smoked Cheddar," the writer said. "Isn't it wonderful?"

"Yes, it is," Alpert agreed. "You bought it from Jack Ayres in Woodstock, Vermont. I sold it to him."

It turned out Alpert not only knew the cheese, he had invented it.

The master cheese merchant was born in Russia and grew up in Brooklyn. When he started clerking in grocery stores he became fascinated by cheese, by the variety of shapes and sizes and colors and flavors. At the age of 16 he opened his





It takes hearty steel to cut through cheese often rock hard. At upper right is shown a color sampling of cheese—white, brown, gray, green, yellow, orange. *Below:* some of the blues: Danish Blue, Roquefort, Stilton, Gorgonzola, French Blue.

own store to sell only cheese and he's been at it ever since.

Today Alpert owns a chain of five cheese stores and has agencies in eight cities across the country. He operates the Cheese-of-the-Month Club and a mail-order business. He's not surprised by orders from Mexico or Venezuela or England, or even from Milwaukee. You'd think they had cheese enough in Wisconsin, but at a convention someone wanted a display of cheeses of all nations. Alpert sent off the shipment air express, then learned that his cheese had been hi-jacked on the way to the airport. He made up a new shipment, bought two seats on the next plane to Milwaukee, and dispatched one of his aides with orders not to let the packages out of sight.

Alpert's genius is an instinct for transmuting cheese from a drab substance usually sliced too thin and served too dry to an exciting food that will stimulate nose, tongue and imagination.

It *is* a genius—how else can you explain a lunch-hour crowd nearly tumbling one another over the piles of mammoth Cheddars in their efforts to get into the shop? Alpert doesn't merely sell cheese, he glorifies and glamorizes it. He plays Ziegfeld to his shapely curds.

Take Provolone, for example, the hard, stringy table cheese from Italy. Phil sets on the counter a chunk cut to show the inside, and makes a display with a little Italian flag and a card bearing the name of the cheese, the price, and the invitation: "Tangy—taste it!" Since he wants you to see Provolone in all its forms he hangs over the counter long ones, short ones, round ones called Provolettis, salami-shaped ones and little salaminis, pecan-flavored Provolones shaped like gourds or mandolins, Provolones encased in rope, Provolones that show the blackening of the smoke of hardwood fires. Then to complete the exhibit he hangs a 200-pounder from a ceiling beam. Here is more Provolone than you thought existed in the world.

One day, after setting up a display like this, Alpert stepped out with his right-hand man, Dave Condiotti, to see what effect it was having on the passers-by.

Down Fulton Street came a couple of commuters heading for the ferryboat to New [*Continued on page* 72]

CHICAGO GRADE
SIZE 20-

THE CASE OF
THE HEADLESS LADY

It was none of his business, Inspector Faurot figured, until Anna Aumuller began landing in his lap a piece at a time, and he found out just how dumb a beautiful blonde could get

BY WEST F. PETERSON

Illustrated by Glenn Grohe

Inspector Joseph A. Faurot, a chubby, graying man in the middle years, who was Chief of the Detective Bureau of the New York City Police Department in 1913, was a great believer in anticipating trouble. Thus it was that when a certain lady put in an appearance on the shore of the Hudson River, on the New Jersey side directly across from Grant's Tomb, one fine September Friday, Inspector Faurot felt an official headache coming on.

The lady who captured the interest of Faurot that day had a certain distinction. For one thing she was dead. She was also in sections. Only the first section, washed ashore by the tide, had turned up—the upper part of the torso. The arms and the head had been clumsily detached.

The piece of the lady, who had apparently been done in about two days before, was wrapped in a copy of the *New York Times*. While the rural sleuths over in New Jersey were wondering just what to do, Faurot, a really intelligent cop, made a tentative deduction from the sidelines. Since the *Times* was New York's most highbrow paper, Faurot suspected that the murder had probably originated among above-average people.

Faurot wasn't disappointed when he figured it wouldn't be long before more of the lady turned up. The lower part of the torso, with the legs severed just above the knees, appeared on Sunday.

If the lady hadn't been married, she should have been. For she was pregnant.

Faurot, digesting this intelligence, made another tentative deduction. The lady had been done in, cut up, packaged and disposed of by a faithless lover who no longer wanted any part of her.

A coroner in Hoboken, New Jersey, scrutinizing what there was of the lady in a mortuary hard by the German beer stubes, decided that the murder victim had been under 30, probably in her middle 20's, a blonde, and, while somewhat broad of beam, anatomically arresting. Broad of beam and blonde. Faurot figured she could have been German.

The second section that had turned up was wrapped in a pillow case and weighted by a chunk of rock—a rock not heavy enough to keep the remains submerged. This miscalculation on the part of the killer was unfortunate, for it was one of the factors that was to bring Inspector Faurot into the case.

The pillow case bore an embroidered initial—the letter "A." The second package, like the first, had been bound together with wire and twine so ordinary that it would not, Faurot feared, ever be any good as a clue.

Faurot, questioned by newspaper reporters, offered the comment that the pillow case might prove to be a valuable lead. "And if those people in New Jersey will examine that rock," he went on, "they might find out what side of the water it came from."

Faurot was right about the pillow case. It was fairly new and it bore this label:

Robinson-Roders Co., Newark, N. J.
89— CHICAGO GRADE —Size 20-27

A New Jersey sleuth, checking at Robinson-Roders, learned that the outfit shipped most of its products to the Middle West. The manufacturer's records disclosed that only one shipment of the type of pillow case in question, a run-of-the-mill item that retailed for 49 cents, had gone, three months previously, to an eastern outlet. The order was for a dozen of the slips to a man named George Sachs, who operated a dry-goods and second-hand furniture store in upper Manhattan.

Faurot was right about that piece of rock. A Jersey geologist took one look at the rock and pronounced it—and only a geologist could pronounce it—as the micaceous gneiss type. Micaceous gneiss rock formations were common on the New York side of the Hudson but not to the Jersey side. The murder, then, had been committed in New York. So the Jersey cops, greatly relieved, sent the two sections of the lady with the rock, the pillow case and some miscellany over to Inspector Faurot. [*Continued on page* 80]

A bloodstained bathtub, a newspaper dropped from a ferry, a pillow slip—these were the clues.

Blood-Feud of the Black Devil

No man in the ancient bandit town ever dared open his mouth to the cops—it was the code of the vendetta. But when Giovanni Liandru came along and threatened to knock the place off, the people quietly spilled the beans

BY PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN

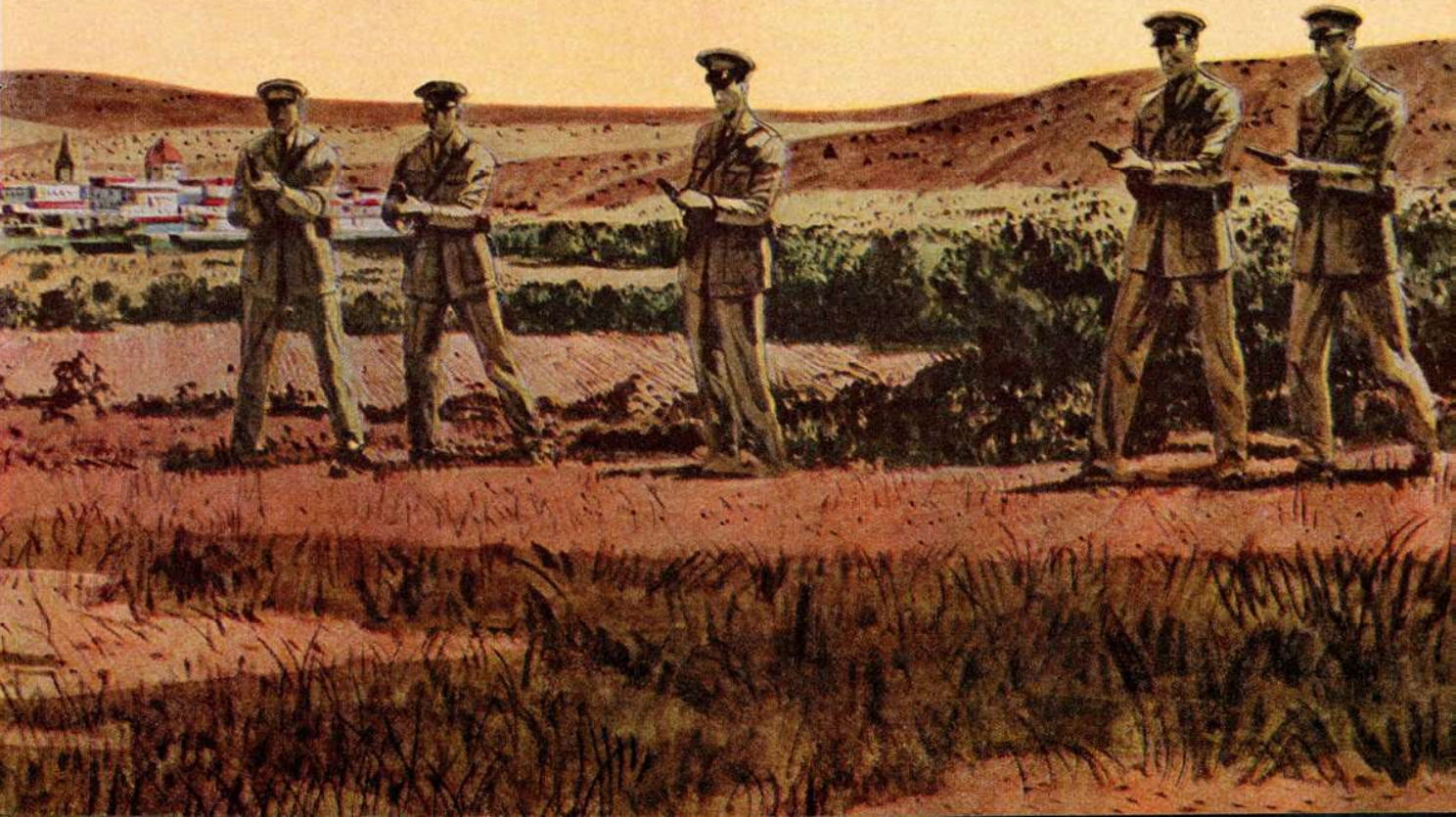
Illustrated by Fred Ludekens

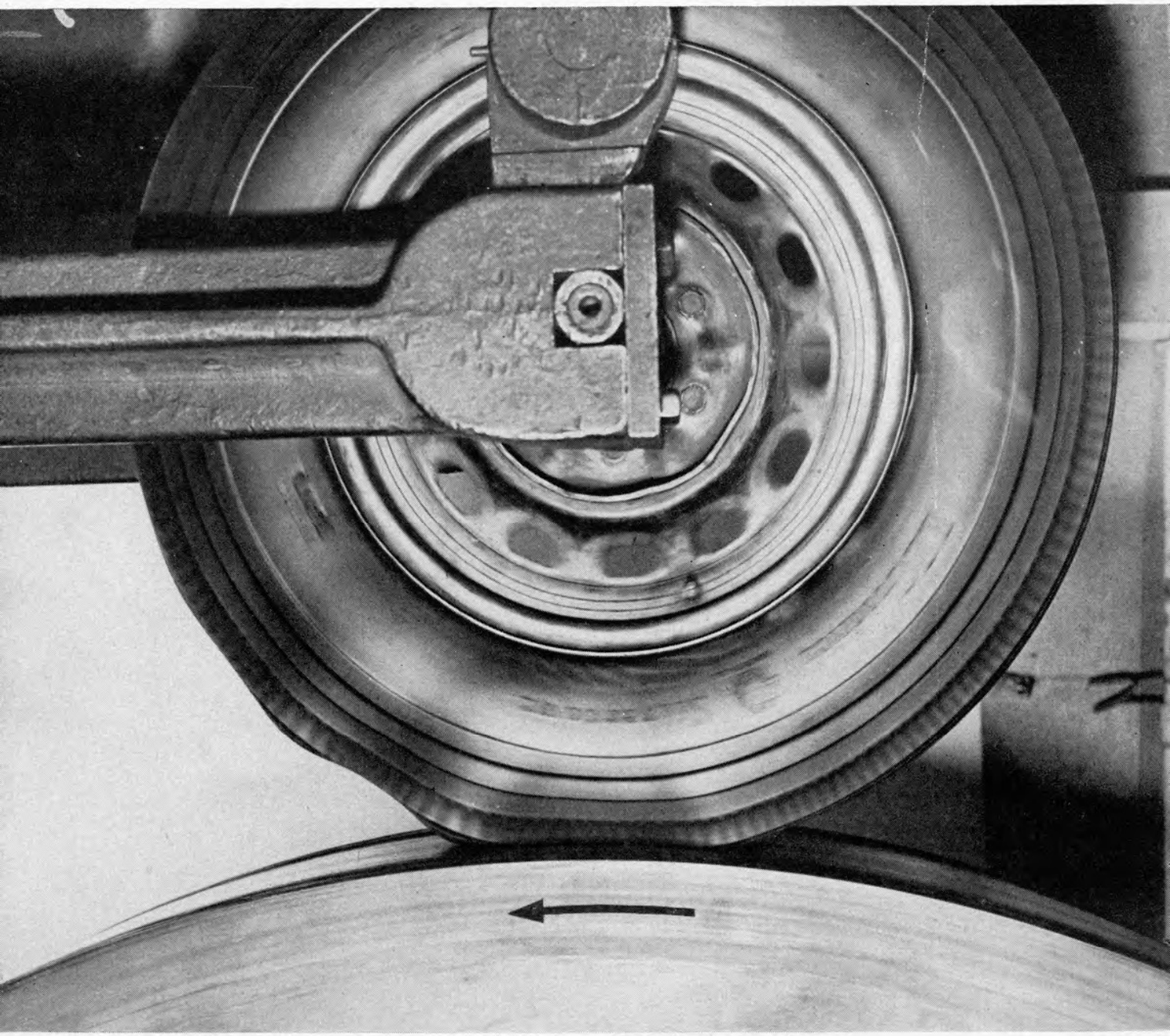
Sensational reports were coming out of Sardinia, Italy's 162-mile-long forgotten island in the Mediterranean—which is the true, but little known, world capital of the *vendetta* or blood-feud.

Hidden in the Barbagia (or "wildlands"), the island's bleak inner-mountain fastness, these reports told, was a terrible bandit town —a place called Orgosolo, whose inhabitants had formed a gang under the leadership of The Black Devil that sneered at whole battalions of carabinieri and made even the exploits of Giuliano, the late Bandit King of Sicily, fade into insignificance.

Every few weeks over the past five years, grim headlines erupted in the European press about Orgosolo—how its bandit gang terrorized the entire island with kidnapings, machine-gun murders and brilliantly-executed multimillion [*Continued on page* 63]

As the police closed in, Liandru jammed the pistol against his head . . .





In a 120 mph test, standard passenger tire shows violent distortion. This "standing wave" generates tire-killing heat.

FOUR FOR THE ROAD

BY GRIFFITH BORGESON

Tires are a car's track shoes—on the highway or at Indianapolis. But you'd better know what kind to use, because a few pounds pressure or a few hundredths of an inch of rubber can make the difference between surefooted performance and squealing catastrophe

Johnny Moore, the rotund racing-tire expert who is Firestone's trouble-shooter in the field, beckoned me over to where he stood alongside a low, lethal-looking competition coupe on the Bonneville Salt.

"I want to show you why we get ulcers in this business," he said. "Besides, this is something pretty damned amazing." He pointed to a front tire on the coupe.

"See the serial number on this sidewall? Well, the number shows that this old Speedway tire was made in 1937. Now look at the rear skin. According to its number it was made in '34. These tires both look like they've been retreaded three or four times, yet they just went through the traps at 148 miles an hour. Gives me chills to think of it."

This was in 1953, and the fat, shiny black tires on the coupe had lived a long, busy life. They had changed ownership many times, always in demand and always bringing a good price. They weren't ordinary tires at all. They were racing tires, painstakingly hand-manufactured of the finest materials. The cost of research and production was no object when they were made, because every time they ran the manufacturer's reputation and his responsibility for human life rode with them.

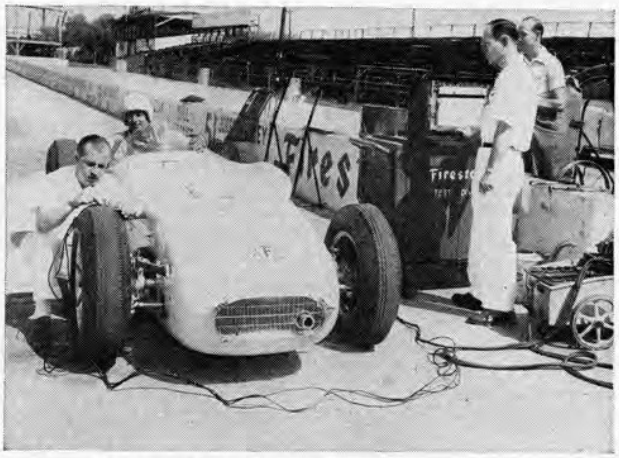
Moore and Firestone had come to the Salt Flats that year in response to a plea from the owners of potential international-record cars. The owners had found that the old Indianapolis tires they were using, which were built to run at speeds up to 160 or 170 mph, were peeling their treads above 200. To meet the crisis Firestone dipped into its unique racing inventory and came up with a tire that had been proved reliable up to 300 mph. Technicians were sent to the Salt to help and advise with all tire problems which, in the presence of smooth professional control, immediately ceased to exist. For the last two years, tires, the temperamental prima donnas of previous years at Bonneville, have again become the unromantic, solidly reliable objects that everyone unjustly expects them to be.

This take-'em-for-granted attitude does not consider the fact that demands on racing tires have never been as severe as in the last few years. Today, tire wear, not fuel consumption, determines Indianapolis pit stops. Straightaway speeds of around 160 mph in sports car racing drop incredibly complex problems in the laps of the tire designers, problems that force them to make infinitely delicate, razor-edged compromises between road grip and tread wear. Grand prix racing in Europe is now based on the assumption that no pit stops and no tire changes will be made during 500-kilometer events, regardless of lap speeds. And the harried tire designer's lot is made no easier by the fact that every car, every driver, and every road surface actually has unique tire requirements.

At one extreme, for example, is the Bonneville Salt. Last fall, a famous crew took a streamlined MG to the Salt for a series of sprint and endurance record attempts. For 12 solid hours they ground over the crunchy surface at an average of 120.74 mph, but they were able to use the same set of four Dunlops all the way around the clock. When it was all over and they examined their rubber they couldn't detect the slightest signs of wear. The Salt is not abrasive. It always stays cool, and it is therefore very kind to tires.

Its diametrical opposite is a cruel, winding stretch of about 60 miles on the Mexican Road Race course, starting just west of Tehuantepec. It has a macadam surface containing crushed volcanic rock with razor-sharp edges that years of traffic have failed to dull. Many Panam drivers have run right through a set of tires on this section.

Between these extremes are all grades of surfaces. The fast 1,000-mile asphalt Italian *Mille Miglia* course has been polished smooth by years of use and the race usually is won



The new tubeless tire, at only 6 pounds pressure, gets a rim-stay test. *Right:* technicians using elaborate gauges, recording devices, take not only surface temperature, but temperature deep inside tire as well. Sam Hanks at the wheel.

At left: **new front and rear Indianapolis tires. This profile is used because tires wear thus whatever their original contour.** ***Center and right:*** **These two tires, designed for lesser speeds, were run at 200 mph and treads were ripped apart.**

on a single set of Pirellis. Our own 12-hour race at Sebring, Florida, is run on concrete slabs, and average tire life is just about 300 miles. The Tourist Trophy course at Dundrod, Northern Ireland, has a surface of granite chips that devours rubber as avidly as Mexico's flinty asphalt.

Still another factor is the technique of the driver himself. Two jockeys at Sebring, turning similar lap speeds in identical cars, consumed rubber at rates that varied by 25 percent, a really whopping difference. And any driver's tire mileage will depend on temperature. The thermometer dropped 20 degrees during the last Sebring 12-hour race, and the wear-life of tires increased by as much as 75 miles.

All these, plus a million other complicated and esoteric facts, are known best to racing tire engineers and technicians, and the wise builder or operator of high performance iron relies heavily on the men who understand high speed rubber. As a matter of fact, tires have become such a critical part of modern racing that if a handful of manufacturers decided to withdraw from this often-thankless field, the sport as we know it would come to an abrupt halt.

But the firms that build racing tires now find themselves in a fortunate historic position. Most U.S. and many European passenger cars are steadily becoming faster and more powerful. Their manufacturers know that the greatest limiting factor in the direction of speed is rubber that can take unprecedented punishment and still provide a comfortable ride. They have made almost impossible demands on the rubber industry. And the tire manufacturers who have satisfied them best are those that have had the most extensive experience in racing.

Current trends indicate that in the months and years immediately ahead there will be even more cause for passenger-car tires to borrow heavily from racing practice. But still the gap between the two types is a big one. What makes a racing tire different than its more prosaic fellows is that it operates under conditions that are both more severe and more specialized. Most of the problems of passenger-car tire design are multiplied and magnified in racing tires.

The greatest enemy of all tires is heat, and in high speed tires this heat build-up is quick and extreme. Most of the heat derives from what rubber engineers call "deformation" of the tire. A tire undergoes many varieties of deformation. Its tread squirms and flexes against the road. The load of the vehicle compresses all its components, and the varying centrifugal force can make most treads expand and contract alarmingly.

Furthermore, the energy that distorts a tire is not all released immediately. Rubber is *not* perfectly elastic and some of the energy that deforms it is absorbed and converted into heat. This characteristic is termed "hysteresis" by science, and it gives rubber its valuable shock-absorbing qualities. But it is also responsible for the characteristics of heat absorption that give the tire engineer a good share of his headaches, because it does not take a great excess of heat to make vulcanized rubber break down and tires come apart at their seams.

Another potent enemy of racing tires is centrifugal force. When it's severe enough and helped by heat it can force the tread to break away from the casing. One of the most destructive phenomena that acts on a tire at high speed is a reaction to centrifugal force known as the standing wave. One kind of standing wave commonly seen in nature is the fixed undulation that forms on the downstream side of a rock in a brook; although the water flows the wave stands still, hence its name. Waves like this build up in the periphery of fast-moving tires behind their area of contact with the road. The depth of the wave can be as great as a full inch in a passenger-car tire at 120 mph. Obviously even a much smaller wave than this is an important source of power absorption and rolling resistance. It generates heat, weakens the bond between tread and casing, and leads to the quick and final destruction of the tire. The racing tire has many other enemies, but heat and centrifugal force are the deadliest.

Every tire is made up of five sections. First is the contained air to carry the load. Second is a tube with a valve in it to hold the air. Third is the nonstretchable casing

that contains the air container. Fourth is a layer of rubber —the tread—to protect the casing. And last is a rigid steel bead to hold the tire in place on the wheel rim.

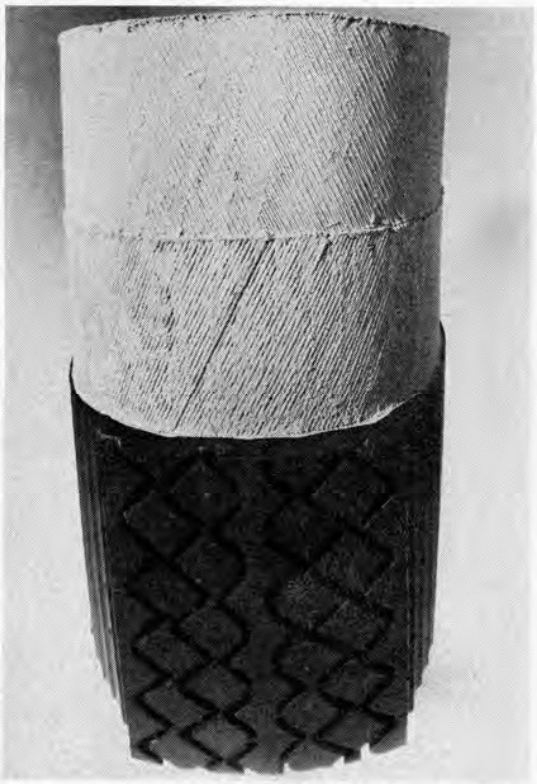
The contained air or gas—literally the heart of the tire —is something the average motorist generally permits service station attendants to worry about. The racing man shows it far more respect. He knows that the amount of air he carries in his tires is an important factor in his car's performance. The less air there is in a tire—the softer it is —the more the components flex and build up heat. Heat means rolling resistance, and the greater the rolling resistance is, the more engine horsepower has to be used just to keep the tires moving. And this is a condition that becomes more painfully acute as speeds go up.

If you drive a Jaguar XK-120, for example, and raise its tire pressure from 25 to 36 pounds per square inch, you can reduce the tires' appetite for horsepower by 15 percent. This is at just 60 mph, and you can save even more horsepower at higher speeds, horsepower then, of course, can be used to give the Jag more overall urge or to conserve its fuel. The ride is admittedly firmer with the increased pressure, but the fact remains that there is no quicker, cheaper way of hopping up a car.

There is, however, a practical limit to how hard tires should be run, and the best source for this information is the tire manufacturer, particularly if you're driving a competition car. A Perfometer or Tapely meter enables you to measure the exact difference in rolling resistance any change in inflation pressure makes. Six pounds above factory-recommended pressures for passenger-car tires is a safe, economical increase for fast-moving passenger cars. This modification helps keep tire temperature down, improves lateral stability and reduces the standing wave effect.

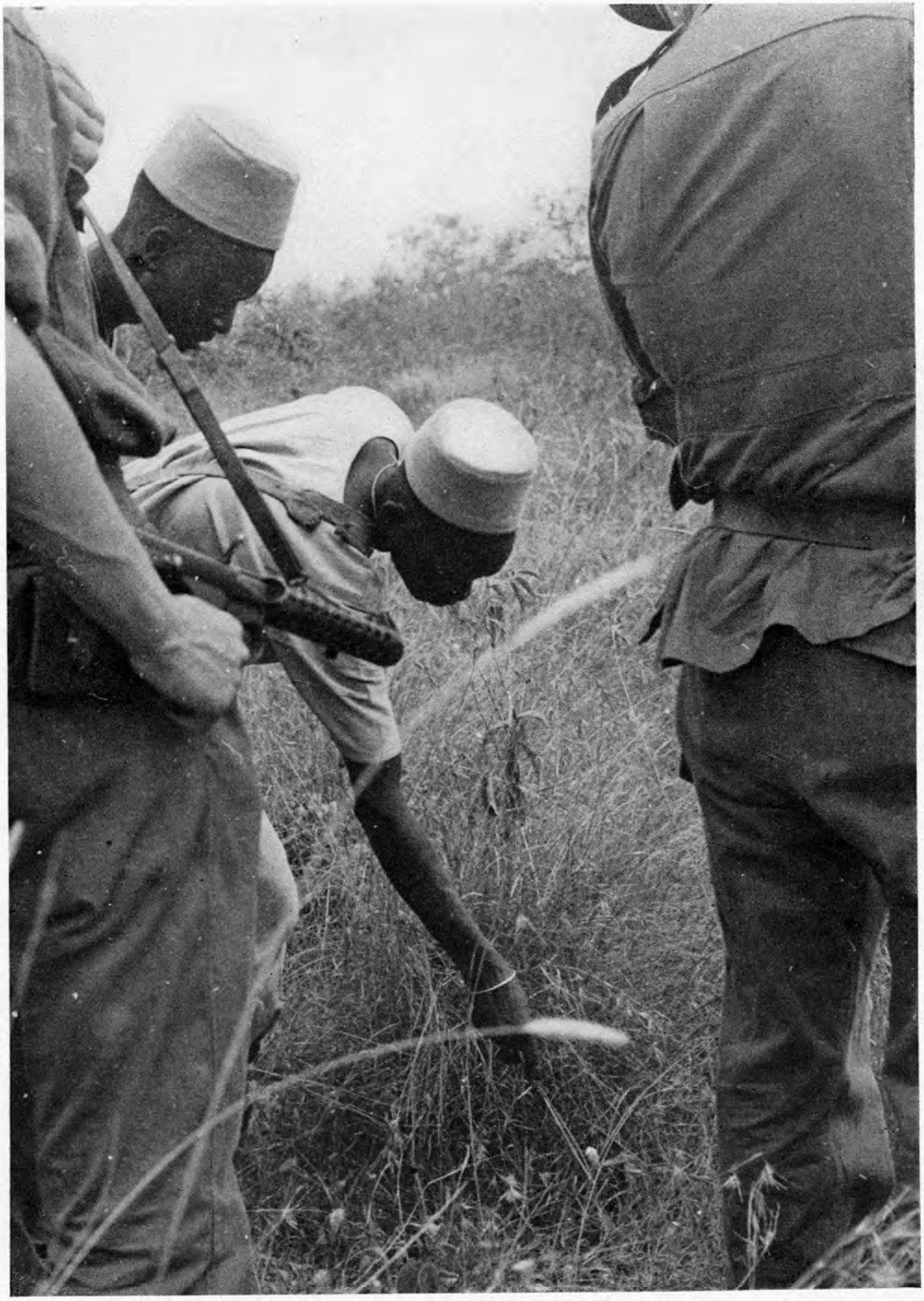
Not only pressures but also the air itself can be critically important in racing. If you drop in at Firestone headquarters at any major U.S. speed event you'll notice that the tires on the competing cars are inflated from steel bottles of compressed gas. The contained "air" in this case is actually not air but nitrogen. There are several reasons for its use. The bottles are easier to transport and more reliable than conventional compressors. Being an inert gas, nitrogen does not oxydize the inside of the inner tube and therefore does not leak through the tube as rapidly as air. Particularly important is the fact that the bottled gas is free of water content. Water formed by condensation is far from rare in conventional compressors, and the presence of even a tiny amount of water turned to steam in a hot-running, high-speed tire can cause a significant rise of pressure inside the tube.

Whether it's nitrogen or air, the gas that's the heart of the tire is contained by the second major tire component, the inner tube. Some high-speed tubes are made with extra-thick rubber in their inner diameters, where they're closest to the wheel rim, in order to reduce heat transfer from the brake drum and the wheel to the tire. But generally racing tubes differ from the common variety chiefly in the extreme care taken in their manufacture. Under the stresses of high speed and heavy acceleration, however, a lock nut for the tube's valve stem is essential, and it must be torqued down snugly against the rim. The standard Schrader valve common to all tires is a reliable device under all but the most trying conditions, but between speeds of about 110 and 150 mph centrifugal force will start to pull it open and let the contained air escape. Valve stem caps are, therefore, absolutely specified for racing, although they needn't be tightened by pliers because the [*Continued on page* 70]



Cutaway shows degrees of cord angle in tire fabric.

Hill-climbing events require heavy, knobbed tread.



On the trail, the tracker points to a mark hidden under dry, flat grass that leads him in the direction taken by the quarry.

Since the Stone Age, hunters have successfully tracked animals. But today there is more difficult game. TRUE's correspondent enrolled in a special school to have Mau Mau experts show him

how to track a man

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

Photographed for TRUE by the Author

In the last few years, the science of man-tracking, probably the oldest of all outdoor techniques, has become highly important. In Indo-China, Burma and the Philippines, the enemy are guerrilla fighters. They stage a sudden raid and then vanish into the jungles. The only way to deal with such raiders is to track them down. So the almost-forgotten art of following a trail suddenly has become of vital military importance.

The British have decided that tracking is such an important military science that they have started a tracking school in Nanyuki, some 100 miles north of Nairobi, where young officers are sent to be trained for jungle campaigns. The teachers in the school are white hunters who give the students actual experience by taking them out to track Mau Mau bands still operating in the great forests on the slopes of Mt. Kenya. So far, this is the only official tracking school in the world but, if it proves successful, other similar schools will be founded in the Orient and Canada.

I was very skeptical about the wonderful stories I'd heard of trackers who could unerringly follow a man by looking for broken twigs and bent leaves. I'd often tried it myself while on camping trips without any luck. When I applied to GHQ in Nairobi for permission to attend the school, I expected some polite double-talk followed by a refusal. Instead, the colonel in charge promptly ordered the necessary papers to be made out and within an hour I found myself headed for Nanyuki in a landrover with two armed *askaris* (native soldiers) sitting in the rear to guard against a Mau Mau ambush.

After a four-hour drive through the mountains we reached the school, located at the foot of Mt. Kenya, the principal stronghold of the Mau Mau. Above us rose the snow-capped peak of the mountain, and all around the stockade runs barbed wire and a moat filled with sharp bamboo spikes. We were met at the gate by the C.O., Major Elliott, a tall mustached officer who escorted me to his cabin inside the stockade. While mixing a whisky and water, he explained about the school.

The author with a keen-eyed tracker.

"It's only a two-week course, and naturally we don't attempt to train men to be trackers in that time," he told me. "The students are young men, mainly commissioned and noncommissioned officers who are going out in command of patrols with native trackers. The purpose of the course is to explain to them how the trackers work and what they should expect of them. A man who knows nothing about tracking can't tell whether his tracker is doing a good job or not."

The next morning, I met my fellow students. They ranged in age from youngsters of 18, fresh from English schools, to a grizzled old sergeant who had spent thirty odd years in the service. The first part of the course was blackboard work in a small building formerly used for storage. The atmosphere was very informal; the sergeant and I smoked our pipes and the other members of the class lit cigarettes. With Major Elliott was a young Kenya sergeant named Monty Brown. Monty was 25 but had commanded over a hundred patrols and had been in on the death of several dozen Mau Mau. Monty and the major alternated in the lecturing. The major spoke mainly about the technique of tracking and Monty explained practical problems that had come up in fighting and laying ambushes for the gangs.

"Your first problem is where to look for tracks," the major began. "Guerrillas generally walk near the crest of ridges, not along the crests themselves as they'd show up on the skyline but along the side so they can look over the top. They also follow game trails. Game moves mainly at night so if you find tracks with spoor (animal tracks) over it, you can be reasonably sure

the tracks were made the day before. Always look under a waterfall to see if there's a cave there. The action of the water often forms caves and the Mau Mau gunsmiths use the caves as forges to make their guns. The sound of the fall hides the noise of the hammering. Of course, that works both ways. If you can't hear them, neither can they hear you; and if you catch a man in there, he has no way of escaping and is dead meat.

"When you find tracks, the next problem is to age them (tell how old they are). If they're in soft grass, it's good to remember that grass trodden on straightens up in from one to six hours, depending on the weather and the type of grass. If the tracks are in damp earth, they'll change color as the sun hits them. The pressure of the man's foot squeezes some of the moisture out of the ground, so the print will go from gray to a slaty white, again depending on weather conditions and the type of earth. Make a scratch mark in the earth and compare its color with the color of the print. Now, if the man has walked over leaves, remember that the underside of a fallen leaf turns yellow and a leaf that has been stepped on tends to curl. By getting low and at an angle to the trail you can see the yellow edges of the trodden leaves among the others and the degree of curl tells the age of the track.

"Look out for spider webs across the trail. A complete web usually takes from six to eight hours to spin, depending on the type of spider.

"Keep an eye out for broken twigs. If the ends of the twigs are clean and white, they're freshly broken. Don't confuse twigs broken by game with twigs broken by humans. The hard hooves of antelope and gazelles usually make a sharp break; a man tends to bend and crack a twig. The gangs will automatically wade along all streams they cross to throw off tracking dogs. Look for water splashed on stones and on the banks to see where they came out."

"Why don't you use hounds rather than human trackers?" I asked.

"We do," the major explained. "All patrols have tracking dogs. But if you let the dogs run free, they get so far ahead that the guerrillas are likely to kill them. Also, we've found it hard to keep them from chasing game. If a gazelle jumps up in front of a dog, no matter how well he's trained he's apt to chase it. Keeping a dog on a lead in heavy cover is a hard job. Also, it has been our experience that a good tracker can do better than the average dog. Often he can guess what the gang is likely to do and save time by taking shortcuts. Time is of the essence. Remember you're not just following a man, but trying to overtake him. You have to go at least twice as fast as he does to do much good.

These rugged troops search native hut for hidden weapons.

"Before starting out on patrol, you should arrange a system of signals with your men," Major Elliott explained. "Whistles or so many knocks on a rifle stock. Never use your voice. A man's speaking voice is a dead giveaway. Also use hand signals. Hold up your hand if you sight humans. A whistle for big game. Of course, never shoot a charging animal. A rifle shot alarms the whole countryside. Keep a sharp lookout for animal spoor, and avoid contacting game whenever possible. If you run across a rhino or something, steer clear."

That afternoon Major Elliott took the school out in the bush country for some practical examples of the points he'd made in the lecture. "We probably won't find any Mau Mau tracks, but we should find some signs of carriers," he explained. Carriers are the village natives, often women, who carry food from their *shambas* (small vegetable patches) to the gangs hiding in the forests.

Kenya bush country somewhat resembles the semi-arid areas of the Southwest. The ground is generally covered by yellow, knee-high elephant grass, although there are occasional patches of sandy soil. Flat-topped thorn trees are scattered at intervals and there are a few patches of thick thorn bush. With us were a dozen barefooted native trackers who would later be assigned to various patrols, some of them under the command of the young officers in the school. Major Elliott was testing the abilities of these trackers as well as training the school.

As we went along, the major pointed out the spoor of various game animals, identifying each one. "Curiously, it's sometimes hard to tell the difference between the track of a man and the spoor of a rhino or even an elephant," he remarked. "Of course, if you can see the whole imprint, there's no question, but you seldom do. Often a rhino, traveling over hard ground, will leave only the mark of part of his foot. As rhino have round, rubbery pads, the mark looks rather like the print of a man's heel. The hard, clean spoor of hoofed animals is quite different, although sometimes an antelope's hoof will clip a bit of earth much like the side of a man's shoe."

Unless the quarry being tracked has walked over sandy soil or soft earth there is seldom any regular series of tracks. There is only part of an imprint in a patch of dust, ten feet farther on a little crushed grass, then some disturbed leaves fifteen feet along the trail and so on. A tracker is always watching ahead for signs. Often he merely follows the "drift" of the trail rather than going systematically from sign to sign. If a tracker sees from the direction of a trail that a gang is obviously heading for a well-known game trail through the mountains or a ford across a river, he goes ahead at a trot, simply keeping a lookout for occasional signs as a check. Under such circumstances, he may go a hundred yards without seeing a sign.

"Of course, if men know they're being trailed, they'll take advantage of this to 'jink,'" warned the major. "They'll pretend to be heading for a bridge or game trail and then turn off into the bush, hoping the tracker will overshoot. To guard against this, it's a good idea to have three trackers. The man doing the actual tracking watches the trail ahead. The other two follow him, one watching to the left and the other to the right to make sure that the gang hasn't turned off suddenly. You should switch them about at regular two-hour periods to give the man doing

the main tracking a rest. Tracking is hard work and after awhile the tracker gets tired and is apt to miss some signs. Out in the bush country the bright sun is also a strain on the tracker's eyes."

We came to a bank where there was a patch of earth exposed by a miniature landslide caused by the last heavy rain. A spot like this is a regular gold mine for tracks in the dry, hard desert. Major Elliott began to examine the place carefully.

"You can all see the spoor of a bushbuck and a rhino easily enough," he said at length. "But what's that?" He pointed to another impression in the corner of the rhino track.

"It's either a young rhino following its mother or the heel of a man's foot," said one of the young officers.

"A rhino digs in with its toes, especially on the upgrade," said the major. "No, that's a human foot. Now let's age it. Here, I'll see what one of these new trackers can do."

Speaking in Swahili, he called over one of the natives and showed him the marks. The tracker correctly identified the human imprint. Then the major asked him how old it was.

"Bwana, it is a very old track," answered the man.

"How old?" asked the major.

"Very old. As many days as this." He held up his hands with all ten fingers spread wide apart.

"Now that shows how you have to check your tracks," said the major turning to us. "He could tell it was human but because the other spoor was old, he took for granted that the human track was also. Often a man jumps to conclusions like that. See here," he said, speaking to the tracker in Swahili and picking a blade of grass from the imprint. "Look at the cracks in this grass. They're still green. The juice has dried, but the cracks haven't started to turn brown. That track isn't more than 24 hours old."

To give the abashed tracker a chance to redeem himself, the major told him to follow out the track and see where it went. The tracker started off, one of the young officers following a couple of steps behind as a bodyguard. This precaution is always observed in dangerous country. The tracker has to concentrate on his work and can't watch for a possible ambush, so he must at all times have protection. The tracker had trouble in the long, dead grass as a number of antelope had passed through it, bending the grass much as a human would have done. [*Continued on page* 77]

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JOHN LARDNER

THERE IS ONLY TENNIS

The first week of September, 1939, is in all the history books—it was the first week of World War II. In the memories of a few thousand people who were gathered at Merion, near Philadelphia, at the time, it lives as a week of confused, intense and sweeping drama: Hitler's armies had marched into Poland, a shadow was moving across the world; and the Australian Davis Cup tennis team was on the point of squandering what looked to be its last chance in many prospective years of blackout to win the trophy Australia values above everything else in sport.

Adrian Quist had been beaten by America's Frank Parker in one singles match. John Bromwich, of Australia, had lost to Bobby Riggs. Australia stood two matches down, with only three to play. The war seemed about to add five years to the twenty-five of famine the Aussies had already endured since the last time they'd come halfway around the world and won.

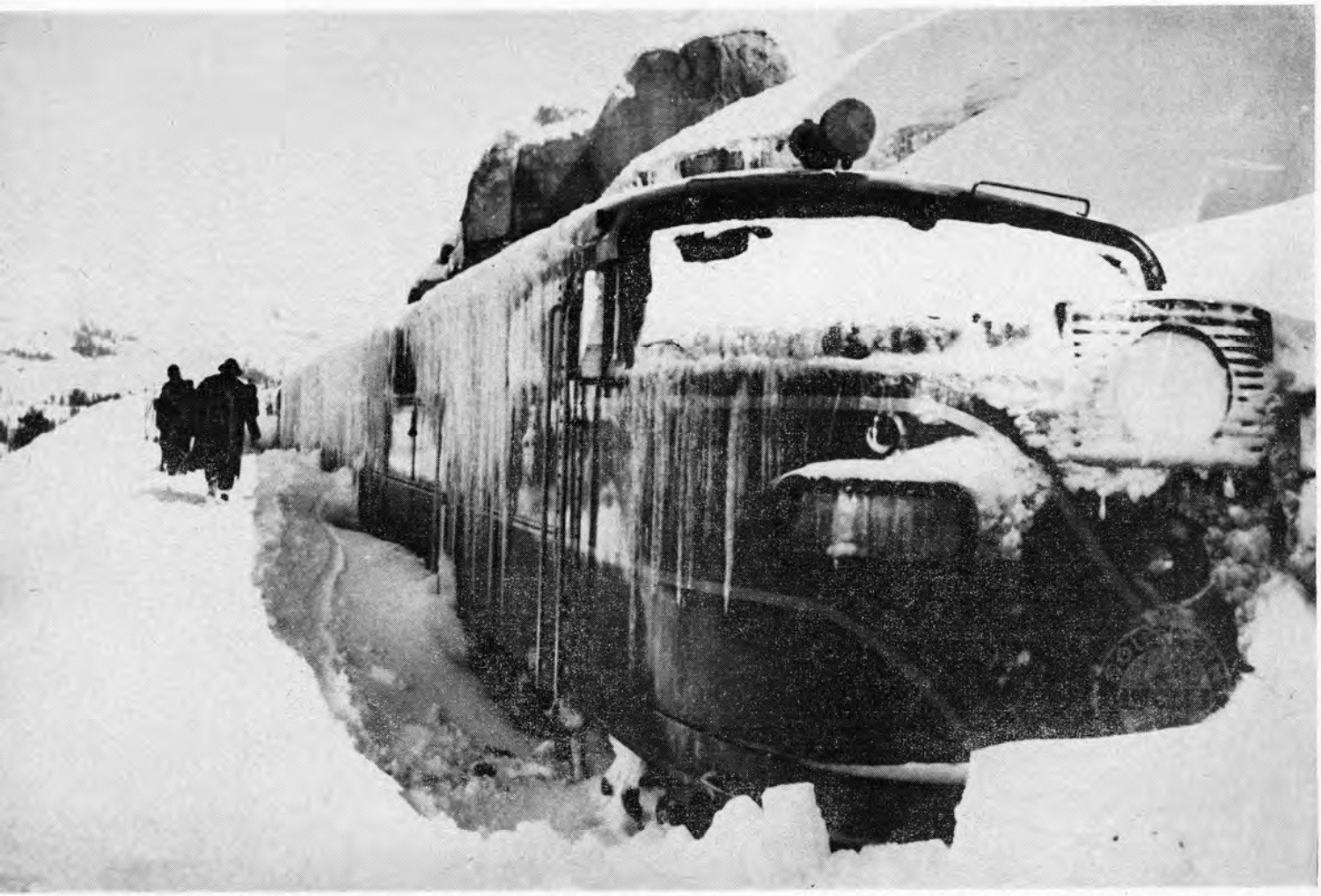
Harry Hopman, the fanatical non-playing captain, lashed Quist in the dressing-room. Even after his team won the doubles on the second day, he twanged like an overstrung banjo. The prospect still looked nearly as dark to him as it did to the crowd in the stand. "You're playing like a bloody melon-head," Hopman snarled at Quist. "Right, Harry," said Quist stolidly.

On the final day Quist went after Riggs with dogged fury. He was an introverted, sometimes almost sullen, fellow, but he played now as if he remembered the special pride that a little country of 8 million took, and still takes, in pitting itself for the world's championship against a country ten times its size in manpower. When Quist drove the last placement past the ever-running, ever-fighting Riggs, everyone in Merion knew that the long shot would come off. Bromwich romped through Parker. The Australians packed the big silver mug and saucer in a case, grabbed a ship for home, and locked them in a Melbourne bank where they have always felt they belong.

A few years later, an American reporter in Australia confirmed what had always been a suspicion of his. He was chewing the fat with Harry Hopman. "Remember that wild week in Merion, Harry, when the war began?" he said.

"The war? The war?" said Hopman gropingly. "What w—? Oh, you mean the week I had such a hell of a time with Quist."

For a certain kind of fanatic, there are no tragedies. There is only tennis.



Rescue crews finally broke through towering drifts to aid the jittery men, women and children marooned by the storm.

ORDEAL AT YUBA GAP

For three terrifying days and nights the diesel juggernaut and her 200-odd passengers were at the mercy of the elements. Courageously they faced hazards not listed on the train schedule—starvation, bitter cold and poison gas

BY J. CAMPBELL BRUCE

On the morning of January 13, 1952, a Sunday, the streamliner *City of San Francisco* pulled out of the snowsheds at Donner Summit and headed down the west shoulder of the High Sierra.

A series of storms that week had piled snow phone-pole deep in the mountains—avalanches waiting to let go. New flurries warned of yet another storm—as it turned out, this century's worst blizzard in California's high country. The *City,* with 226 passengers and crew aboard, was crawling into the greatest drama of the Sierra since the ordeal of the Donner Party in the winter of 1846.

For some miles the *City* snaked through a plow-cut gorge, then emerged onto an exposed ledge along the south slope of Yuba Gap where, despite the downgrade and an open throttle, it dragged ominously. The wedge-nosed pilot plow of the *City's* powerful diesel was packing the snow as it pushed through fresh drifts. Midway along the gap—better than a mile above sea level—the *City* quivered to a halt.

"That's it!" shouted the engineer. "We can't make it."

Time after time the diesel backed away, then lunged; but it only rocked the train to a tight standstill, held fast by the packed drift up front and the clogging mass underneath its wheels.

That was about noon and the steward, apologizing for the delay, offered lunch on the house. Everybody ate in a holiday mood, unaware of what lay beyond the windows. The rising storm had already blotted out the grandeur—and the peril.

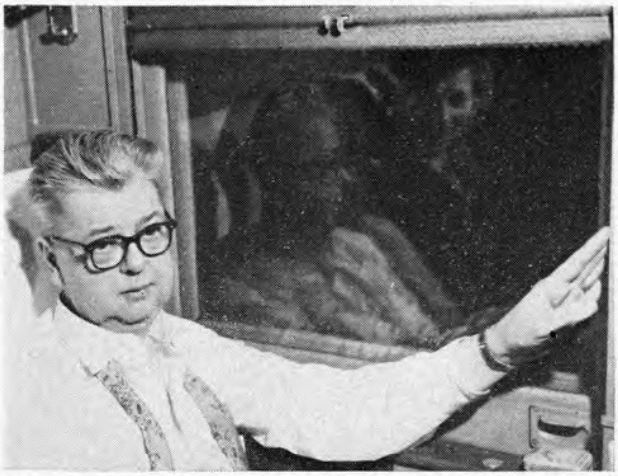
The grandeur: The majestic sweep of Yuba Gap, where U.S. Highway 40 paved the old Emigrant Trail. Cliffs towered above the train, and the fir-clad slope below the tracks dropped 700 feet to an alpine valley cradling a picture-postcard lake.

The peril: The *City* stretched the length of a tight S on the west-bound track. It was on a ledge beneath a tremendous overhanging mass of snow. If an avalanche let loose . . .

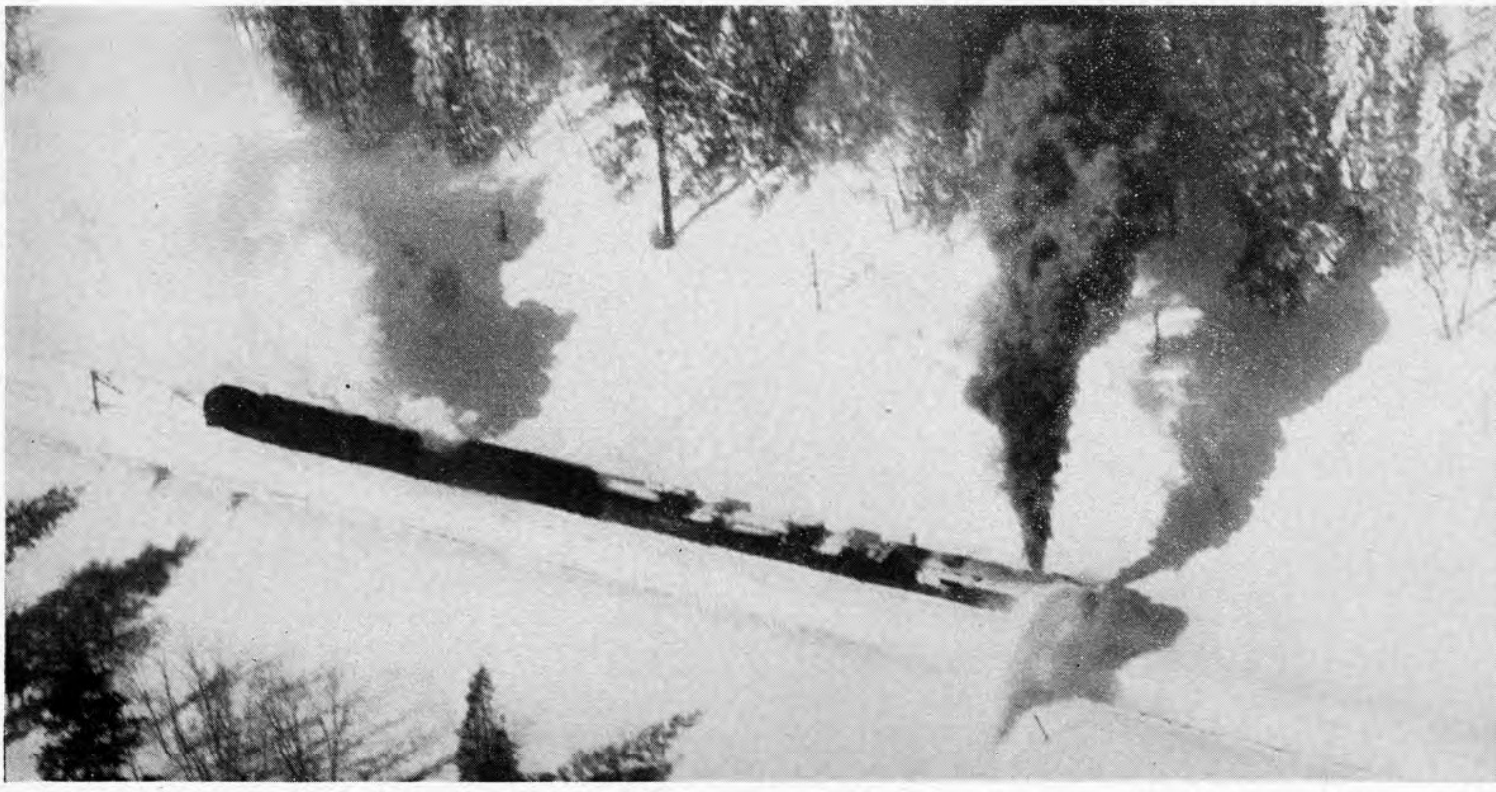
All afternoon the passengers felt a keen excitement at sitting in a snowstorm on a mountaintop. They shunted worry aside. After all, San Francisco was only 180 miles away—less than five hours. A conductor reassured them: "No cause for alarm, folks. Snowplow's on the way. We'll be rolling soon."

So confident was the Southern Pacific in its $3 million streamliner and its snow equipment that it let three other passenger trains bypass the *City* on the east-bound track, which at this point bored through twin tunnels of granite.

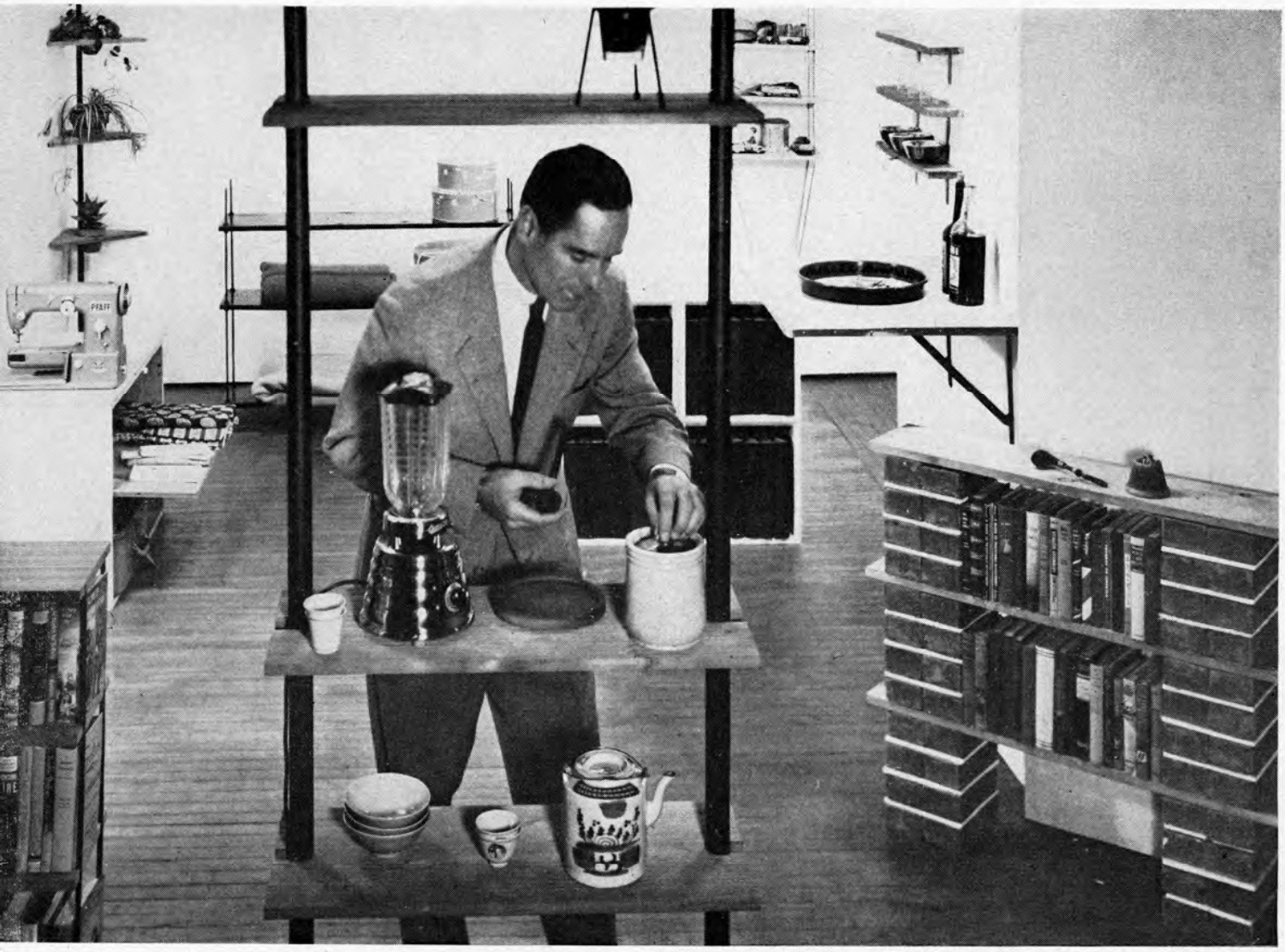
A big cab-in-front Mallet—mountain locomotive designed for the Sierra—came snorting down the hill and hooked onto the rear of the *City*. It tried to pull the train free, but was pulling only spun wheels. The Mallet tried to jar the *City* loose with banging [*Continued on page* 68]



Dr. W. H. Roehll, whose alert action saved many passengers from butane gas poisoning, rests after his efforts.



In a dramatic duel between science and nature a rotary snowplow inches its way to the stalled streamliner.



rack 'em up, stack 'em up

Do your diggings look like a rat's nest? Take heed of that old adage, "A place for everything and everything in its place," and store your belongings on one of these quickly constructed shelves

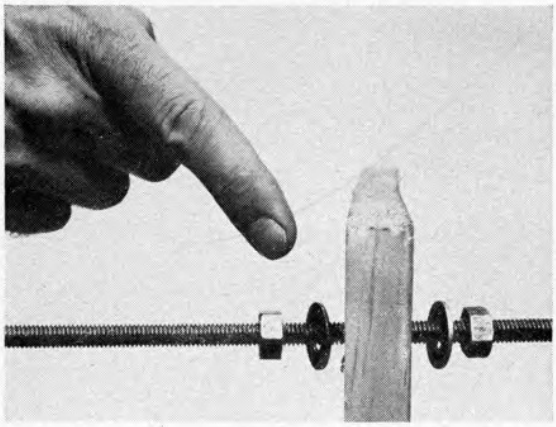
By Walter Ian Fischman

If clutter is getting you down, if piles of unassorted miscellany are making your house seem more like the Collyer mansion than like an orderly home, then you need more storage space. And the quickest way to create such space is to build a few shelves—not just any old shelves, but ones specifically and carefully chosen for the purpose to which they will be put. We emphasize this because a shelf, for all its simplicity, is a device that's not always properly used, seldom employed to its fullest advantage and often not even put in the right place.

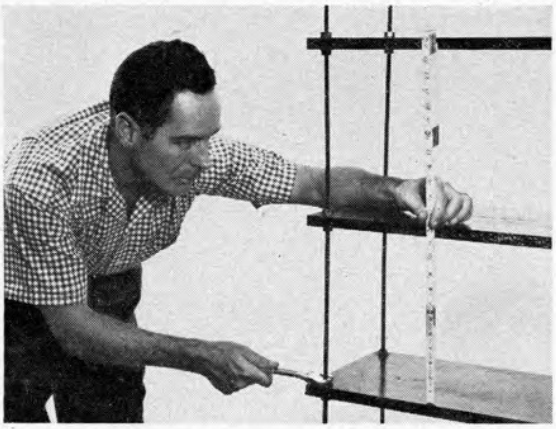
Examine the dozen shelves shown here. One of them is bound to fill a real need in your living room, den or kitchen. They are so easy to construct that any reasonably handy guy who owns even the most elementary collection of hand tools imaginable is more than well-enough equipped to knock any one of them together in an evening.

1 Black tubes, called Dec-Erector poles, are made of heavy fiberboard. Pads at top and bottom secure them firmly to the ceiling and floor.

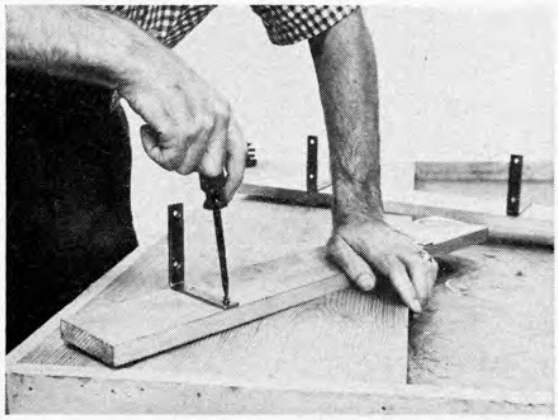
Put iron pegs through holes in poles. Fit notched shelves in position so they rest on the pegs. You can vary heights of shelves or add more as you want.



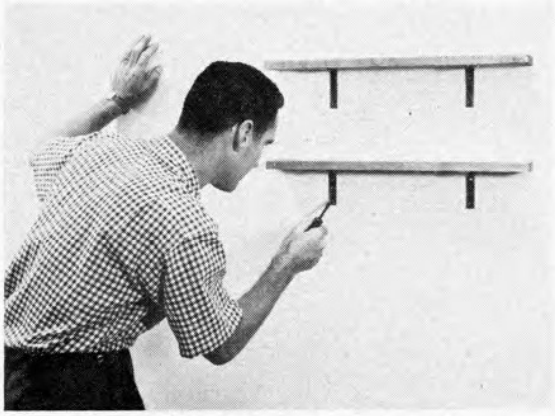
2 Uprights here are lengths of threaded rod that pass through holes in corners of shelves. Each shelf is held by eight nuts and eight washers.



After loosely assembling uprights, shelves, nuts and washers, use ruler and wrench to adjust each shelf to proper height, level it and tighten it in place.



3 Angle irons hold these shelves. Screw angles to bottoms of shelf boards. Upright legs of angles must line up with rear edges of boards.



Fasten vertical legs of angle irons to wall. If you can screw directly into studs, use long wood screws; if plaster alone must hold weight, use toggle bolts.

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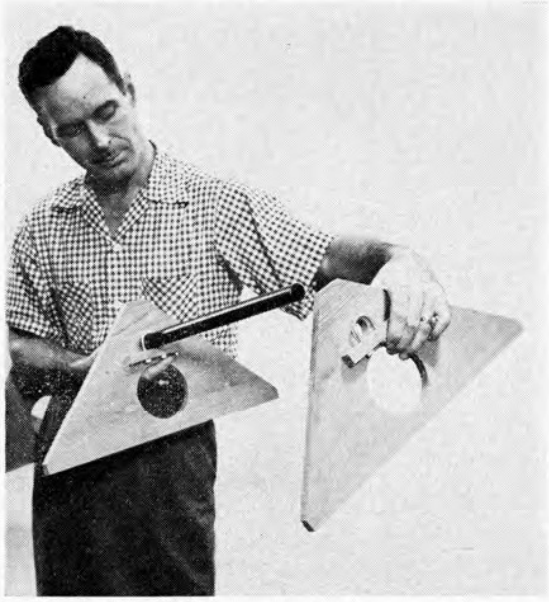
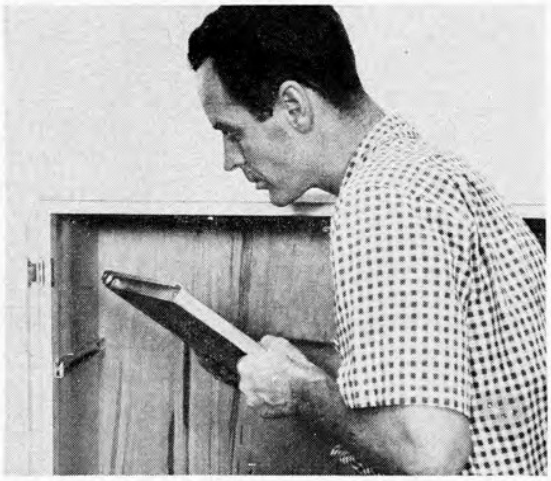
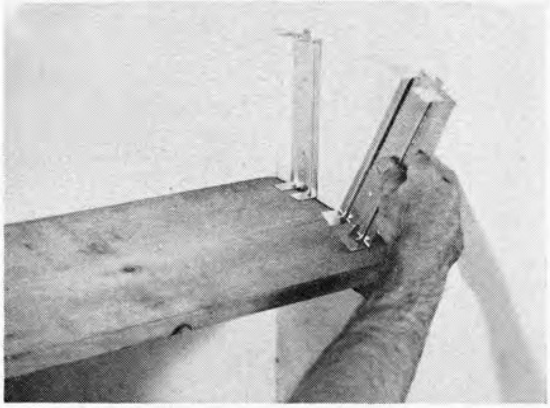
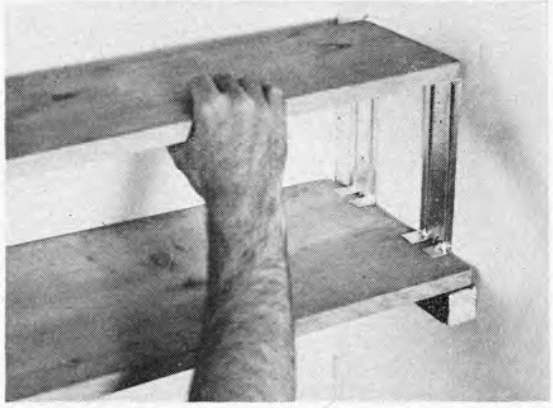


4 This telescoping metal pole supports triangular corner shelves (here shown with cutouts to hold potted plants). Space the shelves as desired. Fasten shelves to pole by tightening U-bolt clamps. Extend pole until rubber tips press against ceiling and floor. Tighten setscrew to lock pole in place.



5 Double the usable space in a cabinet by adding sliding shelf. Screw larger tracks to cabinet and smaller tracks to ends of the shelf board. Two tracks at each end interlock. Slide shelf into position, tilting it as you insert it to get past the stop that keeps shelf from pulling too far out.



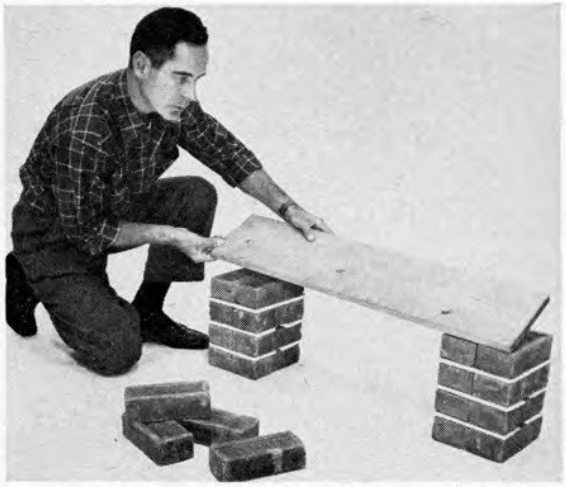


6 To add a shelf atop existing one, especially in a closet, use these metal clips. Install them against the wall on top of the existing shelf. Cut new shelf to proper length and rest it on top of the spacers. If desired, you can add more shelves by installing additional spacers and shelf boards.

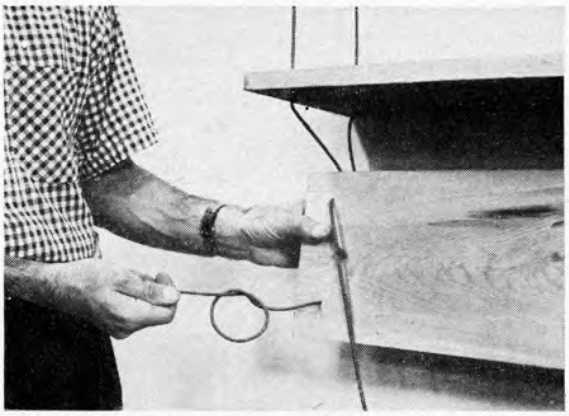
7 Prefabricated unit has wrought-iron sides and wooden shelves. It's assembled upside down and includes rubber feet and all necessary screws.

8 For record storage, stack up open-end boxes. Cut sides from ¾-in. plywood and back from ¼-in. Masonite. Assemble with nails and glue.

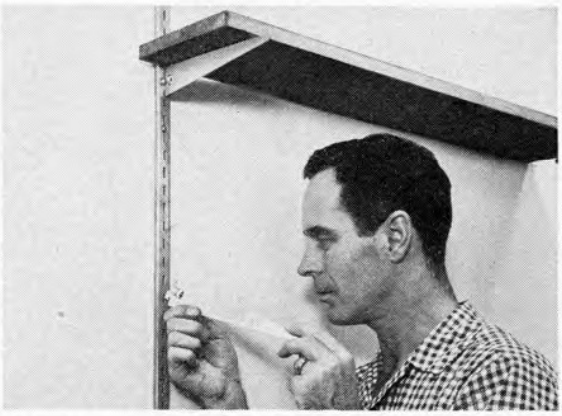
9 Drop-leaf shelf (¾-in. plywood with chromium edging) rests on standard hinged units. When you fasten shelf to wall, make sure it's level.



10 Red bricks and squares of plaster board (which simulate mortar) hold this shelf. Instead of bricks, cement or glass blocks can be employed.



11 Hanging shelves have sash-cord or clothesline supports. Knot each line under each shelf and secure ends to screw eyes in floor and ceiling.



12 This shelving, usually seen in stores, can also be used at home. Fasten strips to wall, slip brackets in slots, tighten knobs, add shelves.

GREAT CAT-EYED BIRD

Fighting fair, a great horned owl can whip a bald eagle bald—but this is nothing compared with the misery these monsters have handed "Headsaw" Bergensen and other characters up in the Alaska Territory

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

Illustrated by C. E. Monroe, Jr.

To begin with, I'll tell you about the time I saw a hen horned owl beat seven bells and the ten commandments out of a bald eagle.

Tex Cobb and I were camped in a redtop meadow on the bank of the Susitna River waiting for the annual spring flood to subside. Below us 100 yards was a witch-headed cottonwood in which a pair of bald eagles had their nest. It was a great haystack of a nest that looked as if it had been there since the Treaty of Sitka. Probably dozens of generations of eagles had been hatched in it. Like most eagles during the nesting period, our neighbors were a salty pair of sky-pirates. Whenever they swooped over us they'd let out wild, threatening screams—telling us, I suppose, that if we fooled with their wonderful nest they'd claw us to pieces.

But they weren't half as tough as they thought.

We were building our breakfast fire one golden morning when the female eagle returned from a hunt somewhere across the river. She carried part of a snowshoe rabbit in her talons, and as she passed over us, black wings chewing the bright air, she gave her customary fierce, shrill scream. Then all of a sudden she seemed to go nuts. Dropping the rabbit carcass, she circled the nest tree, shrieking at practically every wing beat. We broke out our glasses, and saw what the trouble was. Sitting calmly on the huge nest, turning her head to watch the frantic eagle, was a medium-size horned owl. Now, I had heard that horned owls take over eagles' nests—up to 5 percent of them in some regions—but I've got to admit I didn't believe it. I had seen a pair of eagles give the bum's rush to an egg-hungry black bear. I had myself been chased out of a tree by an irate eagle, with a shirt sleeve torn half off and a gash in my scalp that was bloody and painful enough to have been made by a tomahawk.

So I expected this eagle would presently make hash of the intruding owl. I guess the eagle figured it the same way—and how mistaken we both were.

With a final outraged scream, our American symbol half closed her wings and pitched straight down from some fifty feet above the tree, beak and talons reaching. No fighting bird ever made a more grievous tactical error. At the last split second the owl hopped off the nest, dived for flying speed and zoomed back up. A few strokes of her broad wings shot her above the wildly flapping eagle, who had barely missed knocking her brains out on the edge of the nest. If the fight had taken [*Continued on page* 62]

A few strokes of the horned owl's broad wings shot her above the wildly flapping bald eagle. After that it was murder.

☆

Itch? What Itch?

These pictures of a famous young lady were taken because her Hollywood bosses are very smart bosses, and have an itch to make an extra million bucks.

The girl, plus movie cameramen, technicians, directors, et al, were sent at outrageous expense from Los Angeles to New York to film a very short sequence for her new picture, a scene of the girl with her skirt being blown up.

Not that the sequence couldn't have been made easier and cheaper in Hollywood! But these smart bosses had an itch for an extra million, and realize the public has an itch to see a pretty girl with her skirt blown up, that newspaper photographers have an itch to take such pictures, and newspaper editors have an itch to publish them.

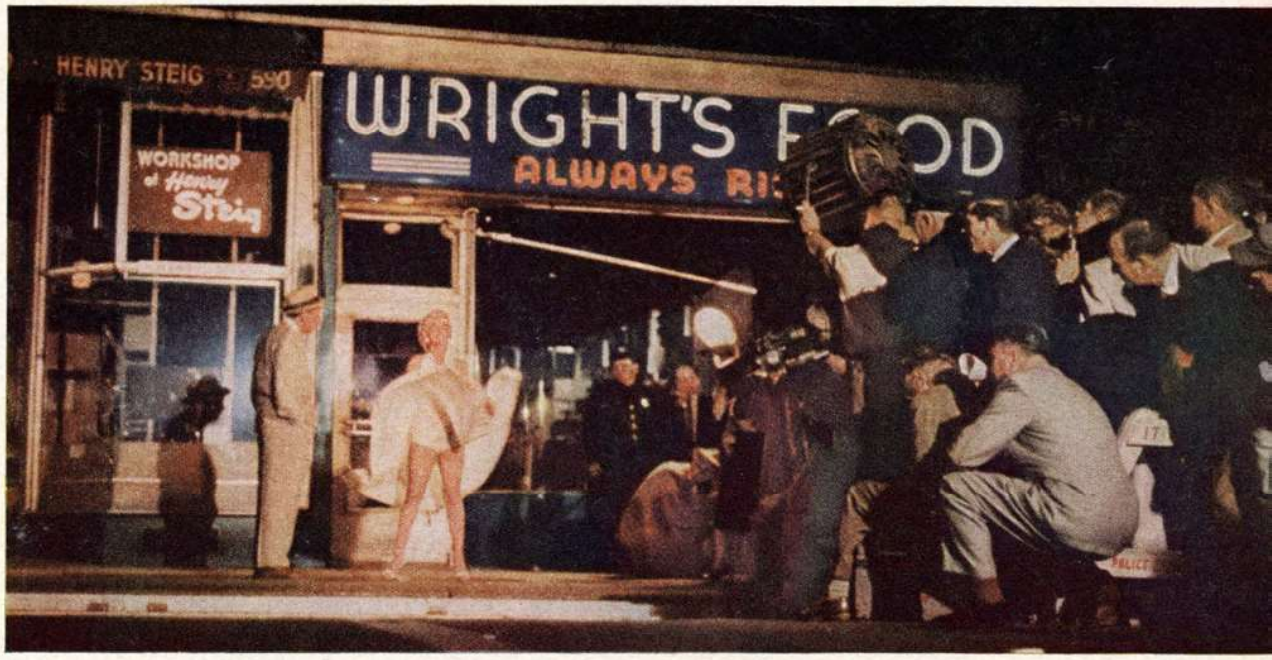
So, by taking the sequence in New York, with more than a hundred properly alerted press photographers on hand, a satisfying and profitable amount of publicity resulted for the pretty girl's new picture.

We had an itch to satisfy your itch, so here are the pictures in color, an achievement beyond the limitations of newspaper editors.

Her new movie? The Seven Year Itch.

The girl? The ex-Mrs. Joe DiMaggio.

Photographed for TRUE *by Jurgen Jacobsen*



HOW ISAAC SINGER KEPT FIVE WOMEN IN STITCHES

Lusty as a billy goat, this man who founded a sewing machine empire also managed to keep a wife and four other women amused at the same time. The result was twenty-four children

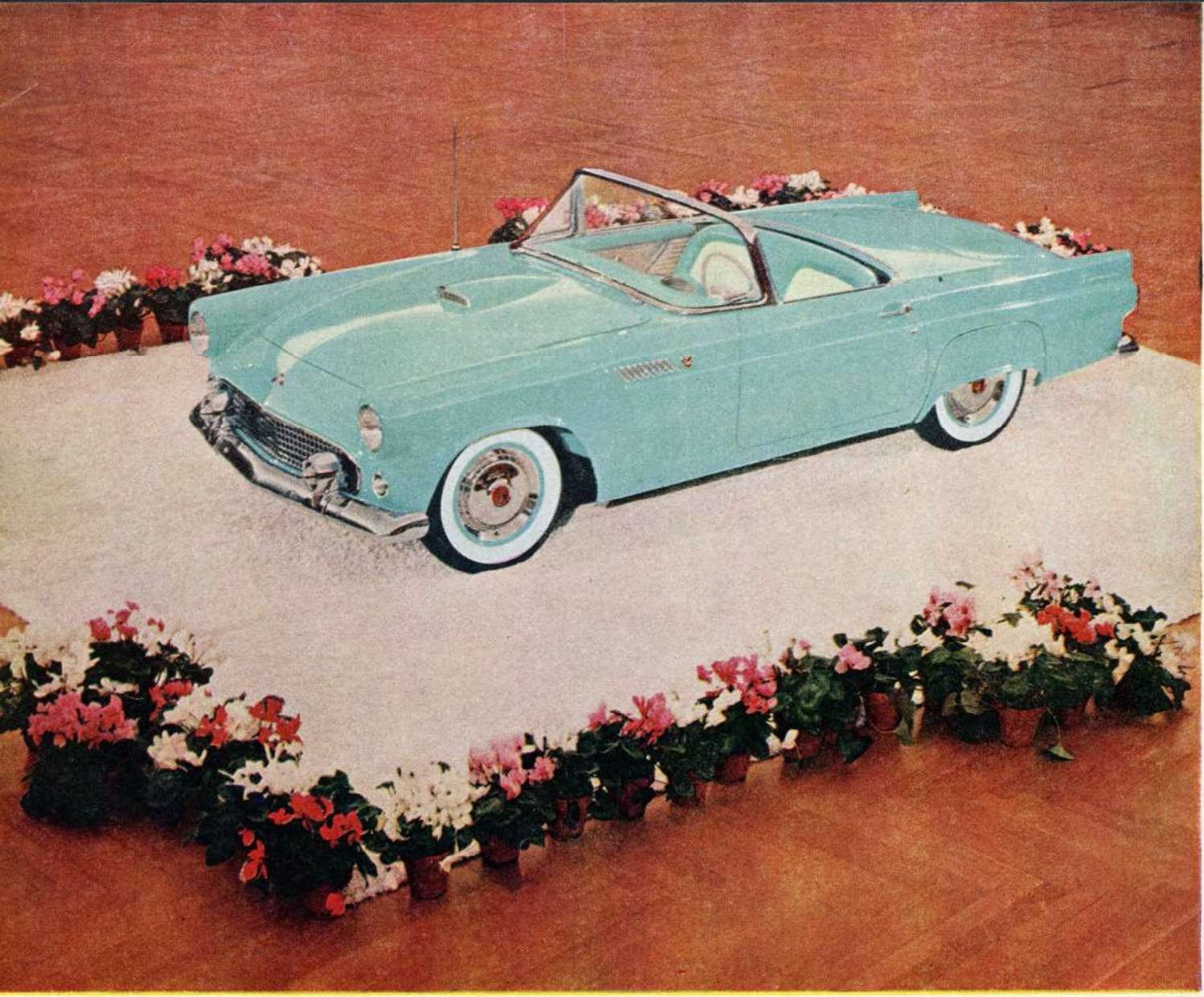
BY ALAN HYND

Illustrated by Tom Lovell

Isaac Merritt Singer, famous founder of the world-wide sewing-machine company, was a man who would have spread utter dismay today among those prophets of doom who believe that soon there won't be enough food to go around. For Mr. Singer personally did his level best to increase the population, and when in 1875 he passed on to his just deserts at the age of 64, the belief was widespread that the man had simply worn himself out in his enthusiasm for the propagation of the human race.

When the returns were all in, it developed that Singer had sired [*Continued on page* 92]

To promote his machine, Singer toured the local fairs, charming the women into buying.



Four feet high and 100 mph fast, Ford's streakish Thunderbird is an all-steel, 3-passenger "personal car" listing for $2,695.

DETROIT: 1955

This will be a year of fierce competition among the automakers . . . a year of sales war among the titans, fought with the weapons shown on these pages. The public's thumbs-up or thumbs-down determines the winners

FORD

One out of every four cars sold in 1954 was a Ford—and the resurgent Dearborn giant is storming back in 1955 with fresh ammunition: three basic lines—Fairlane (replacing Crestline), Customline, Mainline. Powering Ford's 16 models (5 of which are station wagons) are V-8s of 182 or 162 horsepower and a 120-horsepower Six. The "big" V-8 achieves its bonus of 182 hp via 4-barrel carburetor and special intake manifold; available only with Fordomatic transmission in the Fairlane series. Dual exhaust is standard on Fairlanes and station wagons; torque is upped in all new "turbo-action" (anti-fouling) Champion plugs and tubeless tires are standard. Station wagon brakes are 25 percent larger.

CHEVROLET

One out of every four cars sold in 1954 was a Chevrolet—and at that, the long-time biggest seller was up to its headlinings in a sales fight with Ford. For 1955, Chevvy goes to battle with a new weapon: a 162-horsepower V-8 engine (which can be upped to 180 horses with special factory-supplied "power package" kit), the first for the company in 35 years. The "old" Six will be available in 123- and 136-horsepower sizes. All of the cars feature new engineering, including ball-joint front suspension, 12-volt electrical system, tubeless tires, larger glass area and reductions in overall height up to six inches. The One-Fifty, Two-Ten and Bel Air series offer 14 bodies, including a new two-door station wagon.

PLYMOUTH

A traditional member of the low-priced Big Three, Plymouth comes fighting back in 1955 with drastic restyling and with its first V-8 engine —a descendent of other Chrysler Corporation overhead-valve V-8s in its basic design: big bore-short stroke, developing 157, 167 or 177 horsepower according to the customer's choice. The L-head Six is rated at 117 hp. Twelve body styles are available in three series, including, for the first time, a 4-door version of the popular all-steel station wagon. Four-door sedans are 10.3 inches longer than last year's Plymouths and nearly two inches lower at the roof. All models are on a 115-inch wheelbase, and all are using 6.70-15 tubeless tires as standard equipment.

DeSOTO

Like other Chrysler Corporation cars, DeSoto has undergone a considerable face-lift in 1955 and introduces a new line, the Fireflites, powered with a redesigned 200-horsepower V-8. The Firedome line features an increase in power to 185 hp and will sell for less than in 1954. All De Sotos are longer and lower, the overall height of most models being barely over five feet and all cars on a 126-inch wheelbase. A wide variety of colors make 55 different combinations possible; new curved windshield offers a 20 percent-increased glass area, distortion free. The selector for PowerFlite transmission is dash mounted. And tubeless tires are standard.

MERCURY

Mercury adds a new line to its production for 1955, the 198-hp Montclair joining the 188-hp Monterey and Custom series. Wheelbase of all ten models in three lines is 119″; overall length is increased 2″ and most models are one inch lower overall and one inch closer to the road. Brake size has been increased almost 20 percent. An exclusive in its field is Mercury's new push-button lubrication system (an optional extra) which permits the driver to keep chassis bearings under constant lubrication by merely pressing a button on the instrument panel. And the Merc-O-Matic transmission has been redeveloped to handle higher power and torque.

NASH

The Rambler that started out to be a Nash may be purchased at all Hudson dealers in 1955 as a result of a merger with American Motors. Biggest change in this compact 100- or 108-inch wheelbase car is the uncovering of front wheels which have been skirted from the earliest design. As a result, Rambler turning diameters are as small as 36 feet, tightest of U.S. production cars. Body styles include 4-door sedan, 4- and 2-door station wagons, a hard top and club sedan. All are powered by 90-horsepower, L-head Six with optional overdrive or HydraMatic. Low-cost Nash air conditioning and the reclining seat or twin-bed still available.

DODGE

Dodge says "100 structural and mechanical innovations" are incorporated in 1955 cars. Biggest changes: increased horsepowers (customer's choice: a 123-hp Six or V-8s of 175, 183 or 193) and larger size. Dodges are from 6 to 16 inches longer. Body styling follows "aircraft sleekness." All 12 models in three series—Custom Royal, Royal and Coronet—are on 120-inch wheelbases, making roomy interiors and 37-cubic-foot trunk spaces possible. 183-horse Red Ram engine is a hotter version of power plant which set 196 AAA stock car records at Bonneville in 1954; a 4-barrel carburetor and dual exhaust give an extra 10 horsepower optional this year.

BUICK

Aiming to hold its position as the third-largest selling car in the U.S., Buick pours it on in 1955 with a 54-horsepower increase to 236 in Roadmaster, Super and Century series; 188 horsepower in the Special. Compression is raised to 9-to-1. The new variable-pitch Dynaflow (standard on Roadmaster; optional on others) cuts in when the driver floors his accelerator, thus readjusting the angle of the stator blades for better high-speed performance. Three-tone color combinations (two-tone body plus contrasting roof color) will be available for the first time. The new windshield wipers are said to cover a wider area of wrap-around glass.

LINCOLN

A bigger and better engine is an important part of the Lincoln story for 1955. Horsepower has been increased from 205 to 225; torque up from 305 to 332 pounds-feet; displacement has beefed by a big 24 inches; compression half a point higher at 8½-to-1; dual exhausts standard. Summed up, this makes the new Lincolns even hotter than cars that swept 1-2-3-4 in two Mexican road races. A new and exclusive transmission—Turbo-Drive—has been tailored to the new engine, harnesses the torque and horsepower into smooth, economical driving. Exterior of Lincolns has been further sleeked, including the new taillight treatment.

STUDEBAKER

First of the manufacturers to announce a line of 1955 cars was Studebaker Division of the new Studebaker-Packard Corporation. (Packard will announce in January.) More power for less money was the Studebaker keynote—a 101-horsepower Six and V-8s of 140 and 175 hp power—Champions, Commanders and Presidents, the latter a revival of a luxury series made from the 20's until 1942. Prices are as much as $287 lower than 1954. Loewy styling continues, the most notable alteration being a massive-appearing grille-bumper unit. Hoods are higher and wider this year. The big President models feature gold-plated interior hardware.

OLDS

Ambitious Oldsmobile Division, hot on Buick's tail and hoping to finish fourth in sales in 1955, has announced a somewhat restyled line of 88's and 98's, featuring horsepower increases to 185 and 202 respectively. In addition, the 202 hp engine may be ordered as an extra in any 88. Compression ratio is 8½-to-1. Ten body types are available in three series including extension of "Starfire" styling (such as cutaway fenders) to the whole line. Bumpers, front and rear, are more massive-looking; two-tone colors continue to give the "Oldsmobile look;" improvements in carburetion and valving should increase their performance.

CADILLAC

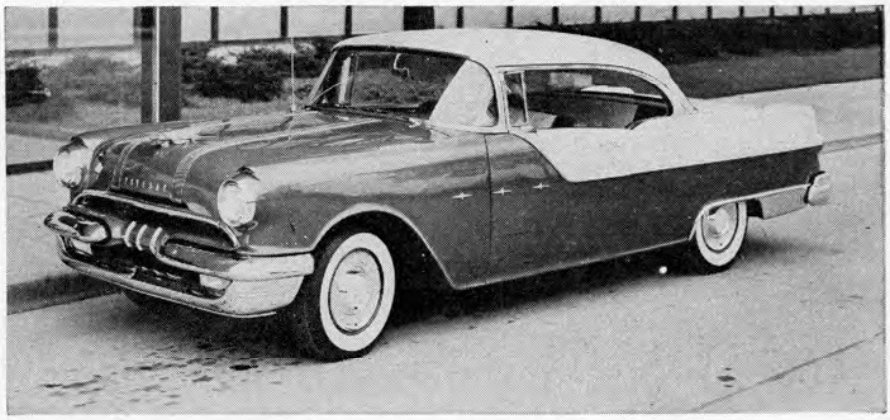
Typical of the 1955 Cadillac line is the Fleetwood Series 60 Special 4-door sedan, powered by a 250-horsepower V-8. Closely resembling the 1954 models, Cadillac has nevertheless restyled its grille and front bumper extensions, lowered the hood line, narrowed the center door pillar for greater visibility and added chrome trim to accent. Tubeless tires are standard 1955 equipment, with power steering, oil filter, windshield washer, side-view mirror, wheel disks. Available in 19 new exterior colors, 2 upper-body colors, 4 Eldorado colors—all in combinations with leather and fabric interiors.

CHRYSLER

Chryslers for 1955 are Windsors and New Yorkers with 188- and 250-horsepower V-8s respectively; Imperials may be Crown or Custom on 130- and 150-inch wheelbases, both 250-horsepowered. Styled to create a long, lean look, the whole Chrysler-Imperial line has been remodeled after a not-too-successful sales year in 1954. Optional extras include power accessories; tubeless tires standard. Range selector for PowerFlite transmission is mounted on dashboard instead of steering post. Crown Imperials are equipped with a modified type of disk brake developed by Chrysler, unique in the U.S.

PONTIAC

Gone are the fine old Pontiac Sixes and Straight Eights; in their place this year the company introduces a new overhead-valve V-8, developing 180 horsepower at an 8-to-1 compression ratio. This engine will power both Chieftain and Star Chief series on 122- and 124-inch wheelbases respectively. Company officials state that the 1955 cars have more engineering innovations (they say 109) than any new model since the first Pontiac was built in 1926. These include completely machined combustion chambers, new crankcase ventilation system and unique "reverse-flow" cooling system. Twelve body styles offered include a new 2-door station wagon.



Man to Man Answers

[*Continued from page* 12]

Q: From what breed of sheep do we get "Persian lamb" coats? *Sgt. James T. Barber, Fort Hood, Tex.*

A: From the skins of lambs of the karakul broadtail sheep, native to Bukara in Central Asia. The younger the lamb the tighter the curl of the wool. This is also known in the trade as broadtail, krimmer and Astrakan. These sheep are now grown in South Africa and to a limited extent in the United States and Canada.

Q: How many Five-Star Generals have there been in the United States? *A. E. Fleming, San Antonio, Tex.*

A: Five—Douglas MacArthur, George C. Marshall, Dwight D. Eisenhower, the late Henry A. Arnold and Omar Bradley.

Q: How long can fish survive out of water? *Camile J. DuBois, Burlington, Vt.*

A: Fish differ greatly in this respect. Most ocean fish die quickly when brought near the surface. Certain fresh-water fish are quite fragile and die quickly in the air or foul water. Other fish have greater tenacity. The mud-minnow survives in half-dried mud, as do many of the catfishes.

Q: Where can I buy gold bullion? *Charles F. Barton, Anchorage, Alaska.*

A: Ownership of gold bullion is permissible only under license from the Treasury Department, for specific export or industrial purposes.

Q: Where was the notorious Libby Prison, used for Union prisoners during the Civil War, located? *Henry Rowe, San Diego, Calif.*

A: In Richmond, Virginia. It was a large brick building named for its owner, who operated it as a ship chandlery and tobacco warehouse before the war. Divided into lofts or large rooms, there was insufficient space for the thousands of prisoners. The food, sometimes lacking altogether, was poor, and sanitary conditions were very bad. Thousands of men died here. Several escapes were made, the most famous in 1864 when 109 prisoners crawled out through a tunnel they had dug with their hands and bits of lumber. Forty-eight were recaptured, two drowned and fifty-nine reached the federal lines. The building was torn down and removed brick by brick in 1889 and re-erected in Chicago as a museum, but the enterprise failed.

Q: Did Jean Lafitte, the pirate, ever operate from a Texas Island? *J. W. Zulch, La Hunta, Colo.*

A: Lafitte, properly Laffite, operated from Grand Terre Island in Barataria Bay, about 30 miles south of New Orleans. After he turned down the British offer of $150,000 to help them against the United States, he aided in the capture of New Orleans in 1814. In 1817, he and his followers established headquarters on Galveston Island, off the Texas coast, on which the city of Galveston is now situated. Later some of his men attacked American settlers whereupon the U.S. government sent a naval force against them.

Q: I've bet a friend that there was once a magazine called *Leslie?* Win? *Edwin M. Dardas, Bay City, Mich.*

A: *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* was published from December 15, 1855, to June 17, 1922. During its career it had several variations in its title. In the last few weeks it was known simply as *Leslie's.*

TRUE MAGAZINE

"George doesn't believe I bought it myself; which I did, with Mr. Gilder's money."
Wm. Von Riegen, Dumont, N. J.

write a cartoon caption, win $100

Each month we plan to run this cartoon with a new gag line as supplied by the readers of TRUE.

Here's your chance to be a wit, and win $100.

We will pay $100 for each funny line accepted.

In case identical lines are submitted, the first one received and accepted will get the hundred bucks.

You can submit as many lines as you wish, but each submission must be on a separate post card addressed to:

Cartoon Editor
TRUE
67 West 44th Street
New York City

Be sure to include your name and address on each card. We can't enter into any correspondence concerning this offer, but if we use your funny line we'll send you the hundred.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-1, 67 West 44 St., New York 36, N. Y.

STYLED FOR SPEED

When it comes to sports car racing, topnotch amateurs have both mechanical and clothing distinction. Whether you race or sweat it out on the sidelines, *DRESS AS SMART AS YOU DRIVE!*

BY W. W. ROSE, JR.

Briggs Cunningham, John Gordon Benett and Bill Spear check Cunningham's new Stanguellini. Briggs' lightweight jersey polo shirt and linen slacks, ideal for racing comfort.

MEN'S SPORTSWEAR manufacturers, quick to spot a new trend in masculine interests, have designed apparel specifically for sports-car enthusiasts, with individual patterns and models adopted for the different cars. Simtex shirts, for instance, have come up with tartan and Tattersall checked sportshirts of cotton flannel, tying them in with Jaguar, Austin-Healy and other prominent sports makes. McGregor Sportswear has a new jacket, the "Cross-Season," ideal for either racing or just plain driving. Made of blended rayon and Dacron, it's wind and weather resistant with Milium lining for warmth. Colorwise, it's 2-way, with contrasting inner and outer sides. Even the shoe people have followed suit. Walk-Over's new "Motorist" is definitely designed for the driver. Very light in weight, it's extremely flexible with a special non-slip "motor-tread" sole insuring accelerator traction.

Race Meeting Sportswear

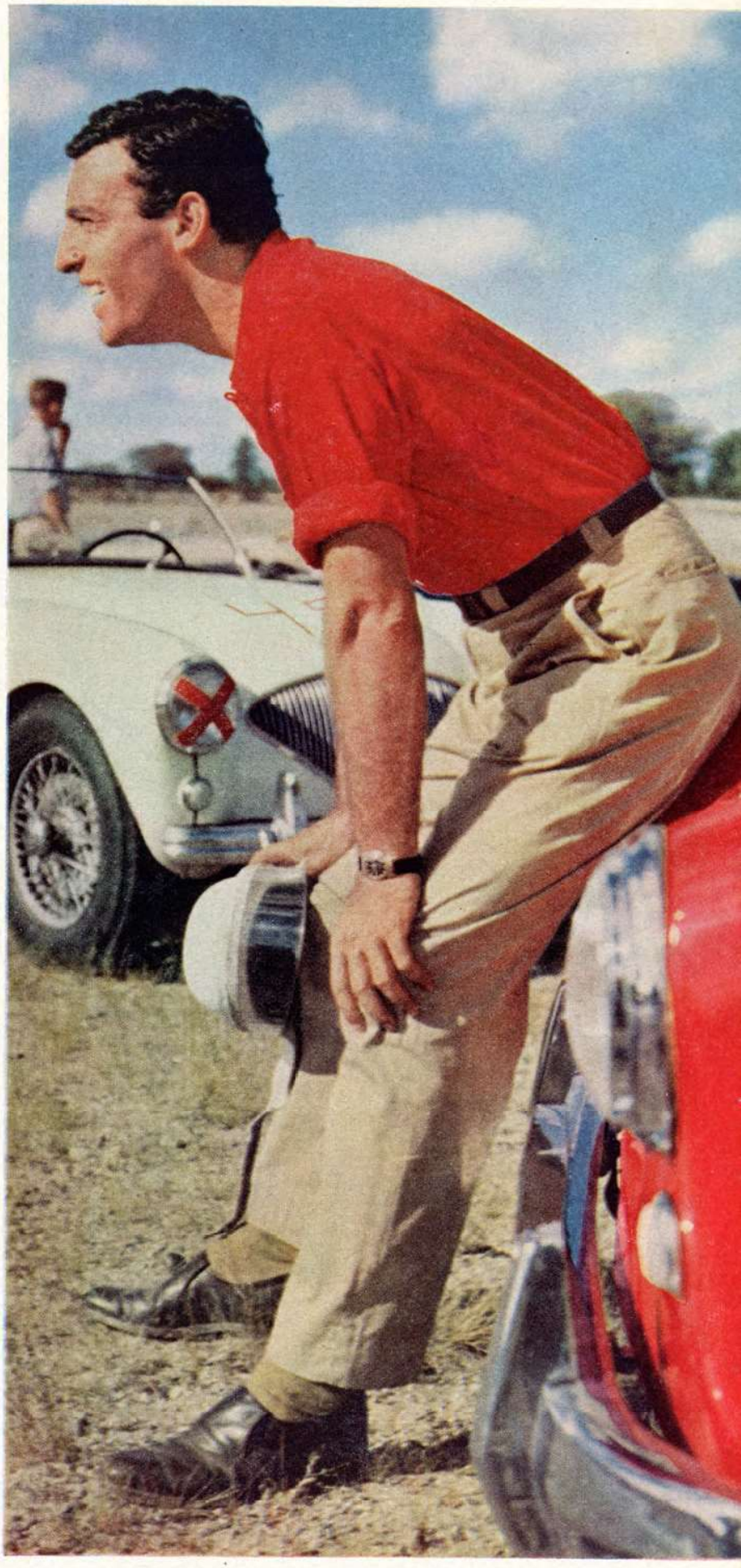
To get actual driver and spectator preference on sportswear, TRUE covered ranking sports-car meets for an on-the-spot story. These topflight drivers, all amateurs, aren't "clothes-horses" and don't pretend to be. They're basic, down-to-earth guys who race for the fun of it. Thompson Raceway or Watkins Glen race meet clothing check-ups showed an overall demand for practical, functional comfort. From the driver's viewpoint, it's a "must." Clocking 100 mph plus requires complete freedom for split-second action. Many competitors wore shirts of lightweight gabardine, flannel or corduroy, as well as polo-type jersey pullovers with long or short sleeves. Cooler weather brought out wind and rain resistant jackets of pullover and zip-front types. Spectators stuck to the conventional sport coat, mostly in tweed. Slacks were predominantly Chino, with plenty of gabardines and flannel also on the scene. Warmer days found Bermuda shorts increasingly popular, particularly in tan poplin and gray flannel. The outstanding point, however, was that both spectator and driver alike were comfortably and sensibly dressed for the occasion.

Summing up, it all goes to prove that whether you drive, fish or shoot, the more practical your equipment, the better your performance. Take a tip from TRUE and Dress As Smart As You Are, wherever you are.

Driving an MG TD, Len Bastrup wears a cotton flannel shirt in the MG tartan with his summer-weight gabardine slacks.

Thompson spectators liked shorts. Hers are of black corduroy, his of gray flannel. The India Madras jacket adds a bright note.

Sherwood Johnston races a Jaguar, wears Jaguar tartan sportshirt. His casual slacks are made of durable, lightweight gabardine.



John Weitz makes a bright picture, matching his fireman's red Allard with a rugged corduroy sportshirt. His narrowed slacks are light-tan Chino. *Left:* Jackie Cooper sports an Austin-Healy shirt of Tattersall checks.

Grouped about an Aston-Martin, these men are dressed in good, casual country wear. Tweed jackets and odd slacks rate high with spectators.

DRESS AS SMART

Testing the new Ford Thunderbird, this driver wears a pullover of weatherproof twill. With pullover hood, it's good active sportswear.

AS YOU DRIVE!

Watkins Glen enthusiasts inspecting a Nash-Healy, make a colorful show with bright printed sport shirt, leather jacket and checked tweed coat.

Driver Briggs Cunningham picks up the Grand Prix winner's flag at Watkins Glen. He and mechanic both wear roomy, weather-resistant gear.

Rubinstein: the Jailbird We Can't Deport

[*Continued from page* 18]

by the time he was 15, felt the first gnawing pangs of mental unrest that drive men to heights or down into personal chaos.

"On my 15th birthday," Serge recalled, "I asked my parents for a strange present. I had been studying Sigmund Freud and I was sure I had an inferiority complex. The great psychologist, Dr. Adler, lived in Vienna and as a gift my parents agreed to pay for a consultation.

"Adler interviewed me and examined me for three to four hours, then said: 'I can cure you of your neurosis, young man, but do you want that? You'll just be an ordinary person. The way you are now you'll be driven by ambition and desires. You'll have a needle up your rear all your life. Which way do you prefer?' I elected to stay neurotic."

From Vienna the family moved to Paris and young Serge went off to England to study at Trinity Hall College, Cambridge University. He studied economics under John Maynard Keynes and in 1928, at the age of 20, graduated with honors, a bright young man with an electronic memory.

Father Dmitri meanwhile had moved to Zagreb, Yugoslavia where he died penniless. Serge decided against an academic career in favor of finance, and returned to Paris where he and Andre threw their last stake into a flop ballet production at "The Broadway Theatre." That winter, from December 1928 until September 1929, Rubinstein hit the low point of his life, his clothes in hock, eating one meal a day during the Paris winter, living on borrowed pittances. The French government had a regulation prohibiting emigres from obtaining work permits, so the hungry Rub decided if he couldn't make $20 a week he would try for $2,000.

Serge hit on an incredible scheme. Wealthy Russians had salted small fortunes away in Swiss banks before the Revolution, and few of them lived to claim it. From his professor at Cambridge he got a letter introducing him to Swiss bank managers as a student doing "an economist's survey of dormant deposits," and he traveled up and down the scenic Alps in search of a fortune.

The shrewd Swiss bankers recognized the non-academic glint in Rub's eyes and turned him away. But finally, in Geneva, a bank manager opened his books to the intrepid "student." Rub scanned the ledgers and quickly saw the large unclaimed account of Nicholas Chakoff, a White Russian liquidated some ten years before.

From emigre friends Rubinstein learned the whereabouts of Chakoff's eleven heirs who withdrew the Geneva deposit and rewarded impoverished Rubinstein with a $17,000 commission. As soon as the news leaked out to other Swiss banks they closed their doors to further Rubinstein "research."

Rub had found a profession. From that day on he was to live by his wits—more formally—an operator, promoter, financier, investor.

Expansive young Rubinstein couldn't live forever on $17,000, or yesterday's triumphs. The following year he became friendly with a wealthy young Parisian, Alfred Massenet, nephew of the composer of the opera *Manon*. Massenet had some money but, more important, the name and contacts that would open doors. With Rub supplying the knowledge and Massenet the credit references, they obtained $800,000 in banking credit, then set up a holding company that took over control of the Banque Franco-Asiatique, an established counting-house with offices in Harbin, Istanbul, Mukden, and Shanghai. In 1931, at the age of 23, he was named the youngest managing bank director in all France.

He soon gained control of a Parisian hotel and the Duval chain of low-priced Paris restaurants, and various investment groups, the Societe Financiere International, Syndicate Prive Fiduciare, and Banque Franco-Mandchoue. The Rubinstein properties, however, especially in these days of encroaching depression, were not quite as grandiose as they sounded. In fact, Rub's two banks, Franco-Asiatique and Franco-Mandchoue, had entrances on two different streets but converged into the same small banking hall.

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Moreover, only a masterful piece of Rubinstein manipulation, pulled off when he was only 24, saved the bank from possible failure. Franco-Asiatique was fiscal agent for a series of Chinese bonds, one of the few the Chiang government was paying interest on at the time. The $100 par value bonds, secured by the customs receipts of China, were selling at the full value. Meanwhile a defaulted series of 30-year Chinese bonds, issued in 1902, were ready to mature but they were selling for less than 2 cents on the dollar.

Rub quietly bought up 65 percent of the supposedly worthless 1902 bonds, paying $25,000 for $1,000,000 worth of bonds. Soon after, a large cash payment of over $1 million arrived from the Nationalist government to be used as interest payments on the good series. Rub, instead, quietly pocketed the full million and wired Chiang Kai-shek for more money. He had nonchalantly used the million dollars to pay off the "worthless" 1902 series he now owned!

"It was a simple case of right of retention," Rub explained with a twinkle in his eye. "I had the bonds and I had the money. I just paid myself."

During these years in Paris, as Rub went into his middle twenties, he put on a great deal of weight. He frequented the best nightclubs, a beautiful Gallic mademoiselle or two always in tow. He dabbled in many an affair of the heart and an occasional touch of politics. He disregarded the advice of Henri Patey and, from 1929 until he was abruptly exiled from France in 1935, he lived the life of gaiety Rubinstein has always been convinced Rubinstein was destined for.

"I've heard a dozen times the story that Premier Laval kicked me out of France for speculating in the franc. The whole thing is a lie, and anyway the truth is much more interesting. Laval really suspected that I was having an affair with Marquise Marie Louise de Crusol.

"The Marquise was a very attractive woman in her early 30's with quite a following," Rub reminisced. "In 1931 I made a pure business deal with her. In return for financing a salon where she could entertain the leaders of France, I was to get information about financial opportunities she came in contact with."

The arrangement worked out well. Premier Laval made her his mistress and the salon grew. "But when Laval lost power, the Marquise dropped him and he blamed it all on me. He was a jealous bull. He was convinced that I was her new lover which I never was."

Unfortunately for Rubinstein, Laval returned to power as Premier in 1935. Rub heard rumblings that Laval (executed after World War II as a Nazi collaborator) was planning action against him and he decided to confront Laval with the rumor.

"I went to see him at his palace," Rub says. "He told me he was too busy to discuss such matters but that his law partner could settle any problem I had —all I had to do was give him a million franc retainer."

Rubinstein refused the offer. The next day two gendarmes pulled him off the London-bound plane (where he commuted three days a week) and served him with expulsion papers signed by Laval.

Rub has yet to be caught with all his eggs in one country. Before he was thrown out of France (he returned in 1937), he had already gained control of an English corporation with 87 square miles of gold mines in Korea. The firm was Chosen Corp. Ltd., an investment that was the cornerstone of Rub's present wealth—yet was to embroil him in an endless series of lawsuits. Before the Chosen deal was closed in 1946 (when Rub paid out $1 million to minority stockholders) Rub had displayed his full repertoire of financial legerdemain including the fabulous trick (his critics claim) of picking up the company for nothing to begin with.

Success, he says, is a combination of ability and good fortune. "The more brains, contacts, personality you have, the more numbers you have on the roulette wheel, but chance still plays a big part." In the Chosen deal, the most lucrative of his career, Rub had all the numbers on the wheel.

He acquired control of Chosen in 1933 when Martin Hawes Harmon, a dazzling British promoter much like himself but not as clever, handed over the reins when he was sentenced to eighteen months in Wormwood Scrubs Prison for technical fraud.

According to Rub he bought 100,000 shares from Harmon and another 50,000 in the market. Then the Board of Directors voted him another 150,000 shares at a minimum down payment of one-fifth the amount. The price was 15 shillings 3 pence but by the time Rub was ready to buy, the market value had zoomed to 20 shillings and Rub made a quick profit on shares he didn't yet own. It has also been reported that when Britain went off the gold standard and the U.S. devalued the dollar, Rubinstein made another 150,000 pounds on a quick sale of surplus Chosen stock.

Under Rubinstein's nurturing, Chosen rose from a low of 2 shillings up to 40. But then late in 1935, talk of a Chinese-Jap war threatened Chosen's mines. Rubinstein packed his bags, said goodby to his Gallic lovelies and sailed for the Far East to protect his gold in Korea.

"There had been talk of Japan expropriating foreign property," Rub related one day over coffee at the Savoy-Plaza. "I got as far as China but Japan wouldn't admit me with my League of Nations stateless papers. I had to become a citizen of some country."

The story of how Rubinstein picked up Portuguese citizenship just for the trip, was revealed on June 10, 1943, at a deportation hearing on Ellis Island that accused Rub of obtaining his Portuguese passport fraudulently. (He was cleared.) At the hearing Rub was asked:

Q. Were you ever in Portugal?

A. No.

Q. On what basis were you given a Portuguese passport and made a Portuguese citizen?

A. . . . My late father arranged it for me through a Mr. Rosenheim, a German refugee who had himself obtained a Portuguese nationality in China. . . He had just returned from Shanghai where he had obtained Portuguese nationality and added the name of Random to his name of Rosenheim . . . the name Rovello was added to my name. . . Mr. Rosenheim secured for me, through my father, 30,000 francs, which was then approximately $2,000, to take care of legal fees in China, and the passport was then mailed to me from China."

Rub had actually gotten the passport from the Portuguese consul in Shanghai, which after the Boxer Rebellion had been granted extraterritorial rights including the granting of citizenship in absentia. In order to qualify, however, Rub had to prove that one of his parents was of Portuguese extraction. Rubinstein's application contended that he was the illegitimate child of his father, Dmitri, and one Stella de Rovello, and included a supposed certificate of baptism for Sergio Manuel Rubinstein de Rovello, baptized at the Church of "Imacueada Conceicao" in Hankow, China, on August 15, 1908, actually three months after Rub's birth.

Rub started philosophizing about women, which next to himself, is his favorite topic of conversation.

"I have heard a lot of stories about gold diggers, but personally I have never had such trouble," Rubinstein boasted. "I prefer women to men and I think women are more sinned against than sinned. Many men have made friends with me then stabbed me in the back. But not women. Treat them with a little sincerity and compassion and they will respond in kind.

"I have had only one bad experience with a woman and that was more humorous than tragic. I was going with a big buxom Nordic blonde, a Miss Germany of the early 1930's. I had invited her and her girl friend, Miss White Russia, to stay at the Palace Hotel in St. Moritz.

"One day I received an urgent phone call in Paris from Miss White Russia. She told me a Dr. Schmitz, a German ski instructor, had been in Ingrid's room from 4-5 on Thursday and all night Friday. I took the next train up to St. Moritz and confronted the Herr Docktor with the charge.

"He jumped out of his chair. 'You have insulted my honor—rapier or pistols, Herr Rubinstein!' The old Prussian dueling scar on his cheek was quivering.

" 'Please, Dr. Schmitz,' I said. 'We're civilized people. I have no objections. I will leave directly for Paris and leave you the young lady and her hotel bill.' At the word 'bill,' the German flushed and forgot his English. 'Rubinstein,' he growled, 'wie können sie so grausan sein?' How cruel can you be?"

Rub had still more to say about women. "A woman," he says, "is like a flower. It needs to be watered and cultivated. The sense of creation is wonderful."

One commentator on life, however, an assistant manager at a Central Park-front hotel, believes Rub is more idle bull than creator. Testifying at one of Rub's many hearings, he allegedly said that a pretty 19-year-old model whom Rub had taken on trips to Lake Placid and Miami shouted at Rubinstein during a hot fracas in her room:

"You've ruined my soul and reputation and now you're trying to throw me out."

In 1938 when Rub saw war clouds gathering in Europe, he came to America under his faithful Portuguese passport, a satchel full of Chosen cash in hand. In New York he opened sumptuous offices at 66 Wall Street and loaned $1,500,000 of Chosen's money to a subsidiary, British-American Equities, a holding company for Rub's American enterprises.

Everything he touched turned to money. Within a few years time British-American and its subsidiaries, Norfolk Insurance, a Panamanian holding company with offices in Havana, Cuba; Midway-Victory Oil Company; Mid-City Properties (large apartment house corner 88th and Madison), Jackson Heights Properties, etc., had pyramided into a multimillion dollar structure. Young Rubinstein, who had arrived in America at the age of 30, was now the "Boy Wizard of Wall Street."

Two deals especially, the BMT subway and the Postal Telegraph–Western Union mergers, impressed the old pros and brought on charges of "We wuz robbed." In 1940, Rubinstein cornered the market on BMT preferred stock and made over $1 million on the New York City subway unification.

Panhandle Oil and Refining, a Texas company, was the setting for Rub's greatest triumph in the U.S. He bought the oil stock at a Federal auction in Houston, Texas, for $1.25 a share (the government had seized the firm in a tax suit against its former owner, an international promoter who had done business with the Nazis). Before it was through, Panhandle not only produced 1% of all our aviation gas in World War II but had become a $6,600,000 holding company for James Stewart Co., and Warren Brothers, two of the largest construction firms in the world. Warren was bankrupt but Rub propped it up, retired its $8 million debt and set it humming. Serge sold most of his Panhandle stock soon after the draft indictment for an average of $12 per share, making a reputed $3,300,000 profit. [*Continued on page* 90]

"You two wouldn't be so gay if you knew what he proposed."

Great Cat-Eyed Bird

[*Continued from page* 44]

place at higher altitude the eagle might have won. I don't know. But here below the treetops she didn't have a prayer. The owl could outclimb the eagle and turn inside the eagle's turns. She was a cinch to win.

The battle drifted out over a fast-running channel of the swollen river, and here the owl made her payoff pass.

Like a brown projectile, she streaked in from above and behind, slamming her talons into the eagle's back. Feathers whipped down the wind, and the eagle uttered a sound that may have been intended as a scream of defiance but which came out as an agonized squawk. Then, hooked together, tumbling end over end in a tangle of straining wings, the combatants fell to the water. Still fighting, they were swept out of sight around a brushy bend. We never saw the she-eagle again, but a couple of hours later the owl returned to the nest. She had established possession, all right. Twice during the morning the male eagle circled the meadow in which the nest tree stood, but prudently maintained a safe altitude. I guess he had personal knowledge of the ferocity of horned owls and didn't care to share his mate's fate.

A week after this, when we broke camp, the owl was still sitting on the big nest. I have since discovered what a horned owl's behavior is in such cases. She would hatch out the eagle's eggs as well as her own. Then, as soon as the young birds were able to perch on a limb, she'd destroy the nest, tear it apart. She'd feed the eaglets and owlets as long as they needed to be fed, but so far as comforts were concerned they'd be on their own. Tex apparently knew this. Tex had spent a half century observing wildlife.

"Sorta hate to leave here," he said as we shoved off in our river boat. "On account of I've allus wondered about somethin'. What the hell kind of a bird would an eagle be that growed up thinkin' he was a owl?"

I've wondered myself. If anybody knows, I'd sure like to hear about it.

The solemn-looking, goggle-eyed, spooky-voiced horned owl is the most savage bird of prey on this continent, maybe on any continent. Although he weighs only about four pounds maximum, bones and other remains under his nests reveal that he kills fox pups, beavers, marmots, skunks and—it may sound incredible but it's a fact—porcupines. He preys upon such large and formidable birds as the wild goose and wild turkey. When he's in the mood, he'll even make a pass at a dog. Two of my dogs, a Briard and a fox terrier, went to their honored graves bearing talon scars inflicted by owls who either were berserk or had a foolish yearning to sample dog flesh.

As Alaska hospital records show, the horned owl will also attack humans. For example, consider what happened to "Headsaw" Olaf Bergesen one black stormy autumn night at the mouth of Indian Creek, on Turnagain Arm.

My partner Frank Lee and I were camped in an abandoned homestead cabin on the west bank of the creek, where we were going to winter a string of cayuses. Headsaw was our only neighbor. A giant, bearded Norwegian in his early 70's, he spasmodically operated a sawmill of sorts across the creek from us. Once or twice a week he would come over in the evening to pay us a visit. As he liked music and beer, he always arrived with a gunnysack over his shoulder containing a battered accordion and a dozen or so bottles of home brew. Tonight, while a snow-filled williwaw wind howled outside, he stayed several hours with us, singing, playing the venerable accordion, and drinking beer. At last he said he guessed he'd better go home and see if the storm had blown his sawmill away. Since he was an old man and it was such a wild and dirty night, I offered to walk home with him.

Headsaw gave a shout of derisive laughter. "Any time Olaf Bergesen can't find his way home in a little storm like this," he boomed, "the devil can come and take him." He stuffed his accordion into the gunnysack, clapped a frazzled muskrat cap onto his head, and strode through the doorway into the clamorous darkness.

Thirty minutes later he was back, looking as if he had been in a fight with a family of grizzlies.

Dripping blood, plastered with mud and snow, he stumbled dazedly into the cabin and slumped onto a bunk. His hands, face and scalp were crisscrossed with deep cuts. He had lost his accordion and his fur cap. His belt knife was missing from its sheath. While Frank and I rendered first aid, we kept trying to find out what had happened. The only reply we got at first was the mumbled words, *"Kat ugle. Kat ugle."* Frank, who had once enjoyed an interlude with a Norwegian girl working as a herring choker in a southeastern Alaska saltery, spoke Norsk after a fashion. But this phrase baffled him.

"I think he's saying *cat eagle,*" he told me. "But what in hell is a cat eagle?"

We found out when we had patched Headsaw up and revived him with a few belts of fortified black coffee. It was a strange and pretty terrible story.

He had been part way home, Headsaw said, feeling his way along the creek in the storm-lashed darkness, when something struck him a terrific blow on the head. At the same instant steel-like talons clutched his cheeks and a knife-sharp beak began raking his forehead, trying for his eyes. So vicious and unexpected was the attack that Headsaw reeled backward and fell heavily into a mudhole. His head hit a rock with stunning force. A corner of the accordion jabbed him in the ribs, jarring the wind out of him. Barely conscious, he was aware that powerful wings were beating him, that he was rapidly being scalped, and that his face was in process of being reduced to hamburger. His first thought, he said, was that Satan had taken him up on the boast he had made at the cabin. The idea horrified him, he said, but nevertheless he was determined not to surrender even to Satan without a fight.

Lurching to his knees in the icy mudhole, he reached up and got a grip on his assailant's neck. With a wrench and yank of his iron-hard lumberjack's hands, he all but tore the creature's head off. Only then, he said, did he realize that he had been set upon by a horned owl—a *kat ugle,* or cat eagle, in Norwegian. Then, knowing he was badly hurt, he turned back to our cabin. In the darkness he lost his way, fell over a cutbank, and floundered around in a mess of blowdown before he saw the light of the cabin window. All in all, he said, it was the worst experience of his life.

Frank had a generous theory about the matter. He believed the owl had blundered into Headsaw in the wind and

"At least we know that, whatever you've got, is catching."

darkness and had automatically begun to fight, as probably most any bird of prey would have. Maybe. But night-flying owls aren't noted for blundering into things. They see well enough in utter blackness to drop out of treetops and snatch up mice. Anyway, whatever the answer was, Headsaw came up with the pertinent comment as we started out with him to Anchorage and a doctor.

"If the bastard had hit me three inches lower," he rumbled, "he'd of cut my jugular. Tomorrow morning you two would have found me lying out there in that mudhole—dead. And you'd have wondered all your lives if maybe the devil hadn't come for me after all."

Unlike most specialized killers, who fortunately aren't very bright, the horned owl is a crafty cuss. In the brains department I'll rate him 50 percent over any of his airborne competitors. For instance, take a bizarre thing "Lobo" Smith, the master wolf trapper, and I saw an owl do one azure summer noon in the Sheep River country.

We had back-packed into the peaks to repair a half-ruined timberline cabin that we intended to use next winter as a trapping base. One day after lunch, because it was a hot day and we both were suffering from an acute attack of laziness, we went out to the river bank for a siesta. It was a wonderful place to be lazy in. Between the plunging stream and a thicket of interfretted red willows, ran a narrow strip of open level ground, bright with new grass and Iceland poppies. You could lie here on your back, lulled by the music of the stream, and pretend you hadn't a lick of work to do in the world. This idyllic spot was also the recreation ground of a whole colony of young snowshoe rabbits. The plump, long-eared little characters apparently figured they were safe here, for a single bound would place them in the tangled, almost impenetrable willow jungle.

Only they weren't so safe. A cold, cunning killer had plotted the formula of their doom.

We had been asleep maybe half an hour when I awoke hearing alarm signals. In a nearby spruce top a red squirrel was sounding off hysterically. Somewhere on the opposite hillside a shrill whistle of a hoary marmot relayed the warning. A pair of magpies flashed over us, squawking their heads off. I reached for my rifle. It occurred to me that perhaps a certain hardboiled mamma grizzly who lived in the area was coming down the stream bank with her cubs. Lobo was awake, too. We lay motionless, looking and listening. Then, out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of movement some 50 feet upstream. I swiveled my head around and saw something so strange that, I'll swear, my neck hair started to lift.

Cat-footing along the rim of the willows came a monster horned owl. He swaggered as he walked, and kept halting, cocking his head to listen for sounds within the thicket. His staring yellow eyes shone bright as polished topaz. His two-inch feather horns waggled grotesquely in the mountain breeze. I had never before seen an owl hunting on foot. I had never even heard of such a thing. But that is what this owl was doing. He couldn't fly into the willow jungle after the young rabbits, so he was stalking them afoot. For a bird of prey, he had some brains in his head. He was capable of improvisation.

He hadn't seen us. I guess he was too intent on making a kill. Suddenly he halted and opened his wings. Just ahead of him, at the margin of the willows, a tall clump of dead grass had stirred against the wind. The owl waited, motionless as a stone. Then, so abruptly that it made me start, he shot into the air a good six feet, let out a cat-like screech, and dropped into the grass, wings battering the willows. A rabbit screamed once. There was a thudding sound. Then the owl flapped up heavily and took off downstream with his kill. I still don't know why I didn't shoot him when I had the chance, unless the performance was so strange and inexplicably eerie that it fascinated me.

"So we put a bounty on the American eagle but none on the horned owl," Lobo said disgustedly. "Boy, if we ain't the damndest people."

There are six species of horned owls, and members of one tribe or another are found throughout the United States, Canada and Alaska, wherever timber exists. They lay their eggs in spring or late winter, a clutch of two or three rather large white eggs. The common Alaska species, *Bubo virginianus algistus*, or St. Michael's owl, seems to be the giant of the six races, sometimes attaining a wingspread of 60 inches. Although horned owls are very destructive to songbirds and all small game, and are tireless raiders of poultry yards, many ranchers are friendly toward them because they kill gophers, prairie dogs and other rodents that damage fields and crops. Not much is known about the mating habits of horned owls, but some ornithologists are inclined to think that they mate for life.

There are many horned owl stories. There was the time Tex came in late from the trapline and hung a rare $200 orange marten on a nail outside the storm porch because he didn't want to skin it until morning—and an owl took it off the nail and ate it. There was the time Starvation Smith promised the preacher at Matanuska a ptarmigan dinner, and had to substitute an owl because he couldn't locate any ptarmigan, only to discover later that the preacher was an amateur ornithologist and knew from the start that it was boiled owl. There was the time on a turkey hunt in Alabama when Jimmy Robinson demonstrated that the way to find turkeys is to hoot like an owl, because every gobbler within hearing distance will instantly sound a wild, panicky warning. There was the time on Willow Creek when I saw an owl snatch a husky grayling out of a riffle as expertly as a fish hawk could have done it.

They are tough citizens, the horned owls, and I ought to hate them. They aren't good for any game range. But if you want to know what I think is the grandest wilderness music of all, I'll tell you—it's a big old owl sitting out in the timber talking mournfully to himself about hunger and the great snows and the cold. You take Tchaikowski—I'll take an owl. I know I shouldn't say it, but I hope hoot owls survive forever.

—Russell Annabel

Blood-Feud of the Black Devil

[*Continued from page 29*]

lire robberies along the highways; how, inside the town itself, there were cattle slashings and crop burnings and blackmail and dozens of bloody vengeance killings such as Sardinia had never seen before in all its long violent history. A shepherd boy of 15 was hanged alongside his flock; a woman clubbed to death on a lonely road; the deputy mayor shot down in his vineyard and the barber in his shop; people massacred in their fields and in their courtyards—and a death list, containing perhaps a hundred names, posted on the very walls of the church.

This didn't sound like the Sardinia I'd known as a GI during the war and from three return visits since. Last summer I went back there again for TRUE—hoping to find out for myself what was behind the unprecedented violence and the bandit town, Orgosolo.

It turned out to be a lonely town, huddled along the sides of the *sopramonte*—one of the topmost peaks of the Gennargentu (Gates of Silver) Mountains. The nearest neighbors are almost 10 miles away, as the partridge flies, and the 4,000 tough, clannish people there, I quickly discovered, are isolated in their thinking and way-of-life from the more modern Sards in the lowlands (and other Italians on the mainland), as if they were living suspended on one of the mountains of the moon.

Gradually the real story of the bandit town unfolded. Neither the courts nor the police nor the Sunday supplements ever got to the guts and the true meaning of what went on there. It is a story of a dead man, who never once saw Orgosolo, but whose shadow hangs heavily over everything that occurred in and around these parts in the past five years. It is also the story of an ancient mystic code that has been bypassed on the rest of the island years ago (but the people here still don't realize it) and of a tragic little shepherd with big ideas that brought death and hatred.

The dead man is Giuliano, the world-famous Sicilian bandit chief whose exploits in the late 1940's received the biggest press play since our own late and unlamented Al Capone. The ancient code is the *Omerta*, the wall of silence—by which these superstitious, flint-hard people of the *Barbagia* have for uncounted centuries protected their local lawbreakers against the hated authorities from the lowlands. And the overambitious shepherd is Giovanni Battista Lian-

dru—who, for strange Sard reasons, took on the pseudonym of Black Devil and dreamed of becoming a second Giuliano.

In the past, banditry was considered an honorable way-of-life in the *Barbagia*. Violence has always simmered like hot lava among those isolated mountain people. Insult comes quickly and they have a saying: Insult must be washed with blood!

For hundreds of years the *Odii*, or family feuds, have sprung up to send men fleeing to the hills to escape vengeance. And "once a man is in the hills, *signore*," I was told, "fate—or what we call *sa Sorte*—makes him a bandit. There is no other way to live."

In the old days Sardinian banditry had a ring of romance to it. Highwaymen holding up travelers took only bullets or gunpowder or a handful of coins—just enough to keep a man going; bandit chiefs struck down those who dared rob for profit. The police learned to leave the mountaineers alone to settle their private feuds, because they were always met by *Omertà*, the wall of silence.

Everyone in Orgosolo is convinced that Giovanni Battista Liandru was marked by fate. His career started in 1937 with the classic Sard crime of sheep rustling for which, at the age of 33, he was sentenced to 11 years in the Nuro jail.

After seven years he managed to escape—in April 1944, during the American occupation. Swiftly he headed back for Orgosolo, where no one would bother him. But living was tough. A man peddled souvenirs and girls for the GI's, or lived by his wits or daring, especially if, like Liandru, he had a wife and a young son to think about.

Then fate struck once more. Liandru was found guilty of a crime most of his neighbors are convinced he never committed. In May 1945, a herd of twenty-five cattle was stolen and a police patrol tracked it to a mountain just beyond the Orgosolo communal lands.

Through binoculars the police sergeant spotted two men guarding the herd, but before he could get near them they fled. In a nearby field the patrol found a 12-year-old boy threshing wheat. The sergeant claimed the boy identified one of the herders as Liandru.

Immediately squads of police high-tailed it for Orgosolo to interrogate Liandru's family and close friends, trying to learn his hiding place. But if they'd hoped that the ancient code of *Omertà* had disappeared during the war, they were mistaken. After awhile they gave up.

The following year, Liandru was tried in absentia. The peasant boy, no fool, denied ever having identified him. Nonetheless the fugitive was found guilty and got an additional 10 years.

The villagers, looking back now, are philosophical. "Liandru," they say pessimistically, "was marked for violence and trouble just as powerfully as if some witch had placed the *oclu malu*—the evil eye—upon him."

The next three years were deceivingly quiet. Liandru led the traditional life of the Sard outlaw—sneaking into town every few nights to see his wife and son and to sit over coffee and wine with trusted friends. Occasionally he got handouts from neighboring landowners (in return for not molesting their flocks). But all the time he was dreaming of evening the score with his enemies—as Giuliano had done.

In mid-1948, a wave of petty crime broke out on Sardinia, as it did everywhere else. In the *Barbagia*, however, there were complications because of the feuds. "Here we do not see a crime such as a robbery as just a crude matter of stealing something," I was told. "It is also an *offensa*—an insult against the honor of the person robbed. This insult must be revenged. So there are always more men forced to hide out to save their lives."

Meanwhile, the island was changing. Marshall Plan dollars were pouring in to develop Sardinia's farmland, build her dams, make her cork, tuna and mining industries more profitable. With all this sudden wealth floating about, the police

MARCH OF DIMES

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 3-31

were spurred on to blot out the old lawlessness of the *Barbagia* area.

They were successful in many places. But in Orgosolo they slammed up against *Omertà*, the wall of silence, and were stopped dead. It was then that they revived a despised practice.

It was called "police exile." Men merely suspected of a crime were shipped off for unspecified terms to a tiny island near Sicily. By the end of the year at least fifty Orgosolo men had been thus exiled, while dozens more had flown to the hills.

Among those who fled were several tough war veterans, including Liandru's cousin Giuseppe Dettore and the brothers Pasquale and Pietro Tandeddu. These, having little other choice, joined forces with Liandru, now the most experienced of the bandits. And the plan began.

Giovanni Liandru had long been convinced that fate had picked him to carry on the legend of the late Giuliano, the great Bandit King and self-styled liberator who had finally been chopped down by police bullets. Like Giuliano, Liandru had made his start when the police interfered in a matter traditionally none of their business. He too had come from a neglected Italian island and from peasants tied together by poverty and a historic hatred for the law. And he also was drawing under his rule a band of seething hot bloods. Liandru could go even further—he could form his own legend—a legend to inspire terror.

No one knows for certain when he and his followers began actual operations. They certainly must have practiced, however, because by early August 1949, four large-scale, well-organized highway robberies had been rapidly pulled off—and the police were well aware that a full-fledged bandit gang had formed in the *Barbagia*.

The gang's technique was always the same. A signal went out from the surrounding hills that a heavily laden paycar was in sight, either from the mines or from the vast United States-financed Flumendosa Dam project. Then a narrow bend in the mountain road was rapidly blocked with boulders. If the car tried a turn or a crash-through, a volley of shots cut down driver and police escorts ruthlessly. The survivors, cowering under the guns, rarely got a clear look at the bandits, and almost always they were masked. There wasn't even a clue—until that bloody morning of August 13. At 10:40 a.m., a Fiat station wagon carrying the payroll for the Flumendosa Dam workers came twisting along the Villagrande road some 30 miles overland from Orgosolo.

Suddenly two men with carbines leaped from the hillside and the station wagon skidded to a halt. Under the guns the driver and paymaster were gingerly stepping out—when the trailing escort, ten men and a sergeant appeared.

Instantly a deadly crossfire of machine guns and rifles poured into the police truck, and as the driver slumped down, it spun and overturned. The action was so fast that the police hadn't a chance. Only the sergeant found cover quickly enough to return the fire. And his ammunition was expended in a moment or two. While his men lay beside the truck groaning or motionless, he saw fifteen bandits scoop up the money bags and dart back into the hills.

It was the biggest and most brutal holdup in Sardinian history. Three men had been killed, six were badly wounded, and the equivalent of $15,000 in lire stolen—a much larger sum in Sardinia than its dollar value would seem.

The police were infuriated. Within an hour they had 100 men combing the hills. They arrested everyone in sight, including a young peasant named Luigi Crobeddu.

And they came up against the power of *Omertà* again. No one had a thing to say. Finally it came down to Crobeddu, a farmer who had been out in the fields not far from the ambush. Infinite patience is not the most outstanding characteristic of the Sardinian police, and their velvet glove was hardening. *Omertà* or not, Crobeddu eventually admitted to having seen "certain people" exchanging signals just before the attack. And at last he became as precise as he could: the "certain people" were a 19-year-old half-wit called *Il Pazzo* (The Fool) and "some unknown men from Orgosolo." At 4:30 a. m. he was found dead in his cell, hanged by his trouser belt from an iron window bar—perhaps of his own accord,

perhaps with the aid of Liandru's men.

Not until October 19 did the police find *Il Pazzo*. No, he would not talk—he would never talk! But when a tommy-gun was found in his house next day and identified as one taken during the hold-up, *Il Pazzo* confessed. He was only the lookout, he babbled almost incoherently—the real culprits were the Black Devil and the members of the Orgosolo gang.

"The *what*?" the police exclaimed.

"The Black Devil—Giovanni Battista Liandru," he said.

They moved the halfwit to jail in Cagliari to give him a little longer life. The time had come for a full-sized raid.

It should have been an impressive affair. It was not often the police paid so formal a visit to Orgosolo. But somehow it did not quite come off—punishment from the police was possible; for breaking *Omertà*—well, the townspeople had only to think of Luigi Crobeddu. Perhaps, they thought, it would be safest to prove how strong their belief in the old tradition was. So the young men strutted down the dusty streets in their baggy corduroy trousers, sneering arrogantly at the officers as they passed. Women pulled their black shawls closer about their heads or spat violently in the path of the law. Children edged toward the forbidding command post set up by the police to urinate in its direction. And no one talked.

"But we felt disturbed," one man admitted to me later, recalling the time. "Some people were already whispering that these were not true Sard outlaws, these men who shot down people in cold blood and stole such enormous sums of money and were organized like common gangsters. Myself, I had gone to school with Liandru—and I wondered how he could turn to such dishonorable paths. But still no one talked to the police. For, you must understand, *signore*, that one does not break *Omertà* rashly!"

And one reason, he added, is that *Omertà* is actually a two-way bargain. It benefits both people and bandits. The people know that in return for their silence the bandits can normally be counted on to refrain from operating within the town's communal lands. The deal keeps the police out of the town and lets the people live in "peace" to tend their private family feuds. But these were not normal bandits.

In late October 1949, six masked horsemen swooped down on Antonio Congiu, a rich landowner, as he was visiting one of his fields beyond Ortelli (75 miles north of Orgosolo), and hauled him off with them.

Shortly afterward Congiu's relatives received a brief ransom note: "If you wish to see your cousin alive, send us 7 million lire." It was unsigned.

The day after the note came, the Congius had a secret visitor—Liandru. "I have heard of your cousin's kidnaping," he said dramatically. "I will act as your go-between with the bandits."

The family, perfectly aware of Liandru's status, agreed. But they could not raise such a large amount at one time. Did he think the kidnapers might accept 2 million lire as a down payment? Liandru, who certainly ought to have known, was positive they would, and took off with the money. In a few days he returned to get another 2 million-lire.

Then nothing more was heard—until the news seeped out that Antonio Congiu was dead!

The outraged cousins rushed to the police. But even for them, *Omertà* still had its hold, and they kept Liandru's name out of their story. One most important piece of information they did pass on, however—the serial numbers of the banknotes given the kidnapers.

That did it. The police descended on Orgosolo at once with an entire battalion under command of Marshal Loddo. They sealed off both ends of the town and started a systematic house-to-house search.

They found some of the notes almost immediately. Ten 1,000-lire bills were in the house of Giuseppe Dettore, Liandru's cousin and chief lieutenant, and a conspicuously absent man. Another note turned up in the house of Antonio Mario Floris, a tall, powerfully built 45-year-old peasant.

Loddo ordered both arrested, but Dettore naturally wasn't around and Floris, perceiving one hand of the police closing about his money as the other aimed for his neck, lit out for the hills. There, perhaps to his own amazement, he turned out to be a double fugitive—hiding not only from the police but from the gang as well, as a suspected breaker of the wall of silence.

Soon a strange message reached the town. Dettore wanted to meet Floris to plan a joint court defense. Floris, justifiably fearful, cried "No!" Stranger still, though the messages had been delivered only through trusted friends of the men, the news reached Marshal Loddo.

The whispers had begun.

Loddo, himself a Sard, began developing his own plan. Publicly he announced that he was convinced both men were innocent. Yet despite his overflowing personal sympathy, unless each could back up the other, they'd both undoubtedly be found guilty.

Floris promptly sent in word that he'd meet Dettore—if he could have police protection. Since it was obvious that Dettore wanted no part of the police in any rendezvous he made, Loddo knew the arrangement would have to be one-sided. It seemed, in fact, to have possibilities for an ideal setup.

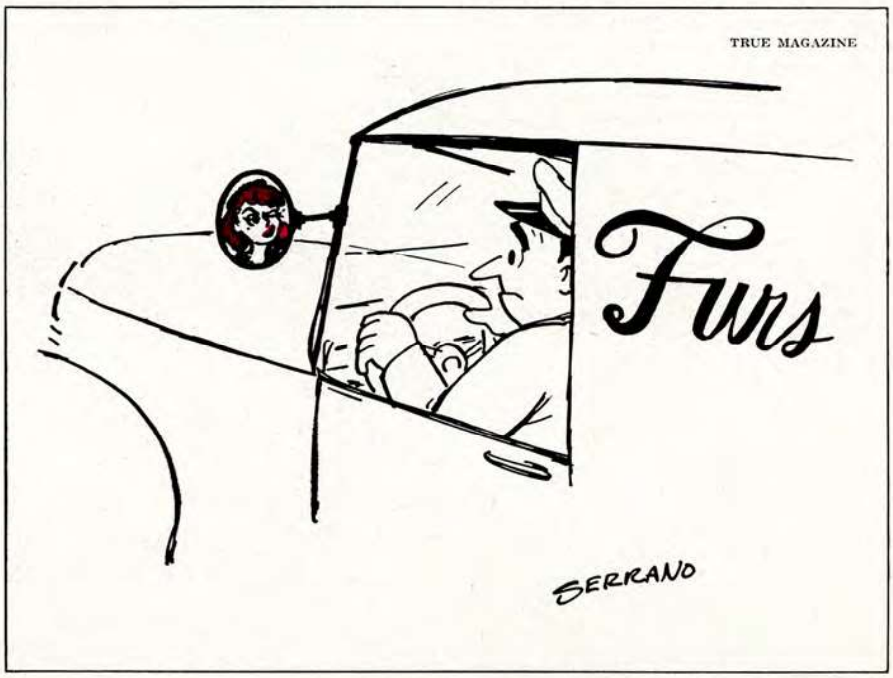
Early one morning, as agreed, Floris scuttled into a shepherd's hut out on the communal acres. His two police bodyguards hid behind the boulders nearby, warned to keep thoroughly out of sight. It began to rain, and the dismal hours passed—with no Dettore. Finally the soaked guards decided enough was enough, that they could hide more comfortably inside the hut with Floris.

Just as they arose from their wet perches, Dettore edged through the trees and spotted them. Certain he'd been trapped, he dodged and bounded away, while Floris, frantically cooking his own goose, bellowed, "Shoot him! Shoot him!" The two guards did shoot—but not very accurately.

Loddo wasn't relying entirely on them. From the woods back of the hut a fusillade rang out—a whole police patrol had been carefully concealed there, unknown to anyone but the marshal. Unfortunately their marksmanship was no better, and Dettore got away.

For his own protection, Floris was lodged in jail a few days, then released. Returning to Orgosolo, he learned that Liandru had branded him a *spio*, a police informer, for his seeming connivance in the trap set for Dettore. In the darkness of that night Floris fled once more to the mountains.

Liandru was now officially billed the Giuliano of Sardinia. Nobody bothered very much about proof—practically everything criminal that occurred on the island was laid to his gang. The bandit retaliated by addressing little love notes to the governor and the police, in which he declared, "Sardinia will be liberated!"



And he signed them: "Liandru—The Black Devil."

Goaded to action, the police sent an army of a thousand men to sweep the *Barbagia* against Liandru's gang. In Orgosolo itself a permanent garrison of fifty cops set up quarters.

After the police came, the atmosphere of the town underwent a change. Of necessity many of the townsmen were forced into daily contact with the police—the town officials, barber, doctor, priest, cleaning women, cooks, the café owner who served them their wine. They talked with the cops, even began to joke with them, and found their money good. It was the start of a kind of fraternization that Orgosolo had never experienced before. It looked like a body blow to *Omertà*.

Liandru got the word. As a commander, as the leader of an outlaw army, he saw his rear lines threatened by this budding fifth column in the capital of his regime. He knew he had to secure these lines, to give his men freedom to operate up and down the island. He had to throw the fear of the Black Devil into the townspeople—and how he did it brought tragedy to every family in Orgosolo. It was as though a black devil had indeed loosed itself upon the town.

Early on the morning of April 30, 1950, the women of Orgosolo drifted out of St. Peter's Church after mass, their men already out in the fields. Suddenly they stopped dead, staring at the wall facing them. Then a screaming wail rose from their midst. Crossing themselves in terror, they fell to their knees in the dusty unpaved road and began praying.

On the white church wall, scrawled in black portentous letters of tar, were the words "Questi Sono Spii!"—"These Men Are Spies!" Under this heading was a long list of names—husbands, sons, brothers, fathers, fiances of the women in the church yard. There were so many names that they covered the entire wall.

To the women of Orgosolo the word "spy" means one thing—a breaker of *Omertà*. And those who broke *Omertà* were marked for death. To death they were accustomed. But always in the past it had crept in silently, singly—never like a massacre.

Their wailing brought out the priest, Don Francesco Lai. Himself a *Barbagia* native and a student of the ancient Sard folkways, he sprang into action. With a pail of whitewash he swiftly blotted out the names, the first of which was Antonio Mario Floris, but he could not blot out their memory.

Possibly Liandru had intended primarily only to throw a huge scare into the people. Cynically playing upon their superstitions, he listed the names of men whom rumor alone said had been talking to the police. But to make the Death List, the superstitions and *Omertà* effective there had to be killings.

Who was to be the first? Antonio Floris knew. In the hills beyond the town he had become desperate. With the bandits hunting him in the country, their friends waiting for him in town, he dared not move if he would live. But he had to move. His family had to have food, and the only way he could provide it was to tend his small piece of land out in the valley.

In the spring, as he tilled the soil, no one bothered him. Then one morning in early June he set to work with two trusted neighbors to drain a marshy spot. Without a sound the snout of a tommy-gun was nosed through the bushes at their back. It crackled briefly, and Floris fell dead, his face thrusting violently into the soggy earth. The neighbors, unharmed, saw two men run off, and though it was later whispered that these were Liandru and Dettore, the witnesses understandably refused to identify them.

Floris's murder was like the opening sputter of a chemical chain reaction—with one act of violence growing inexorably out of another. Many were to die, many to mourn—but the man who was to suffer most was Liandru himself.

He had made a basic mistake. With his Death List and the murder of Floris he had intended to frighten the people into total submission—to him and to *Omertà*. He had frightened them, all right—so badly that their traditional granite-hard loyalty toward the local *banditti* was softening like ice under a spring sun. Even their feelings about *Omertà* were changing. For what Liandru had forgotten was that these tough mountain Sards do not like to be pushed around by anyone.

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No one before had heeded the rewards the police were offering: dead or alive, 2 million lire for Liandru; 1 million lire each for Dettore and the Tandeddu brothers; sizeable amount for the others. Now, though no one would admit it, these sums were beginning to gnaw at the remaining roots of their loyalty.

Perhaps the most tempted was Liandru's near relative Antonio Patteri, called Zunzullu—the Jewel. Zunzullu had taken up years before with Cecilia Soro, Maddalena Liandru's sister, to become Liandru's common-law brother-in-law. And as a left-handed relative he was party to what Cecilia learned from Maddalena of the gang's doings.

The Black Devil now dared have contact with the town only through Maddalena, and he could meet her only secretly in far-off fields, where she brought him food and clothing for the money he had murdered to get, and her love for what he was.

On July 25, she let slip to her sister that she was meeting her husband on the morrow (afterward people said, "Maddalena always had a long tongue"), and Cecilia innocently enough mentioned it to her Jewel. That was enough.

In the morning, before dawn, Maddalena eased out of her home and silently made her way through dark streets toward a pasture a few miles away. She could hardly be seen in the gloom, but as she moved on, a chance twig cracked or a pebble rattled against its neighbor. The police patrol, tipped off to her excursion, had only to follow the sounds.

At the pasture, in the early sun, she waited under a tree, and if the birds in it twittered a little more than usual, she gave them no thought. Soon she spotted Liandru, scurrying up behind a bush. Carefully he eyed the terrain for any sign of an enemy, then slowly straightened and, like a man who has been thirsty overlong, broke into a shambling run toward his wife. In the warmth of their embrace they forgot the possible danger, and if the grass rustled unduly it seemed only a noise as restless as their love.

But when the unmistakable thump of feet beat into Liandru's ear he sprang up, to see ringed about them a circle of police, their guns leveled on him.

He saw there could be no escape—but one. And that he would not give them the satisfaction of inflicting. If it must be death, it would be his own death, worthy of a great bandit chief and a liberator of his people. Not even Giuliano had died as the Black Devil was about to die, a hero who laughed at the police and would be remembered by his people in their folksongs.

But Liandru had forgotten that his people had well nigh deserted him, and now his luck was gone too. Frantically he jerked a pistol from his pocket and amid the sudden screams of his wife laid its muzzle to his head and pulled the trigger.

Nothing happened. The gun had jammed. Furiously, thrusting off his wife, Liandru cocked the piece and triggered it again.

That was the last of the Black Devil. But he died as a legend, not as Liandru. For the pistol incredibly misfired once more, and then the police were on him. It was, as they said later, *sa Sorte*—his fate.

This was the Liandru who now sat in the Nuro jail.

So much had happened while he had been there. Little by little the news had slipped in to him—a visitor to another prisoner, a taunt from a guard, an occasional newspaper.

After his arrest had come almost immediately that of Giuseppe Dettore, his second in command. Only one other outside the gang could have known that Dettore had a new girl friend along the lonely country road, and that he was wont to get a little drunk when he visited her of a night. Only one—Zunzullu—could have told the police where to find him, for a million lire.

Then there was Maddalena. Liandru had tried his best to save her after his own arrest. It was not that the police wanted her; it was that they would do nothing to save her. She knew too much, and someone was sure to be afraid she would break *Omertà*. He begged the police to save her. They laughed instead.

The morning of September 14, not long after Liandru's arrest, Maddalena

began her first walk to Nuro, 18 miles away, bearing clean linen and food for her husband. Less than a mile outside Orgosolo she came to the edge of a river, where someone leaped from the adjoining ditch and crushed in her skull with a club.

Who had done it? Liandru knew. And soon the village did, although there was no proof. Zunzullu was the breaker of *Omertà*, the police-informer, the murderer of his sweetheart's sister. The whispers were like a death sentence on the man, though he fled at once to the northern coast. Death could be patient.

After Dettore's arrest, Liandru had wondered about the fate of his gang. He was not long in doubt; a new chief had taken his place—Pasquale Tandeddu, one of the original members.

Tandeddu invoked the rule of *Omertà* as everyone expected. But if Liandru had weakened it by his Death List, Tandeddu crumbled it down—or so it seemed then. He and his gang raged through the island's interior like madmen, spattering blood along the highways in robberies that could have been lifted out of the pages of Chicago. Patrols were ambushed repeatedly, and literally hundreds of police were killed or wounded. Landowners were blackmailed or kidnaped for ransom; poverty-stricken peasants were robbed of their simple wedding rings.

Not even the centuries-old tradition of *Omertà* could hold up under that onslaught. No one went publicly to the police—this would have been suicide. But suddenly the ambushes of the gang began to be themselves ambushed, and a dozen members were captured, with as many more dead.

And once the strength of the gang began to be whittled down, other whispers began—who had been breaking *Omertà*? It wasn't long before the families of the captured and dead gangsters started to seek vengeance against those suspected of betrayal. The *Odii*, the blood-feuds, sputtered and flared into full life once more.

The three Tarras brothers were shot down in cold blood. The communal secretary, a relative of Maddalena Liandru, was machine-gunned in his car one afternoon. Even the town's war hero, Francesco Cuchieddu, was killed by a carbine shot in his own vineyard.

There were at least eighteen other killings—fifteen of them within Orgosolo itself. One over which there were few tears was the murder of Zunzullu. Since his flight from the town, only once had he tried to slip back to see his mistress. That was on a *festa* night, and he had watched quietly the wild horse races and the dancing in the square before moving on to Cecilia's home. Someone had seen him, and as he opened the door, a bullet tumbled him over the sill.

In the past, when the feuds grew so intense as to threaten the town's very existence, the heads of the battling families met in an open field and swore to a *Pace*.

Now the people were crying again, "*Basta!* Enough!" No man any longer trusted his neighbor. Even within families there had grown suspicion after Zunzullu's betrayal of Liandru. At last the time had truly come for a peace treaty.

A fifty-man committee was formed, with every family in town represented—and, through family connections, the bandit gang as well. The men met on a field, in the way of tradition, and with bitter, impassioned words accused each other of being informers and bandits until their first heat had worn off. Then the talking really began, and the recriminations were put aside. Slowly, and with grudging respect, they hammered out a secret treaty.

The ceremony of swearing faith to the peace was a colorful one. Everyone in Orgosolo collected in the village square, and the houses were festooned with red and white and green drapes.

When the moment came, every man repeated these words: "We swear to forget all offenses received in the past. We swear not to offend any human being in the future, whether in injury to his person or his belongings. We swear, from this day on, to collaborate for the entire good of the town."

It was a good oath. It was sworn to within the week even by the bandits in the hills. Only Giovanni Liandru and his fellow prisoners were left out.

There was good reason—their trial was to begin a short time after the peace had been sworn to. When it did, the prisoners, who had inflicted death so readily for the breaking of *Omertà*, broke it themselves as rapidly as they could speak. Some of the gang members turned out actually to be policemen. One cop admitted to having shacked up with a gangster's daughter. And some of the gangsters declared the police spies had been in on the massacres of their own men.

Liandru and Dettore and eleven others got life (there is no official death penalty in Italy), and the rest were sentenced to thirty years each.

The Black Devil was gone. Everyone knew that. The bandit gang had drifted, it seemed, back into the ancient penny-pinching ways. Orgosolo was to be known no longer as The Bandit Town, but as The Town of Peace.

Then one day I dropped in for a chat with Don Francesco Lai, the priest who had tried to paint out the Death List.

Over a glass of wine he mentioned casually that he was leaving Orgosolo at last. "I haven't been feeling well," he said. "I need a rest."

"Are you going to the beaches up north?" I asked.

"No," he replied. "I'm going into the army, to become a chaplain."

This sounded like an odd vacation—until, the next day, I learned what Don Francesco would never have told. A few nights before, someone had emptied a machine-gun through the window into the wall of his bedroom.

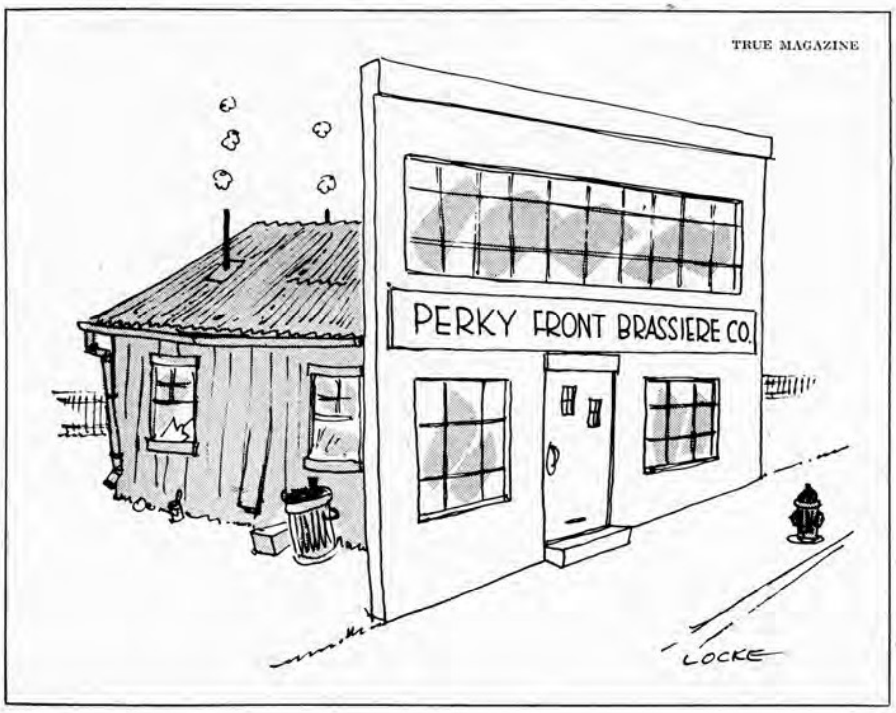
It was a warning. As confessor to Orgosolo, Don Francesco knew all the secrets of the town—who had been bandit, who had been murderer, who had broken *Omertà*. During the trial of Liandru, pressure had been put on him, but he had refused to testify. Now someone was telling him to take his secrets far away.

Some time later a road engineer was kidnaped. But his family, when the call for ransom came, paid no heed to the creed of the *Barbagia* and told the police. When the bandits for once had been tracked down, a pitched battle followed and, after the bandits fled, the police found one of them dead. They found the engineer, too—a bullet through his head.

The pattern is forming again. Already there are rumors that the *spio* who tipped off the police to the gang's hideout is known, and his life will not be long. Tandeddu, Liandru's successor, with a 5-million lire reward on his head, is becoming known as the new Giuliano, and people cross themselves hastily at the sound of his name.

And in his prison cell Giovanni Liandru seethes at the news of this imitator. But he has one comfort.

In Sardinia there is always a Black Devil.—**Paul E. Deutchman**



Ordeal at Yuba Gap

[*Continued from page 39*]

jolts, but the *City* wouldn't budge. Defeated, the Mallet hooked up its steam line to help the auxiliary boilers in the diesel heat the train.

The stormy, wintry night settled early. About 7 o'clock a whispered terror caught at throats in a mid-section car: "Slide!" But it was merely a barrage of snow from the rotary plow of a work train on the open stretch of the adjacent tracks, which disgorged thirty Mexican section hands, dispatched to dig out the *City* when the rescue plow arrived. Oddly garmented for such an Arctic chore—some wore only black raincoats over work clothes—they huddled in the *City's* baggage car.

Everyone still expected to be in San Francisco by early morning. And a rousing "last night" party rattled the club car as uninhibited voices out-howled the storm in *California, Here I Come* and *I've Been Working on the Railroad.*

Daybreak Monday seeped ghostly gray into the train. The blizzard shrieked unabated through Yuba Gap. The space between train and mountainside filled with snow. During the night the storage batteries had gone dead, and except for a few Pullmans equipped with generator units, fueled by butane gas, the train was without lights. An eerie twilight prevailed even at noonday.

The big Mallet and the auxiliary boilers, running out of water, had to quench their fires. A dank coldness quickly settled in the cars, and passengers buttoned up overcoats.

As food ran short, the remaining milk was reserved for children. Fresh water gave out, and the thirsty ate snow. The plumbing froze—a grave sanitation problem. The snow, piling deeper and higher, blocked the vents, and the air within, already altitude-thin on oxygen, was fast becoming foul.

The Mexican section hands dug a tunnel out from the baggage car and kept it open. Then they shoveled the snow clear of each vestibule for ventilation. Men of tropical blood, they seemed quixotic here, battling a blizzard bare-fisted.

The conductor continued his cheery rounds. "We'll be rolling soon." Actually, a rotary snowplow approaching from the west that morning was engulfed by an avalanche, just a quarter of a mile below the *City*, killing the engineer. Another avalanche blocked a rotary leading a relief train from Reno. The *City* was trapped.

From the depleted pantry jovial Swiss steward Eddie Tschumi extracted quips: "I sent the waiters out to get a polar bear. Meantime, I'm serving up breast of log with a sauté of snow." Disguised as wieners and canned spaghetti, it tasted good.

Talk inevitably turned to the Donner Party, whose 45 survivors (out of 81) practiced cannibalism. Plump passengers were joshingly singled out for future dinners, as the ebullient strove to bolster the despondent.

The only physician aboard was Dr. Walter R. Roehll of Middletown, Ohio, Hawaii-bound for a vacation. On a lucky last-minute impulse he had tossed into his wife's hosiery box emergency amounts of penicillin, phenobarbital, morphine, aspirin. And now, on the side of a California mountain, he was busier than he'd ever been at home. Altitude troubled weak hearts, anxiety induced splitting headaches, colds ran rampant.

Still, morale on the whole was good. That evening a salesman from Cheyenne organized an amateur show in the club car. The bar featured a new drink: Scotch over snow. A raffle netted $200 for the Mexican section hands, still out there shoveling back the blizzard.

A crowd clustered round the club car radio, only contact with the outside world. Suddenly, as one listener put it, "all ears were on that radio—and all ears were disheartened." A news broadcaster made passing mention that the *City of San Francisco* was "snowbound somewhere in the Sierra." And then the radio went dead.

"They don't even know where we are!" someone shouted, a half-tone below hysteria. Others took up the high-pitched wail. As panic loomed, the Committee of Six was formed by level-headed business executives, among them Harry J. Loynd, president of Parke, Davis & Co., of Detroit, who had been born at nearby Truckee. The committee took over virtual control of the train.

Rumors had flown thick as snow flurries all day, and now the club car seethed with a fresh report: a Sno-cat (tractor-treaded snow vehicle) had appeared and carried off a group to Nyack Lodge, famed ski resort at Emigrant Gap, five miles away. Some of the passengers got their baggage ready for the Sno-cat's next trip. Loynd checked and reported a Sno-cat had brought in emergency supplies, but had taken off no passengers. Also, a party of young skiers had reached the train with rucksacks of foodstuffs and candy bars for the children. The Sno-cat, operated by three Pacific Gas & Electric Co., linemen in turn, day and night, made emergency food runs to the *City* throughout the ordeal.

Lyond, brought up in these mountains, spoke from personal knowledge: "Folks, it's impossible for rescuers to get through until this wind dies down, so let's all be calm and get some sleep."

But there was no sleep that night on board the *City*.

During the evening a passenger barged through a darkened car shouting, "My wife's fainted!" Anna Lindblom, registered nurse from Modesto, California, located Dr. Roehll, and the three picked their way by flashlight back through the train to one of the Pullmans lit by butane generators. Then they stared aghast. Passengers lay sprawled in the aisle, unconscious. Others tottered about, gasping and retching.

Dr. Roehll's immediate concern was to make the victims comfortable. He then ordered the club car bar closed and sent soldiers through the train to confiscate private stocks. "Altitude and alcohol," he explained, "simply don't mix." To him, the seizures seemed the result of the high altitude and tension.

Service men lifted the victims into berths, and Miss Lindblom counted pulses and loosened collars. But soon the helpers began vomiting, then fainting. On sudden suspicion, Dr. Roehll investigated and discovered the real culprit: carbon monoxide poisoning. Snow had plugged up the exhaust pipe of the generator's butane engine, and the odorless fumes were seeping up through the floor. He ordered all the Pullman auxiliary units shut off, and now the whole train lay in cave-like blackness.

Fresh volunteers—intrepid young soldiers, sailors, marines—entered the dark Pullman-turned-lethal-chamber. They smashed the vestibule windows at either end, and working in the beam of a flashlight, battered open locked compartments and dragged forth the unconscious occupants. Once the snowy winds in the vestibule had stung life back to pallid cheeks, the stricken passengers were carried to a Pullman commandeered as a hospital car. And there Dr. Roehll, Miss Lindblom and Helen Guertz, a nurse from San Francisco, worked over the 30-odd victims through the frigid night.

Had the deadly fumes gone undetected another hour, Dr. Roehll said, many, if not all in that Pullman, would have died. And such a disaster would have set off another panic.

That was Monday, the second day.

Tuesday broke grayer and colder. The storm still raged at full fury, isolating Sierra towns. At Portola, snow lay eight feet deep in the streets. At Donner Summit the snowpack measured 206 inches. Transcontinental telephone lines, ordinarily singing high above ground, now lay *on* the snow; in places were even buried.

Breakfast on the train was scant—a half cup of soup, a half wiener, a half cup of coffee—but it was warming. The blanket of snow thrown over the *City* afforded some shelter from the bitter cold. But even so, the *City's* car ceilings were a stubble of icicles.

To keep warm, some women appeared as oddly elegant tatterdemalions—mink coated, heads wrapped in a strip of Pullman curtain, legs swathed in torn sheets. One man wore four shirts, two suits and an overcoat and, over all that, a poncho cut out of a blanket—and still he complained. Many kept to their berths. Service men took the jackets off their backs for the children, then walked the aisles flailing their arms, or sat huddled four to a seat to share body warmth.

Frantic passengers, excited by a rumor that traffic was rolling along U.S. 40, a half mile away, had to be restrained from leaving the train. If they wandered off the tracks, they would plunge into a snowy tomb. The Committee of Six posted service men at the vestibules to prevent suicidal departures.

Meals were reduced to twice daily, at 10 a. m. and at 3 p. m., before darkness set in. No printed menu was necessary: Tuesday dinner: one and a half wieners, spaghetti or beans, coffee. Morale was toboganning—as Dr. Roehll later explained: "Imagine sitting in a seat, with

snow drifting over your head, in utter darkness, with nothing to do, and with the feeling that you have been entirely forgotten."

A new crisis developed—the diner stove ran out of fuel. It had burned up its supply of Presto-logs, then consumed the kitchen chopping boards, even the Pullman ladders. Off into the night trooped a group of the Mexicans, to lug back sacks of coal from Crystal Lake, a railroad camp a mile up the track. The round trip took them about five hours.

That night an indignation meeting took place in the club car. Telegrams were composed to the governor, senators, even the President. Cried the hotheads: "It's a damn shame, the Southern Pacific letting us down like this."

Actually, the Southern Pacific had mobilized the Sierra's greatest rescue operation, augmented by the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, the light and telephone companies, California highway patrol, and the state division of highways. A relief train with Army Arctic-trained crews was en route from Colfax, 35 miles west of the *City*. Its progress was slow—a mile an hour—but it kept moving.

That third night the terror and the cold penetrated too deeply for sleep. In most of the Pullmans, two-man teams kept two-hour watches, opening vestibule doors for five minutes every half hour to clear the foul air. And outside, the courageous Mexicans still shoveled snow—like Arctic Zombies with their stiff movements and icicles on their nostrils.

A good hour before daybreak on Wednesday, the beginning of the fourth day, Anna Lindblom glanced out the window of a vestibule and marveled at a wondrous sight—moonlight splashing on a Sierra snowscape. The air was crackling cold—and *breathless*. From far off, in the hushed stillness, she heard the sound of a snowplow. . . .

It had so happened that near midnight Monday, foreman Jack Snider of the Yuba Gap highway station and five of his maintenance men slogged up to Lakeview Lodge, a resort seven miles west of the stalled train. They had set out at 6 that morning to retrieve bogged-down equipment. Returning, their rotary snowplow had gone off the road a half mile from the lodge. So the six of them fought their way through to the Lodge, and for the first time learned of the streamliner's plight.

Snider knew his rotary plow could dig a hole through to the train—if he could get it back on the highway. And so, before dawn, he and his men, arms interlocked, trudged the half mile to the plow—it took them two hours—and fell to with snow scoops. They had to shovel on two levels—a man on the ground to a man halfway up, who tossed the snow over the top of the ten-foot drifts. Twelve hours later—as Tuesday night settled in—they had cleared a path 8 feet wide and 135 feet long. The plow was free.

The going thereafter was even more incredibly difficult. The storm raged furiously and drifts, in spots 40 feet deep, buried the 14-foot orange markers and obliterated all traces of a highway. Lights were no help—just a flare in the white ferment whipped up by wind and rotary. Worst of all, the wiper on the rotary stuck and snow caked up a foot thick on the windshield. But Snider guided the plow forward from memory.

Back at the train the Mexicans, alerted by skiers bearing word of Snider's approach on U.S. Highway 40, began trampling a 2,000-foot path from the *City* to the junction where U.S. 40 joins State Route 20—the only logical spot for a turnaround for rescue vehicles. Through the night they shuffled back and forth, taking spells to thaw out at an iron pot fire in the mail car, fueled by the wooden sorting tables.

At dawn Wednesday the grimy but exhilarated passengers watched the swirling snow cloud as the rotary inched toward the highway junction, cutting a lane for a convoy of cars manned by Snider's crew. Far off, smoke plumed up from the relief train, waiting at Emigrant Gap.

First off the *City of San Francisco* were 11 litter cases, conveyed by toboggan to the waiting cars. Next came the women and children, walking awkwardly in "overshoes" of blanket wrappings, for better traction. Then the train was emptied car by car. The *City* itself was freed by bulldozers and brought out three days later, under its own power.

Winter winds soon obliterated the rescue path which the patient Mexican section hands had stomped through the snowdrifts—and with it the last trace of the ordeal at Yuba Gap.

—J. Campbell Bruce

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Four for the Road

[*Continued from page* 33]

rubber washers they contain damp out vibrations that might loosen them. For really hair-raising speeds, like those reached in land speed record attempts, it's necessary to take greater precautions. Here the centrifugal force is terrific, and the stems are provided with husky threads and lock nuts to keep its pressures from stripping their threads, and special stem caps are "safetied" in place with wire.

Even when all these measures are taken, the inner tube remains at best a clumsy solution to the problem of containing air in a tire, and current progress in tubeless tires indicates that not too many years from now it will be as outdated as goggles and dusters. Firestone is pioneering the tubeless concept in the racing field. Their method involves the application of an airtight substance to the inside of the tire casing which then, with the wheel rim, acts as the air container.

Tubeless tires actually are ready for racing today but racing wheel design is not. The wheels in current use are either wire-spoked or of cast magnesium. The "mag" wheels are balanced by means of weights bolted to the rims, holes being drilled in the rims to take the bolts. These bolts, as well as the spokes in wire wheel rims, tend to loosen and permit loss of contained air. Until racing wheels are produced that are as airtight as pressed steel production car wheels, tubeless tires are not being recommended for racing.

If tubeless construction is successful enough to be applied to all kinds of tires, it will give the casing, the third basic component of tire structure, even more importance than it already has—and right now, in inner-tube tires, it has a great deal. Casings can be made of cotton, rayon or nylon. Whatever fabric is used, the angle of the cord that makes up the casing is decisive. As much as any other single factor, cord angle determines the function for which the whole tire will be most suited.

Look at it this way. When the average guy who drives a passenger car decides to invest in new tires he's interested in an entirely different set of virtues than a racing man would be. He wants riding comfort, silence, long wear. He seldom gives much thought to stability—to the way the tire bites the road.

The racing man, on the other hand, cares nothing about silence and little about comfort, and he's interested in wear only when he's about to run in a long, hard race. But stability, adhesion, sticking power in the turns—those are factors that can have a life-or-death importance to him. Any tire has a breakaway point of its own, a point where when the car is cornering, it will break traction and begin to slide. The race-car driver wants a tire that will break away gradually and controllably, not one that will stay glued to the road until the last instant and then break loose violently and without warning. He also expects the tire's tread to stay on the casing as long as there's any tread left. And he wants firm, solid response to his steering. All these qualities are directly affected by cord angle.

A 90-degree cord angle is parallel with the sidewall; a zero cord angle is one where the cords of the fabric are at right angles to the sidewall. Between these two extremes of high and low are many possible variations, and each has its own characteristics.

None of the variations, however, successfully combines comfort and stability. Low cord angles produce a high degree of distortion in the casing and therefore produce higher stresses and more heat in the cords and rubber compounds, and this means poor stability and poor wear. But low cord angles give a soft, well-cushioned ride.

High cord angles, on the other hand, give better stability and longer wear because they resist distortion. Wear may be incidental to the racing man, but stability and heat are not. Most racing tires, therefore, use high cord angles.

A tiny difference in cord angle can make a vast difference in tire behavior. Standard British practice today, for example, is a "low" angle of about 52 degrees for passenger tires and a "high" angle of about 55 degrees for racing tires. This poses the need for great care in manufacture, because a one-half degree difference in cutting the angle of a tire's ply fabric will make a two-degree difference in the finished tire. And this, for the British, is nearly the difference between a comfortable, moderately stable passenger car tire and a hard-riding but more stable racing tire.

Not all tire manufacturers are, however, as conservative as the English. Some factories have made casing cord angle the subject of radical, original research and development. One of them is Pirelli of Italy. Their Grand Prix racing tire, the one on which the G. P. world championships have been won for the last four years, is one of the wildest skins in the world from the point of view of cord angle. The first two plies have a zero cord angle and are secured to the beads. The other two plies run at a 90 degree angle and have no contact with the beads. This construction was painstakingly developed on the world's fastest road racing circuits, and it has been perfected to the point where it combines the flexibility that makes for superior traction with outstanding road holding qualities. Pirelli has been able to pass this supremely roadworthy design, with minor modifications, on to its passenger car tires.

Pirelli's counterpart in the U.S. is Firestone, which has supported racing for decades and uses the championship circuit, particularly the Indianapolis 500, as a testing laboratory. While 50 degree cord angles are common in American passenger-car tires, Firestone builds 54-degree tires that are as comfortable and quiet as any but have better stability, adhesion and wear than most. The racing tires use remarkably higher cord angles.

A new tire that's unique and promising from the standpoint of casing design is the Michelin X of France. The concept was originated in 1934, the first tentative results went on the market in '36, and since then it has undergone exhaustive refinement. The X tire uses steel "fabric" in its cord construction. Minute steel wires, hardly thicker around than a hair, are twisted together to form the cords of the outermost three plies. The two steel plies nearest the tread run diagonally in opposite directions, and the third has a zero cord angle. These three plies stiffen the tread. None of them connect with the bead, but there are three inner plies, all with zero cord angles, that do wrap around the bead. The result is a combination of flexible sidewalls and firm tread, both to an unusual degree. The X tire has very small lateral flexibility, so that it rolls scarcely at all in the turns, and great circumferential flexibility, so that it has good bite on rough surfaces. Not unexpectedly, considering these qualities, it has performed notably in European sports car events during the last few years.

This brings us to the subject of tread itself, the fourth fundamental section in

"He returned to the wrong corner."

tire structure. Actually the primary function of the tread is simply to protect the casing, but its secondary function is far more interesting and complex.

Tread provides traction, bite, adhesion to the road. As you probably gathered from the discussion of the Michelin X, tires need flexibility, and the tire as a whole derives its flexibility largely from the casing. But it needs another kind of flexibility, too, the same kind that permits the cat tracks of an Army tank to follow every irregularity of rough surface, and this kind of flexibility is provided in good part by the tread. Just as, however, stability and comfort are incompatible in casing design, so flexibility and wear are incompatible in tread design. The more a tread flexes and squirms, the more rapidly it wears—but the better it bites. So tread design is again a study in compromise.

The best tread pattern for wear is no pattern at all, and actually on a smooth dry pavement there is little difference between the bite of a smooth and a patterned tread. But on wet surfaces and on dirt there is no question that a tread pattern is essential. A smooth tire is equal to a patterned tire on a wet surface at very low speeds, but it's as much as 50 percent less efficient as speeds increase. Therefore almost all tires are made with tread patterns.

These fall into the following types: 1) circumferential ribs—running around the tire like hoops, 2) transverse ribs that run across the tire, 3) diagonal ribs, and 4) isolated geometric shapes. And combinations of all four. Each of these patterns has different characteristics of wear, flexibility, grip and noise.

Tread pattern has far less effect on a tire's bite on a hard, dry surface than it has when the surface is wet. Even a flexible tread works and squirms hardly at all on dry pavement. But water is an effective lubricant for rubber, and on a wet surface much movement takes place. Most of this movement is focused more or less on the center of the contact area, and tire designers exploit this fact by using diagonal tread patterns which wipe surface water into the tread's grooves. The grooves then can drain away the moisture. This use of the natural squirm and wiping action of a tread pattern greatly increases the tire's bite on wet surfaces, and for this reason manufacturers are giving wide use to saw-tooth patterns. The saw-tooth is simply a zigzag, diagonal version of the circumferential hooplike groove. It works as successfully on road racing cars as it does on passenger cars. Firestone and Dunlop use this pattern for both sports and stock tires.

The transverse ribs in a pattern greatly increase its flexibility and bite on irregular surfaces. They also cause a tire to wear faster. But the question of wear, which might be important in a long-distance race, is not too crucial in the kind of racing that really needs good grip on rough surfaces, and the more the better—dirt track racing and hill climbs in this country, for example, and cross country "scrambles" in England. For this kind of racing tread patterns are used that in effect lay a track for their "knobs" to mesh with. The grooves separating the knobs must be deep and wide, so that the load concentration on each knob will be high enough to help it bite hard into the surface. For this kind of competition Dunlop builds its formidable Sports model and Firestone makes the ANS Knob and Grooved Ascot.

Pirelli has been the outstanding pioneer of "combination" tread patterns, and a fabulous racing record demonstrates that their complex patterns get the job done best in high-speed racing, where traction problems themselves are the most complex. In Grand Prix racing, speeds can go from as low as 25 mph to as high as 200. Races are not postponed for such small reason as a violent downpour. Here a tire must grip well, but not *too* well, so that it will not break traction suddenly. And here a driver can make his reputation by taking every corner in a controlled but spectacular four-wheel skid. The Stelvio G. P. tire is one example of how Pirelli copes with these demands. Its tread consists of two plain circumferential ribs with a series of polygons running beside and between them. Well down the sidewalls are prominent shoulder buttresses which support the wide tread pattern and also give extra traction in soft ground, even though this is not a surface often encountered in G. P. racing.

Although tread patterns seem to the naked eye to have perfectly uniform dimensions all the way around the tire, they usually are varied in order to minimize the drumming and vibration of rhythmically repeated impulses. Thus in the saw-tooth pattern, for example, each *zig* will be a small fraction of an inch different in length than the following *zag*, the *zag* different than the following *zig*, and so on.

The belief that all racing tires are made of "pure gum rubber" is one of the most widespread fables of racing mythology. But it isn't true. It is, in fact, very unlikely that an all natural rubber tire will ever be used for racing again—certainly not by any major manufacturer. Gum rubber is a vegetable material and as such is far too susceptible to the vagaries of nature. The quality of the yield from a single tree can vary throughout a single season. Synthetic rubber, on the other hand, is subject to strict laboratory control, and the men with the test-tubes can make certain that quality variations are kept within the closest limits year after year. It is primarily this controllability that makes synthetic rubber in all its many forms the logical choice for racing tires.

Precisely what form the rubber compound takes, however, is in the case of each manufacturer a closely-guarded secret. Any kind of rubber, natural or synthetic, can be alloyed with other materials to alter its physical characteristics. But a rubber compound, once mixed and vulcanized, cannot be broken down accurately by chemical analysis. This means that no manufacturer can simply buy a competitor's product, analyze it, and build one just like it. It also means that

specific data on compound mixtures is not released to the inquisitive reporter. The secrets, are, in fact, so jealousy concealed that there is not a single school in the U.S. where you can learn rubber engineering.

Some few facts are no secret. It is well known that zinc oxide used to be the most popular compounding ingredient because it gives volume to rubber, reinforces it, and makes it more resistant to abrasion. But during World War I zinc oxide was in short supply, and rubber engineers found that carbon black—good, pure soot—did as good a job as zinc oxide in most respects and had a few advantages of its own. Since then carbon black has been the most important compounding ingredient for both racing and ordinary tires. There are many other ingredients, all of them used to give the best possible wear with the least possible power consumption. Here again these two important qualities are mutually exclusive, and in this area of tire design, too, production is a series of sensitive compromises.

Most compound research is carried on in laboratories where the employes take the business equivalent of a loyalty oath, but still cut-and-dry methods play a vital part in the creation of a racing tire. When the Firestone people are developing a new racing design they try every reasonable combination right on the track itself. In 1952 they fitted their Kurtis Kraft test car with 23 sets of skins that all looked the same but were all compounded differently. To test the tires they employed Sam Hanks, a racing driver of great ability and experience. Hanks found that some of the tires had no more grip than if he were driving on ice. Others were a lot better, and by the time he'd driven more than 3,000 fast miles over the Indianapolis Speedway he was prepared to say which was the very best. And this was the tread compound that went on all the supremely successful tires that were used in the 1954 Indianapolis race.

The final basic component of any tire is the steel bead that holds it in place against the flanges of the wheel rim. This is simply a bundle of high-tensile-strength steel, and its design differs scarcely at all in racing and conventional tires, although cars of the land speed record variety do use stronger than ordinary beads.

But the width of the wheel rim is a very important feature of tire design. Until around 1930 it was usual to build the area between rim flanges to have only 50 to 60 percent the width of the tire; 65 percent was common until a few years ago, but since the advent of low-pressure tires, widths of around 80 percent have been used. In current racing practice the ratio is carried to an even greater extreme. Indianapolis tires with an 8.00 cross section are mounted on 7-inch rims; the flange width for 8.20's is 7.33 inches—just under 90 percent.

Obviously the wider rim gives the inflated tire a more straight-sided, less balloon-shaped cross section, and this means that the tire will roll less and be more responsive to steering. Furthermore, it's been demonstrated that the wider rim makes the tire less susceptible to the deforming action of centrifugal force. And with a wide rim the area of contact between tread and pavement is bigger because the tread's cross section describes a flatter radius. The broader tread zone gives further opposition to centrifugal force, supports the load better, and improves adhesion and wear.

Still another way that most of these latter virtues can be achieved is by the use of larger diameter tires. It's not hard to see that a tire with twice the circumference of another tire will have to rotate just half as many times in order to get from A to B or to propel the car at a given speed. Thus it will undergo half as much deformation, absorb much less power, and generate much less heat. For these reasons racing men use small tires only when there are such good compensating reasons as space- and weight-saving.

Let's look at an example of how some of the problems that confront the racing-tire designer were handled in a really difficult, demanding case.

In 1945 the late John Cobb notified Dunlop of England that he planned to break his own land-speed record of 369 mph set six years before. He wanted tires good for 400 mph, tires that would be tailored to the conditions of the Bonneville Salt.

His request posed some interesting challenges, but the Dunlop people met them. The tire they eventually gave Cobb had a seven-inch cross section and a 31-inch rim diameter. The tread was perfectly smooth for the hard dry Bonneville surface, and as thin as possible to avoid increasing frontal area and centrifugal force. The tread's actual thickness was just two-one-hundredths of an inch, and it clearly revealed the texture of the underlying rayon casing and the extremely high cord angle of the top ply. The use of such a thin tread was made feasible by two factors—the fact that Cobb could change tires at the end of each one-way run, and the extremely low rate of tire wear characteristic of the Salt. However, Cobb's car was known to create wheelspin not only when it started but every time the gears were changed, leaving great black streaks of rubber behind. Consequently tread rubber for the tires had to be extremely resistant to abrasion.

Cobb's tires were equipped with an unusual device called a bead spacer, a solid rubber ring reinforced with steel wire and fitted to push the beads apart and hold them tightly against the rim flanges. In an ordinary tire the contained air pressure is more than enough to do this, but in this case the extra precaution was taken to anchor the tire in case of deflation and to combat the stresses at very high speeds.

In order to be absolutely certain that the tire design for Cobb's machine would be adequate to the anticipated combination of load and speed, Dunlop did not stop short of redesigning their unique high-speed laboratory. Here the Cobb tires were driven under the correct load at speeds up to 420 mph, and then were spun without load up to 560 mph. After these tests the tires were given a thorough examination which included X-ray analysis. Then they were completely stripped apart to see if there had been any structural changes. This is the kind of preparation that put rubber on the holder of the world's land speed record. With these tires Cobb went 403 mph.

Such costly research and technical development does not take place solely for the benefit of the racing sport. Practical repercussions filter down rapidly to the passenger-car field. As the gap narrows between the requirements for racing and ordinary tires, this experience on road, track and straightaway takes on increasing value and meaning for all of us.

—Griffith Borgeson

Cheese and the Man With the Tasty Tongue

[*Continued from page* 25]

Jersey. The husband caught sight of the cheeses and stopped as short as a Sunday driver, almost tearing his wife's arm off.

"Come *on*, Harry," she said. "They probably smell awful. We'll miss the ferry!" And off they went.

Phil turned to his assistant. "We need something bigger. Call up Otto Roth."

Now there are a few Provolones 9½ feet long weighing 1,000 to 1,100 pounds. Otto Roth & Company, a firm of importers, had one. The Auricchio Company in northern Italy also had one; they shipped it out to Roth as a replacement and set to work on another which would be ripe in about a year.

Alpert hung his half-ton specimen beside the entrance to his shop, confident that the next time Harry came by, he'd stop. If he stopped, he'd taste, and if he tasted, he'd buy.

Fortunately for the novice, Alpert's 367 varieties, which means the cheeses of the world, can be sifted into eight orderly categories: grating (such as Parmesan, Romano, Sbrinz); hard (Cheddar or "American," Swiss, Provolone); semi-soft (Muenster, Port du Salut, Monterey, Brick, Limburger); soft (Cottage, Neufchâtel, Cream); soft, ripened (Camembert, Liederkranz, Crème Chantilly); blue mold (Roquefort, Gorgonzola, Blue, Stilton); spiced (mostly Scandinavian varieties); whey (Mozarella, Ricotta, Gjetost, Mysost).

"Between some of the classes there's very little difference," says Alpert. "But you could put the Grand Canyon between others. To the good cheese-eater this isn't important. He's going to try every kind he can anyway, and develop his own favorites."

For example, take the ripened semi-softs—if possible take them on slabs of fresh pumpernickel or damp rich sour-rye bread.

Here are most of the smelly cheeses,

aged brothers of mild buttery Muenster.

Brick is the least vigorous member of the clan, a sort of limited Limburger, moldy and yellow-brown on the outside, creamy-yellow inside with small holes. You could detect its presence in a darkened room but you wouldn't call it offensive—just noticeable.

Bierkaese (beer cheese) is similar but more actively aromatic. And it leaves a dryness in your mouth which can be assuaged only by downing the brew for which it's named. Bierkaese is a midwestern favorite, and in the old days, when a man was traveling north from Chicago to Green Bay, Wisconsin, each time he stopped to wash the dust of the highway from his throat, the beer got stronger and the beer cheese got mellower and he probably never got to Green Bay at all.

Limburger is the Belgian semi-soft with the sharp taste and the famous odor. Its bark is actually worse than its bite, for on a day when you have a cold you'll find it no stronger than the stuff your sister serves at bridge parties.

Limburger is far from the ultimate in aromatic cheeses. The Germans make a couple of runny, well-ripened semi-softs—sour-milk cheeses—that are strictly from the barnyard. Hand cheese, shaped like a milkmaid's fist, packs a wallop like Rocky Marciano's. The caraway-flavored Harzkaese is even worse—before it's eaten it has to be soaked in beer or port wine. One day a woman customer saw a pile of shiny Harzkaese at Alpert's. Phil was too polite to say, "Lady, I hope you know what the hell you're doing." So, shrugging off all milder protests, she bought one. Next day she came storming back, spluttering indignantly about decomposed merchandise. The only thing that kept her from hauling Phil before the Board of Health was his patient explanation of how dunking transforms Harzkaese from brimstone into food.

Then there's Romadour. Can you imagine what Limburger would smell like if left in the sun for a week? That's the odor of this gilt-wrapped gas grenade, yet people ask for it. Romadour is a Bavarian invention but Alpert gets his from Switzerland.

Not that the Swiss need to borrow any formula for a smeller—their Appenzeller Raess, a hard cheese, is undisputed world champion of the punch-in-the-nose class. "It does taste grand," an expert on that country's cheeses admitted to me, "but its smell is positively atrocious." And small wonder, for while other cheeses get their personality by light swabbing with a curing solution, Appenzeller Raess is dunked in one—left in a bacterial brew till it gasps for breath.

The Swiss claim top honors in a couple of departments besides the nasal. They make the best-keeping cheese—mellow, delicate Saanen, which ripens for six years and is good for sixty. There's a legend that farmers make a wheel of Saanen upon a man's birth, eat the cheese at festivals during his life and finish it at his wake. Unfortunately this is a lot of hokum, personal Saanens being as scarce in Switzerland as bundling bees in Boston.

The Swiss make the biggest regular cheeses, the 200-pound wheels of Emmenthaler, usually called just "Swiss." They also turn out one of the sharpest table cheeses, Mountain Gruyère from 7,000-foot-high pastures. They make the hardest cheese; one of Phil Alpert's men recently broke a good hatchet on a wheel of Sbrinz.

France makes what is often called the king of cheeses, the sheep's-milk Roquefort, white and crumbly with veins of pungent blue mold running through it. Ranking with it is the delicate queen, Camembert, which starts its life pallid and sour, reaches mature golden age in four weeks, and then turns brown and bitter and unfit for human company. If someone tells you this cheese tastes better in France than here, he may be right. The French believe you can't make Camembert with pasteurized milk so they don't try. American "Camembert" is made by a process that in France produces the cheaper, softer Carre de l'Est.

Other nation's cheeses are sometimes strange, or delicious, or downright revolting, but they're always interesting. Sicilians make a cheese laden with peppercorns. The Greeks use tubs of brine to keep their Feta, a cheese which tastes like salt-water bilge to me. The Romanian Kaskaval (horse's head), sharp but with a sweet aftertaste, once may have been made from mare's milk, but sheep's milk now is used.

Some European cheeses are practically unknown here because they cannot travel, like the rare wines which, you're always told, must be tasted in the next valley (they go flat or turn to vinegar when transported). One of these is Crescenza, made of whole cow's milk in North Italy; another is Scarmorze, from down Naples way, into which goes buffalo milk, 10 percent fatter than cow's milk. Mascarpone, a half-milk half-cream cheese from Milan, is so very rich and perishable that it's made only in winter, when it's served as a dessert sprinkled with sugar and coffee powder over which rum or brandy is poured.

A good Parmesan at $3.50 a pound is the most expensive cheese, with Swedish Crème Chantilly a good runner-up at $2.75. Belgian Ardennes Herve is one of the most unusual. Fifteen minutes after his cows have been milked, the farmer milks again into a special bucket to get a very small additional amount. From this is made a velvet-smooth cheese with a remarkably fine texture.

Rare or common, almost all cheeses are manufactured by one basic process, the notable exceptions being members of the cottage or cream-cheese clan, the German sour-milk cheeses, and an ancient Swiss variety called Sap Sago.

Whether he's producing Cantal or Cheddar, the cheesemaker starts with a vat of milk, adds lactic-acid-forming bacteria, and curdles the milk with rennet which has been extracted from the fourth stomach of calves. Then he collects and drains the resulting curds, molds them into loaves, and cures these for a long time or a little or not at all. Somewhere during this process are added the microorganisms which give the cheese variety its special flavor.

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The smallest variations in method—4 degrees difference in temperature or a few minutes' delay before cutting—can lead to products as different as tap water and whisky. Even the day's weather has its effect on cheese.

In Camembert-making, for example, the rennet is added at 78 or 80 degrees and five to ten hours elapse before the curd is ready. For Port du Salut, one of the firmest of French cheeses, the milk is "set" at 95 degrees and the curd cut after half an hour. Gorgonzola is set at 75 degrees and cut in fifteen or twenty minutes.

Since so many factors are involved, it isn't possible just to dump the milk in a machine and take it out as cheese. Constant supervision is required to keep the milk from turning into chalky casein, and only a cheesemaker has the needed skill.

Cheesemakers are master artisans who know not only everything in the book but also a couple of tricks their fathers taught them. "They're specialists, real artists," says Phil Alpert. "I could learn a lot by just going around the country talking to them." A good cheesemaker is well worth the $15-$18,000 a year he's paid; he may make up to $30,000. Like a master chef, he is king of his fragrant world.

He decides whether a batch of Brie will be either sold to gourmets or fed to pigs.

Yet it would not be accurate to claim that cheesemakers never make mistakes. Indeed, the whole history of cheese is enlivened by errors, like a wonderfully bad day at Ebbets Field. Almost everybody who ever did anything to further the industry *seems* to have done it by mistake.

Cheesemaking was even discovered by accident, according to the story, when an Arabian traveling salesman named Kanana used a lamb's stomach instead of a sheep's as a canteen for carrying milk. Now Nature puts rennet into lambs' stomachs for the specific purpose of curdling milk, the first step toward digesting it. With the heat of the sun and the joggling motion of Kanana's horse, the rennet did what came naturally. At suppertime the traveler poured from his canteen not milk but a watery whey. Slicing open the pouch to see what had happened, he found a matted curd, the first cheese.

There was another notable accident about a thousand years ago when a French shepherd boy left his lunch in a cave. Getting hungry a few days later, he came back to find his fresh cheese covered with a strange blue mold. After he told the padre how good it tasted, the monks of Roquefort decided they would go into the cheese making business.

Back in 1865 a Wisconsin cheesemaker named John Jossi was following the formula for Backsteinkaese and either stirred when he should have poured or heated when he was supposed to chill. The result was Brick, the first new cheese created in America.

It may have been no accident that W. A. Lawrence developed American cream cheese in New York State, or that a chap named Jacks created Monterey Jack cheese in California, but it was certainly unintentional when Emil Frey came out with Liederkranz. Don't let the old-country names fool you; Frey was an apprentice cheesemaker working in Monroe, New York, a resort town near the Catskills. He had tried for two months to make something called Bismarck Schlosskaese and instead got the strong soft cheese which he dedicated to the free-lunch counter of the Liederkranz Club in New York City.

Now Liederkranz is made in Van Wert, Ohio, but the migration after thirty-two years in Monroe wasn't exactly painless. The company's model new factory in Van Wert used the richest milk from the finest herds and started to turn out a pallid product nothing like the robust cheese of which they had been so proud.

They fiddled with the formula. Emil Frey, now master cheesemaker, racked his brains. Employes were begged to use the suggestion box. Then someone hit it. They had brought cheesemakers and formula from Monroe, but forgotten the baccili. Without them the cheese couldn't ripen properly.

So they shipped the bacteria-impregnated shelves of the old New York factory to the new plant. Telegrams went out ordering stores all over the East to rush their ripest Liederkranz back. This, made in Monroe, was loaded with the missing baccili. When it arrived, it was smeared on the clean new walls of the curing room and once again the cheese began to grow old gracefully.

The care of flavor-making organisms is an important part of the cheesemaker's art. Most cheeses get their specific flavors from bacteria which live in the atmosphere of curing rooms, or from bacterial preparations which are dabbed on newly formed cheeses. The cheese factories guard their culture rooms like gold vaults, for they must keep their growths vigorous while making sure that no outside mold gets in. For a Camembert factory to lose its strain would be a major disaster compelling the owner either to shut down or to borrow a cup of mold from a neighbor.

The Roquefort-makers don't merely dab, they plant the organisms right in the center of each loaf. These French

"I suppose if Christian Dior said to cut 'em off, you'd do it."

cheesemakers raise colonies of *Penicillium roquefortii* on cubes of bread, pulverize the moldy bread and sprinkle the powder between layers of curd as the latter are piled into cylindrical forms.

In the United States cheesemaking was chiefly an activity of farmers' wives until 1851, the year the first cheese factory was built here. Since then American cheesemaking has come into its own.

"There's so much cheesemaking going on in this country now," Phil Alpert told me, "that we've become the largest producer in the world. The largest exporter, too."

Cheddar, traditional cheese of the English, has also been the leading American variety under such names as store cheese, rat cheese, American cheese, and even, on the Pacific Coast, cream cheese, of all things. It comes in nearly a dozen different sizes and shapes: mammoths or "Cheddars," which are squat 70-pound loaves; wheels of about 35 pounds called flats, of 20 pounds called daisies; pineapples, which are hung in nets to achieve a pseudo-pineapple appearance; picnics, longhorns, midgets, squares, commodores, truckles and Young Americas.

Soon, with the success of their Cheddar, American cheesemakers began to experiment with Limburger and Swiss, and eventually wound up making nearly all kinds. Until World War II, cream cheese was our second-leading variety, but be comforted by the report that domestic Swiss has climbed to second, with the pungent Italian varieties in fourth place and coming up fast. One of Phil Alpert's biggest contributions to the cheese business has been his enthusiasm for making and promoting foreign-type cheeses here. A Polish immigrant once asked him, "Do you carry Warshawski Syr?" Phil answered, "No. Can you make it?" The fellow is now out in Wisconsin manufacturing Warshawski Syr. It's pretty good too.

Perhaps the severest limitation on American cheeses is that nearly all of them must of necessity be made of cow's milk. Although a little goat's-milk cheese is made for food faddists and people who like goat's-milk cheese, there's no domestic sheep-milk cheese whatever. How many Americans have the patience to get down and milk a sheep?

But no matter how ecstatic a cheese man gets about cheese, it's no good unless it's eaten. And the trouble with cheese-eating in this country is that Americans are afraid to call cheese food.

"A little snack," they say. "A meat substitute for a light meal." "Something to nibble while watching television."

Nibble, hell, cheese is something to eat, and its hearty enjoyment is as honest as man's hunger at the end of the day.

When Dan'l Boone threw a small cheese into his haversack, he knew he'd eat until he could knock over a deer. The Swiss army virtually lives on cheese when it's in the field. And the free lunch back before Prohibition wasn't any meat substitute either, although occasionally it substituted for supper at home.

It wasn't a thin slice of tasteless rubber, however, that kept the boys going. Pare a piece of cheese down to a sixteenth of an inch thickness and your taste buds are apt to punch holes in it trying to find out what they're working on. You wouldn't eat roast beef sliced that thin—why cheese? If you want a veneer instead of solid eating, that's your business, but don't squawk when you find Phil Alpert has no slicing machine.

A man who likes cheese can start the day with it—cream cheese and toast, eggs sunnyside up sprinkled with Blue, an omelet made with almost any variety. Or the old-fashioned New England breakfast dish: warm apple pie with a slice of Cheddar.

And he can eat cheese round the clock. Cheese for dessert of course: Roquefort, Camembert, Brie, or a crisp York apple paired with slices of Port du Salut. But there are main dishes too. Soufflé, Welsh rabbit, which is melted sharp Cheddar mixed with beer and seasonings and a couple of well-beaten eggs. For fondue—Swiss melted with white wine and cherry brandy—the dish, bubbling hot, is set on a coffee-warmer or alcohol lamp in the center of the table, and everyone dips in with cubes of bread. Tradition says if the bread falls off your fork you kiss the girl beside you—preferably the one on the left. There are dozens—probably hundreds—of other ways of using cheese.

In Paris there are restaurants that specialize in cheese: omelets, fondues, coffee with a favorite cheese from the Pyrenees, any food that can be served with a cheese sauce. In the United States the chances are that such a restaurant would go broke. You're lucky if at the end of a $5 dinner you're offered a choice even of Camembert or Blue. And in either case you'll get a plate with about 11 cents' worth of unripe domestic beside a nickel's worth of crackers.

It's a little different kind of subversion, however, that well-meaning characters use in reasonably innocently trying to undermine the cheese business. Although candid odors have always been important to cheese-eaters, a few years ago someone claimed the invention of odorless Limburger. More recently a happy citizen reported Blue cheese unmarred by blue—he'd developed a colorless cousin of the flavor-giving true strain. Probably after you ate a piece of this stuff you'd wash it down with non-intoxicating brandy and put an unlighted cigar in your mouth.

Even the holes in Swiss aren't immune to attack. While you can't taste them, holes in cheese, like holes in doughnuts, are evidence of careful manufacture. The holes—eyes—in Swiss should be big, round, and evenly spaced. Alpert showed me half-wheels of Emmenthaler with eyes the size of a quarter—top-grade cheese. In cheese that's not quite right you may find small eyes, or "Chinese eyes" which are almond-shaped, elliptical "pinched eyes," or even "blind Swiss" with no eyes at all.

Some Wisconsin cheesemakers turn out such a fine Swiss that Alpert swears it equals the best imports. Others are unable to achieve this level, a considerable portion of their output having eyes smaller than a nickel, which automatically makes it Grade B. The local legisla-

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tors got around this difficulty by passing a law reducing the size of holes in Grade A Swiss to the size of a dime. Presto, suddenly we've got lots of Grade A. That's like doubling the width of home plate instead of getting pitchers who can throw strikes.

The cheese-hashers are another bunch of underminers. They process their cheese, pasteurize it, "popularize" it, mix it with miscellaneous vegetable matter, try to sell it to your mother-in-law in gay tomato-juice glasses. A man who likes pineapple in cheese would probably like it in Scotch whisky, too. One form of such hash consists of mashed-up cheese to which is added the magic ingredient *water* to give it spreading consistency. Fortunately, regulations prevent its being more than 60 percent moisture.

Phil Alpert keeps cheese foods and pasteurized spreads, but under the counter. "Just an accommodation," he says, refusing to comment further. Other old-timers are not so polite. Charles Chessman, a dealer in Roquefort who for thirty years has sold cheese by quarter pound and carload, says, "Processing cheese is a crime against humanity. They pasteurize it so it never has a chance to ripen. The stuff goes down smooth and easy but it's tough on the human system." Of the eaters of pasteurized cheese, Chessman adds, "Ignorance is bliss."

For customers who want their cheeses aged instead of mixed, dealers maintain cool brick warehouses in New York's lower West Side. Here I went shopping with Alpert. In Milton Spiritus' warehouse we found 650,000 pounds of cheese ripening, more than $300,000 worth.

When Mr. Spiritus led us to a shelf of Cheddar flats (35-pound wheels) in a vast, air-conditioned room, Phil brought out his cheese trier, a 6-inch-long U-shaped steel spout. He stabbed a flat, twisted the handle, pulled out a plug. It was soft and rubbery, and we didn't have to taste to know it would be no good. "These have been here only a week," Spiritus said, replacing the plug and rubbing hard with his thumb to seal the hole.

Cheese aged three months was edible and cheese a year old was fine. The plug broke and fell apart as Phil removed it from the trier; it became smooth and buttery as he crushed a small piece between thumb and forefinger. "Would be lumpy and crumbly if there was any skim milk," he explained. There's nothing wrong with the skim-milk cheeses, but Cheddar is supposed to be made of whole milk.

Alpert sniffed the mashed lump, now that the warmth of his hand had brought out the true aroma, then he nibbled. I broke off part of the plug and mimicked the cheese merchant: the smell was wonderful, the taste sharp.

"This is good," Spiritus admitted, "but when the cheese is moved to the cold room, below 40 degrees, it will take on the full Cheddar flavor. Of course you must bring it back up to room temperature to eat it."

Alpert bought.

Like anything else rare and choice, cheese is subject to fraud, chiefly through attempts to pass off inexpensive varieties as valuable ones.

Cheese men recall the fellow who a couple of years ago went around offering a truckful of Cheddars at a price way below market. Somebody fell for his woolly story of having picked them up at a bankruptcy auction, bought the load, and discovered that four of every ten of the cheeses were skim-milk Cheddars, worth 15 cents a pound instead of 47.

There was also the case of the New York store which, at the close of World War II, suddenly had the only genuine Roquefort in the United States. It let the public in on its good fortune by displaying a discreet little sign in its Madison Avenue window.

Now French Roquefort makers are a jealous lot, proud of their cave-bred sheep-milk product. Not ten blocks from the shop was the American headquarters of the Roquefort Association, whose directors were sure they were importing no cheese. Presently a customer visited the shop who produced a badge after the clerk had sold him his so-called Roquefort, and the scheme stopped with a jolt as well as a fine.

It was a pretty good gag on the gourmets who'd been paying close to $2 a pound for 75-cent Wisconsin Blue and cackling triumphantly about it. The shop could pull the switcheroo because while ordinary domestic Blue is cream colored, a bleach called benzoyl peroxide can be used to destroy the color (and most of the vitamin A), leaving the cheese as chalky white as true Roquefort.

One of the experiences of being in the rare cheese business is dealing with gourmets.

A gourmet is a man who knows good food and drink and how to enjoy them. But some gourmets behave like men who know what food and drink are out of season and want to enjoy *them*: bock beer in August, oysters in June, May wine for Thanksgiving.

One soured merchant told me a cheese gourmet is a man who asks for some kind you don't carry, explains why Mozarella from the Bronx is more authentic than your kind of Mozarella, and, when you tell him you just got a shipment from France of genuine Roquefort, shrieks with delight and buys a quarter's worth.

The first time Phil Alpert encountered organized gourmets was when he received an invitation to show cheeses at a food society's tasting. He brought over a truckload of his wares, hired extra help, and set up a display. The food-fanciers tasted tentatively, clucked over the explanatory signs, and then went wild. In the shambles 200 pounds of Phil's cheeses went down their respective hatches, and all Phil got for his $500 outlay was a belched thank you.

Nevertheless he has rare patience with gourmets. I watched him one busy Saturday as he waited on a tall, be-homburged individual. This customer nibbled at a creamy slab from Kentucky, remarking, "You know, Mr. Alpert, this isn't just right." He crumbled a bit of Tillamook in his right hand, not just between thumb and forefinger but all over his palm. He sniffed, crumbled, tasted, sniffed. "That's Cheddar," he announced. Phil nodded gravely and wrapped up half a pound. He had been under no illusion that it was Roquefort.

But when one of these gentlemen goes on a cheese binge, it's a good one. A chap looking as if he had just got up out of a Bowery gutter may come in for a $20-dollar purchase. An ordinary-looking citizen came into Phil's one afternoon and selected a hundred pounds of cheese.

Cheese connoisseurs are like connoisseurs of women—it's every man for himself. Some like 'em delicate, some like 'em strong, some go for smoothness or melting softness, some for zest and sharpness, some go for big pieces, some for little rare ones. Cheeses I mean.

It all points up in the end to this simple rule: Unless you've tasted, you can't know what you prefer. Once you've got beyond the old ladies' grocery-store standbys, you can think about crowing: "I've tried a lot and I know what I like."

—**David Landman**

"I presume you all realize this is your last office party."

How to Track a Man

[*Continued from page 37*]

At last, the tracker quit trying to follow the trail directly and made a wide circle, hoping to pick up signs elsewhere. He and his bodyguard vanished from sight. The rest of us sat down in the shade of a thorn tree to wait. About 20 minutes later, we heard a low whistle.

"They've found something," said the major, picking up his rifle. Everyone in the school carried arms except the trackers, as you never knew what you might meet. We started off and in a few minutes found the tracker and his guard standing near the edge of a waterhole, a big, muddy depression with a puddle of greenish water in the center.

The tracker pointed silently to a line of footprints through the mud, almost obliterated by the spoor of game animals that had come down to drink.

"Good," said the major. He turned to me, "Now you listened to the lecture this morning. What can you tell about those tracks?"

I was able to say that the tracks had been made before midnight as there had been a sprinkle of rain then, and there were marks of raindrops in the imprints. The major nodded. "Now look at the mud that came up between the toes." He picked some up and crumbled it between his fingers. "Hard, but not baked out. Mud like that will dry out in two hours but won't get baked until it's had at least ten hours of sun. We had a sunny day yesterday and sun today. Those tracks were made after sunset last night and, as you pointed out, before midnight. That ties in with what we learned from the grass. What else?"

Knowing that the track was probably made by a carrier, and that most carriers were women, I studied the tracks for size. They looked small so I guessed a woman.

"Right," said the major. "From the size, it could be either a woman or a boy, but the feet are splayed. Native women carry heavy loads on their backs so their feet are usually splayed. Now was the woman carrying a load?"

I asked one of the trackers to walk beside the tracks so I could compare the marks. The woman's imprints were deeper, so I guessed that she was carrying a heavy load.

"Wrong," said the major. "Her tracks are deeper because she was running. See how the toes spread out? Also, notice the length of her stride. Now why was she running? Let's see if we can find out."

All twelve of the native trackers, each with his guard, spread out to look for signs. I waited with the major. In a few minutes, there was a whistle from one of the trackers. He had found where a group of men had walked through the grass, obviously the night before. We followed the trail until we came to some soft earth that showed the imprint of part of a boot heel.

"A military patrol," said the major, glancing at the mark. "She was coming back after leaving food for the Mau Mau and bumped the patrol in the dark. She bolted off and they probably didn't even see her. No use following her. We'll cross dozens of these food carrier tracks. All right, now we'll divide the school into two groups. Monty, you take one group and I'll take the other. We'll start off and then you start tracking us. We'll try to throw you off."

The major knew all the Mau Mau tricks and for the next two hours gave us a bewildering object lesson in them. On the slopes of the mountains grow dense bamboo forests, interlaced with game trails. Often there are windblown falls of bamboo lying across the trails. When we passed one of these windfalls, the major told the last man in line to crawl along it and off into the forest, as the tough stalks of the bamboo show no trace. "Later, we'll meet by that big fig tree over there," he added, pointing to a giant tree that served as a convenient landmark. The rest of the team kept on, each man stepping in the tracks of the man ahead of him so the tracker couldn't tell how many of us there were in the party. At successive windfalls, another man crawled away until there was only the major and myself left. The major headed for a hill, covered with boulders. He and I stepped from one to another of the rocks, doubled back, and met the rest of the team under the fig tree.

Still skeptical, I offered to stand every man in the team a free drink if Monty ever found us. That little gesture cost me exactly six bottles of beer. We sat down under a tree to wait.

After awhile we heard low whistles in the bush around us. It was Monty and his team coming up. They wanted to be sure that they'd found us and not stumbled on the trail of a gang by mistake. The major answered. When the other team joined us, they rested awhile and set out to lay a trail for us.

We played this game of tracking each other for the rest of the day and for most of the next two weeks. Sometimes the major had the school track carriers and once we came on the remains of a settler's sheep that a band of raiders had killed and eaten. The carcass had been buried and dead leaves scattered over the ashes of the campfire. The trail was far too old to make it possible to catch up with the raiders, but the major had the school follow it for several miles as practice.

I only saw the teams fail once. Monty had gone off with his team in bush country and they put up three bushbuck from the tall grass. On the hard ground, the imprints of the antelopes' hooves did not show and the animals left a trail through the grass exactly like a group of humans. Monty promptly took his team up to the bucks' trail and then had them jump off the trail sideways onto some hard ground and scatter. Both the native tracker and Major Elliott were fooled by this trick. They followed the track of the antelope and by the time they discovered their mistake, they were so far away that they couldn't find where Monty's team had left the trail. Monty finally had to track us down to find us. He and his team came up with very self-satisfied grins on their faces; Monty especially having a smirk no sergeant should use

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3. Unusual bleeding or discharge
4. Any change in a wart or mole
5. Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing
6. Persistent hoarseness or cough
7. Any change in normal bowel habits

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in the presence of his superior officer. Major Elliott glared at him. "Monty, you have foxed the expert," he said severely. "Too bad, sir," said Monty politely.

A whole gang is virtually never captured. As soon as there is an attack, the gang scatters, like beads when the string is broken, and vanishes in the bush. The patrols are seldom large enough to surround a gang so most of the members get away. The main purpose of the patrols is to keep the Mau Mau constantly on edge so they never know when they may be followed by a group of highly efficient avengers after a raid. The tracking patrols have proven so effective that now the gangs seldom raid in wet weather, when tracking is comparatively easy, and confine most of their activities to the dry season.

It is possible to identify a whole gang by their foot-prints almost as accurately as from their fingerprints. A young officer at the school who had served in Burma told me that he spent some weeks following a gang of Communist raiders until, as he put it, "I knew those tracks as well as I know the reflection of my own face in the shaving mirror." The gang got away, but several months later, while tracking a different group, the officer recognized the footprints of one of the men. "He had a habit of walking with one foot turned in," he explained. When the patrol caught this gang, the officer confronted the man with a detailed description of raids he had been on six months before. The man was so astonished that he promptly confessed.

"Tracking in this country is completely different from the Burma jungles," the officer told me. "In fact, I think that I'd do better over here if I hadn't any Burma experience. I'm continually misreading signs. For example, in the jungles if a barefooted man walks through mud, the mud forms tiny balls between his toes and for the next quarter mile or so, these mud balls keep dropping out and you can trail him by watching for them. In this country, the mud is of a different consistency and doesn't ball up with a man, but it does ball up with certain kinds of antelope. Several times I've followed mud balls, thinking I was after a man, and all the while I was after some ruddy antelope."

This great emphasis on "drift," trying to guess what the quarry is likely to do and looking far ahead for likely bits of good tracking ground, is typical of desert tracking. I once read a book by a Colonel Selby, a cavalry officer who fought the Apaches in the 70's. The colonel used loyal Apache trackers whom he describes as "human bloodhounds." Unfortunately, the colonel didn't give a detailed account of how these men worked, but he does say that before starting out, the Apache scouts would go through a ceremony designed to place them in mental accord with the fugitive. While in this state, they could supposedly tell by a sort of mental telepathy what the fugitive would do. Of course, they also watched for the man's tracks but this semi-religious rite supposedly enabled them to guess where the man would go and they only used the tracks to check their telepathic knowledge. This isn't quite as crazy as it sounds. An Indian could probably guess fairly well what another Indian would do and, if he guessed right, save a lot of time. Colonel Selby remarked that once a white child wandered away from the camp and was lost. The scouts had a hard time tracking her. They explained that it was impossible for them to become in mental accord with a white child, another way of saying that the child was wandering about aimlessly and there was no way of guessing what she might do next. They were forced to follow her from track to track and couldn't anticipate her actions.

Naturally, the scouts were often wrong in their guesswork, especially if the fugitive knew that he was being followed

"Just one more little spot!"

and would suddenly turn off at an angle over hard ground. However, the scouts argued that a man who keeps doubling back on his trail and trying other such tricks wastes so much time that he defeats his own purpose.

In forests, trying to guess the drift of a trail is much harder than in open desert or prairie, but it still plays an important part. I was once after bear in Vermont with Bill Green, an experienced hunter who has a famous pack of hounds. However, when the hounds were at fault, Bill would occasionally track the bear himself. Bill is a deputy marshal and has several times tracked down criminals, although for this work he generally used a trained bloodhound. I asked Bill if it was easier to track a bear than a human.

"A human is much easier," he told me. "It's a lot simplier to think like a human than like a bear." Although Bill was following tracks, he was still trying to think like his quarry and reason what it would do. Bill told me that there were several little psychological quirks a tracker learns to depend upon. For example, if a man tries to "kill" his trail by wading in a stream, he almost invariably comes out of the stream on the same side he went in. There seems to be no reason for this, but it is a fact.

There is no doubt that if a man perfectly understands the nature of his quarry, he can perform what seems to be miracles of tracking although what he is actually doing is working on a series of calculated guesses rather than following signs. While I was in Cairo, I talked to an Arab officer in the French army who was amused and contemptuous at the idea of a "tracking school." "Trackers are born, not made," he told me. He had been with a desert patrol tracking down gunrunners. He had a Bedouin tracker with his unit, but, so he claimed, he could no more describe how the man worked than he could describe what made a great pianist. Still, he did mention a few of the man's techniques.

"When we came on tracks, our first problem was to tell whether they belonged to an ordinary *fellah* (peasant) or to a gun smuggler," he explained. "If the tracks had been made at night, it was probably a gunrunner. Our tracker could tell if the man had been traveling at night because the tracks were not straight and often led over rough ground and through stones and bushes which a man in daylight would have avoided. Then, too, the man would often stumble. If the tracks had been made during the day and the man had been running, it was very suspicious. No one runs on the desert under that sun. On the desert, it is very hard to age tracks correctly, but in some sections there is often a heavy dew just before dawn. You can tell if the tracks were made before or after the dew formed. If a man walks on dew-soaked ground, the sand tends to clot more readily. But during the day, only an expert tracker can age tracks correctly. If there is a breeze, tracks sheltered by a dune looked fresher than tracks in the open that are partly filled by drifting sand. (If you can find dung, that's your best bet. You can age dung within an hour or so.) The best time is after a heavy rain. The rain washes out the old tracks so you know that any you see must be fresh."

From what this officer told me, I have no doubt that the Bedouin was guided more by his desert lore and knowledge of the gunrunner's habits than he was by intuition. For instance, if he once established the general direction of the tracks, he knew the fugitive was headed for an oasis. And he could easily establish any of the points of the compass, since he knew the desert wind invariably blows from the southwest.

Further appreciation of the uncanny ability of the Bedouin to track a man across the vast stretches of desert comes from Yeheskel Sahar, inspector general of the Israel police. Sahar has become familiar with the ability of these crafts-

men over the years of the sporadic border clashes between the Jews and the Arabs.

"The Bedouin," says Sahar, "can read a track like we read neatly-inked fingerprints. To them each print is slightly different even though they seem the same to anyone else. They can distinguish between the prints of equal-sized men wearing the same shoes. And they never seem to be stumped. When a trail seems to have gone completely cold they always turn up a blade of grass that is bent slightly, or a pebble that reads 'recently overturned' because of the tiny earth specks clinging to it."

And as the Bedouin tracks a man as did his forefathers, so does he observe the ancient superstitions. Many a job of tracking has been stopped dead by the tracker who has witnessed a woman carrying an empty jug across his path. And the same goes for an unloaded caravan. The reason is obvious, since the Arabs have a great fear of infertility.

The Bedouin comes by his miraculous eyesight through constant scanning of horizons for enemies, water or caravans which they can loot. The knowledge of tracking a man in the desert has been passed down from father to son for centuries.

As keen as a man may be in tracking, he still lacks the animal's sense of smell, and the Israeli desert police keep a good number of trained hounds on hand to aid in tracking when ordinary means fail.

"Unfortunately," explains Inspector Sahar, "bloodhounds are too sensitive an animal to survive long in the rocky terrain and the intense heat of the desert. Cross-breeding is the answer. We cross bloodhound bitches with German shepherds. We hope for the pups to have their mother's head and their father's tough body. The cross is ideal for desert purposes."

While I was in Nanyuki with the school, I had the good luck to meet Major John Randall, of the Kenya Police Reserves, who was largely responsible for one of the finest pieces of tracking in the history of Kenya. In February 1953, the Ngarendare Police Post was attacked at 8 o'clock one evening by a gang of twenty-one Mau Mau. The post was an isolated stockade and the garrison consisted of five *askaris*. Two of the men had their wives with them. The Mau Mau managed to force the gate and killed three of the *askaris*. The other two escaped. The raiders then loaded the two women with loot from the post and drove them away into the bush.

Major Randall was a member of the patrol sent out to track the gang down. He is a big, softspoken man, a settler who is also a keen sportsman and an experienced bushcraftsman. He was reluctant to talk about the patrol, insisting that his Turkana tracker did all the work. However, he finally warmed to his story.

"We saw the smoke of the burning post at dawn the next morning and got cracking," he explained. "We had tracking dogs, but it was so hot across the bush country the dogs couldn't hold the scent and besides the tracks were plain enough, so I sent the dogs back and trusted to my tracker. A first rate chap, by the way. None finer. The gang seemed to be headed for the Northern Frontier District (a wild, inhospitable area in northern Kenya). The first day was easy due to sandy soil that showed up the tracks like a sign post. We did thirty miles that day. The next day, we came to a dirt road and found that the group we were following had evidently met another gang who walked across the road to meet them. They had joined forces and proceeded down the road, walking in the hard dirt on the side to keep from leaving tracks. But one man had been careless and occasionally stepped in soft dust so we could follow them. They'd gone about four miles and then taken to a stream. Here we lost the tracks completely.

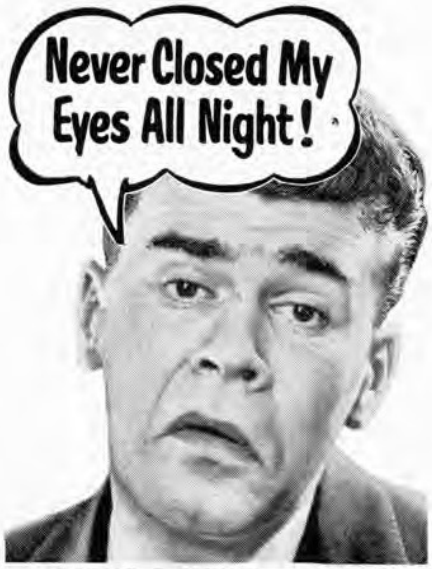
"My tracker admitted he was beaten. We decided to give up. On the way back, the tracker suddenly said, 'Bwana, it's strange one man kept stepping in the road like that. These men are too smart to make such a stupid mistake. Let's try again.' Back we went to where the two gangs had met in the road. The tracker checked the marks and then said, 'This isn't a new group. The men we've been following walked backwards across the road to fool us. See where they've kicked up a little dust behind the heel. A man walking forward kicks up dust from before his toes.' We cross the road but the ground was so hard on the other side that we lost the tracks. But by cutting a big circle, we finally picked them up again. A few miles farther on, we came on the tracks of three men, coming from the direction of the stream to join the rest.

"The whole affair was clear now. When the gang had reached the road, they'd sent three of their best men down the road in the direction of the stream, one man making an occasional slip so we'd see the marks. The rest had walked backward across the road, crossed the hard earth, and then gone on in a different direction. The three men had waded downstream, climbed out over stones so as not to leave a trace, and rejoined the main group. Twenty-one men couldn't have done it without leaving signs, especially as they had the women they'd captured at the post. But three crack bushcraftsmen could.

"The gang now doubled back toward the police post. We followed them, going parallel to the way we'd come up. From time to time, small groups would peel off the main body and make false trails, so we didn't know which group to follow. While following one of these false trails, we passed right by the gang's camp. Neither of us knew it at the time. That night, while we were sleeping, the gang started moving again and walked within thirty feet of our camp. When we got up the next morning, we found the fresh tracks within a stone's throw.

"We caught up with them at 5 that afternoon. They had a sentry out, but we shot him and rushed the camp. We got three. The rest escaped. The women were very glad to see us, I assure you. The gang had been amusing themselves debating how to torture them to death after they'd finished with them."

—Daniel P. Mannix



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The Case of the Headless Lady

[*Continued from page 27*]

It was Monday afternoon when Inspector Faurot officially received the case—three days after the first piece of the lady had turned up and, judging from medical opinion, five days after the murder had been committed. The victim, he noticed, had a birthmark—a series of dots in the form of the letter "L"—on her left shoulder. Faurot checked missing-persons intelligence at headquarters and drew a blank. *This* murderer, he decided, had probably put the parts of his victim in a suitcase and made one or more night trips by ferry from a slip near Grant's Tomb to the Jersey side, tossing the pieces overboard as he stood at the stern. So Faurot assigned men to question ferry employes. Then he stormed into Sachs' drygoods and second-hand furniture emporium in upper Manhattan.

"Look, Sachs," said Faurot, an impatient man, "you bought twelve of these pillow slips three months ago. How many have you sold?"

Sachs counted his stock. He had ten of the slips on hand; that meant he had sold two. "All right," pressed Faurot, "who to?"

Sachs recalled that he had, two months previously, sold one of the slips to a hausfrau who lived in the neighborhood. Faurot turned to the sleuth who was with him. "Go see that woman," he instructed the man, "and find out if she's still got that slip." Now the big inspector asked Sachs who had bought the second slip. Sachs couldn't recall.

Faurot was still trying to open up Sachs' memory when the detective returned. The hausfrau still had the pillow slip. "That narrows it," said Faurot. "When we find who bought that other slip we'll be getting somewhere."

The inspector was sweating it out in his office down in police headquarters on Centre Street as dusk was deepening that evening when the phone rang. Some more of the lady had turned up—a piece of the right leg, but with the foot missing. *This* portion had been washed to the Jersey shore some twenty miles downstream from where the two pieces of the torso had appeared.

It was on Tuesday morning that one of Faurot's men emerged with a somewhat blurry description—but still a description—of a flashily dressed and suspicious-looking character who had, two nights before the first piece of body turned up, been observed throwing "things" into the Hudson while standing on the stern of a Fort Lee ferry.

The man had carried a suitcase. He had been of slight stature and had worn a flashy light-checked suit.

One morning, a couple of weeks after the murder, Faurot arrived for his daily visit to Sachs' store and found the man hopping with excitement. Sachs had been going through his records. "Maybe," Sachs told the inspector, "I know who got that pillow slip."

"Who?"

"A man by the name of Hans Schmidt."

"Where's he live?"

"Not far from here. On Bradhurst Avenue." Sachs was looking at a sales slip. "Number 68 Bradhurst Avenue," he went on. "Apartment H-4. I delivered his order myself. Only about three weeks ago."

Faurot snatched the sales slip from Sachs' hand. The slip listed a double bedstead, a mattress, a pillow and some sheets. "This doesn't show that the man bought a pillow slip," Faurot snapped. "Maybe not," said Sachs. "But if Schmidt bought everything else, even a pillow, the chances are he got a pillow slip, too."

"Well, why wouldn't you have marked it down?"

"I might of thrown it in free because he bought all that other stuff."

The superintendent of the tenement building on Bradhurst Avenue could tell Faurot little about Hans Schmidt. Schmidt, a lean, smallish stranger in his early 30's, had popped up late in August and rented a four-room flat for a month. The superintendent had not laid eyes on Schmidt after he had moved some furniture in.

"How was this man Schmidt dressed?" Faurot wanted to know.

Schmidt had been wearing a loud checked suit. That blended with the picture of the man who had thrown things off the stern of the ferry. "Did he wear glasses or have a mustache or anything?" Faurot wanted to know. Schmidt had been clean shaven and had not worn glasses.

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The door of Schmidt's flat was locked. Faurot, never a man to stand on formality, shouldered his way in. The flat seemed to be in good order. The articles of furniture that Sachs had sold Schmidt were still there. But the bed was stripped of its sheets and pillow case.

It was when he went into the bathroom that Faurot found what he knew had to be there. Bloodstains. Schmidt had cut the lady up in the bathtub. He had tried to wash away all traces of his handiwork but hadn't been quite successful.

There Faurot was, then, at the scene of the crime. What to do next? Well, for one thing, he would find out whether there were any fingerprints in that flat.

Faurot was a deeply religious man. He believed that Providence often stepped in and helped out mortals like him when they were striving to see that justice was done. Mr. Schmidt, whoever he was, had been clever enough to clean out the bureau drawers and otherwise strip that little flat of anything that might lead to the core of the riddle. Or *had* he? That, Faurot told himself, was where Providence came in. Providence had made Schmidt slip up somewhere along the way. There had to be something there that Schmidt had overlooked.

So Faurot gave the place another toss. This time he didn't just look into the bureau drawers—he pulled them out. And that was how he came upon a photograph and an envelope that had fallen into a space behind one of the drawers.

The photograph was that of an attractive blonde girl of about 25. Faurot felt again that she might be German. And then, looking at the envelope, which was empty, he saw that it had been postmarked in Germany and addressed to: Fraulein Anna Aumuller, St. Boniface Rectory, 882 Second Avenue, New York City.

Anna Aumuller. A. A. And another letter "A"—the one on the pillow case.

It was nearing 10 o'clock that night when Inspector Faurot and a couple of his men pulled at the bell of the rectory adjacent to the St. Boniface Roman Catholic Church. The Reverend John Braun answered the ring. "Very sorry to bother you at this hour, Father," Faurot apologized. "But I wonder if you know a girl by the name of Anna Aumuller."

"Yes, yes," said Father Braun, the quiet, elderly rector of the church. "Do come inside, gentlemen." Faurot handed Father Braun the picture he had found in the bureau. "Is that her?"

Father Braun nodded. "Has something happened?"

"We're afraid so, Father." But first Faurot wanted to know everything Father Braun knew about Anna Aumuller. Father Braun didn't know very much. The girl had arrived in this country three years before and obtained employment in the rectory as a housemaid. She had been a good worker and deeply religious.

When had Father Braun last seen Anna? More than two weeks previously. "Where did she go, Father? Do you know?" Father Braun didn't know. Anna had quit her job without explanation and just gone away.

"Father," Faurot was saying, "did Anna Aumuller ever have any gentlemen friends?" No.

"We are interested in finding out about a man by the name of Hans Schmidt."

"What was that you said, Inspector?"

"We are looking for somebody by the name of Hans Schmidt. Did you ever hear of such a man?"

Father Braun, who had been standing, sat down. "But of course," he said. "Hans Schmidt is a man of the cloth. Father Hans Schmidt. He was my assistant rector until he was transferred to another parish two months ago. What about Father Schmidt?"

"Nothing, Father. Nothing at all. It seems that there has been a mistake of some kind."

"What kind of a mistake, Inspector?"

"Anna Aumuller has been murdered, Father," said Faurot. "That was Anna Aumuller's body that was cut up and thrown into the Hudson River. We believe a man going under the name of

Hans Schmidt is the man who murdered her."

It was after midnight when Inspector Faurot and his two men aroused the Reverend Hans Schmidt from his bed in the rectory of the Church of St. Joseph of the Holy Family in upper Manhattan. "Something must be terribly wrong for you gentlemen to come here at this hour," said Father Schmidt, a frail-looking man with large dark eyes behind rimless nose-clip glasses. "Please come in."

"Father, do you know a girl by the name of Anna Aumuller?"

"Anna? Why yes. Very well. She is the housemaid at St. Boniface."

"It seems that somebody has been using your name, Father. Somebody has been going around with Anna Aumuller and using your name. Do you have any idea who it is?"

There was, he said, a delivery boy who had come around the St. Boniface Rectory and who had been sweet on Anna. Who was the delivery boy? Father Schmidt couldn't be very helpful. He had got the story second-hand. "Well, who *told* you about the delivery boy, Father?" Father Schmidt couldn't seem to recall that, either.

Faurot sat there looking at Father Schmidt and the two detectives stood there looking at Faurot. The silence in the room was louder than words. "Father," Faurot said, "it occurs to me that you haven't inquired as to why we are here."

"No, I haven't, have I? Just why *are* you here, Inspector?"

"Anna Aumuller has been murdered."

Father Schmidt didn't speak. He just sat there looking first at Faurot, then at the two other detectives. Faurot asked Father Schmidt if he would mind accompanying him down to headquarters.

While Father Schmidt went off to get dressed, Faurot instructed his two men to go and get Sachs, the dry-goods man, and the superintendent of the building where the killer had rented the flat, and rush them down to headquarters. Then he began to prowl the rectory. In Father Schmidt's study he came upon a pile of newspapers—copies of the *New York Times*. The issue of September 3—the date of the issue in which part of the remains turned up—was missing.

An hour later the dry-goods man stood at a crack in a door at headquarters, peering in at Father Schmidt. Then he turned and said to Inspector Faurot, "That's him." A little while later, the superintendent of the building on Bradhurst Avenue looked through the same crack in the same door at the same man and uttered the same words.

Under the pretext that he would be needed to assist in the identification of a suspect about to be placed under arrest, Father Schmidt was kept at headquarters. Faurot and his men returned to the rectory of Father Schmidt's church and dusted the corners. They found a pair of lady's panties bearing the embroidered letter "A"—a letter that by now had really assumed scarlet proportions. A maid who had worked at the St. Boniface Rectory when both Anna Aumuller and Father Schmidt were there made a positive identification of the Hudson River remains through the L-shaped birthmark.

If things were breaking Faurot's way in some respects they were going against him in another. He was unable to turn up a single fingerprint in the murder flat. Why? Because Father Schmidt must have wiped the place clean of fingerprints.

Faurot, the sly one, decided to put disadvantage to work. He took Father Schmidt into his office and sat looking at the cleric across his big desk.

"The man using your name knew a lot about fingerprints, Father. He wiped that flat clean. Except in one place. He forgot just one little spot on the bathtub." Father Schmidt just sat there with no expression at all on his face. The man's lips were large and sensual. "Just one little spot, Father," Faurot went on, lying with such feeling that he sounded like a truthful man, "and so we got the murderer's prints after all."

"Then you'll be sure of who the murderer is when you arrest him," said Father Schmidt.

"We already have him in custody, Father. He looks a little different now than when he rented that flat in the Bronx. He wasn't wearing his eyeglasses then because he knew that if we ever found that flat we'd want a description of the man who rented it. And of course he was wearing a different suit when he rented the flat—a checked suit."

"Who is the man, Inspector?"

"Take a look in the mirror over there, Father."

Schmidt didn't move. He simply lowered his eyes.

Faurot kept talking. He told Father Schmidt about the missing newspaper in his study. He told him that the delivery boy Schmidt had mentioned was fictitious. He told him that he had been pretty clever not wearing his eyeglasses when he rented the murder flat, and wearing a suit at the opposite end of the color spectrum from clerical garb. But Schmidt had not been clever enough.

Inspector Faurot stopped talking and sat studying Schmidt's face. There seemed, now, something indescribably evil about it. "Do you know something, Schmidt?" Faurot went on. "I don't think you're a priest at all. I think you're a *fake* priest. I think you've just been *posing* as a priest to cover up your crimes. I don't know what all your crimes have been, but you can bet we're going to find out."

That pulled the cork. Hans Schmidt poured out to Inspector Faurot one of the most remarkable confessions in the history of modern crime. A native of Bavaria, Germany, he had come of peasant stock but, from boyhood, had always had a strong appetite for two things—money and girls. He worked at various jobs until he grew to maturity and then, for some reason he himself was never able to explain, was drawn to the priesthood.

A natural-born liar and a fellow with a compelling personality, Schmidt succeeded in convincing church authorities that he would make an ideal servant of God, and when he was in his early 20's, he was ordained a priest. Within two

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years, however, Hans short-circuited some collection money, was found out, and quickly unfrocked—banished forever from the Catholic Church.

But did that stop him? It did not. He committed a robbery to get passage money to the United States, and landed in Trenton, N. J., in 1909 at the age of 28. There, with an imposing set of foreign credentials, forged by himself, he found a berth in a large church. But in Trenton, Hans soon drew attention to himself by changing from clerical garb into street attire and propositioning girls at busy intersections. And so he was banished by the authorities of the New Jersey Diocese and left the state under a cloud.

Undaunted, and perhaps to divert suspicion from himself, Schmidt sought another berth as a priest in New York City. Thus, with a second set of forged foreign credentials he was taken on as an assistant pastor by Father Braun at Saint Boniface.

While at Saint Boniface, Schmidt, a pious man while his superior looked on, carried on as a wolf in clerical garb. The moment he laid eyes on Anna Aumuller he planned to seduce her. He began to meet her outside the church two and three times a week. Under an alias, he kept a room around the corner from the church. It was there that he seduced Anna.

Anna seems to have been none too bright. The affair had been in progress for some time before it occurred to the girl that what she was doing was somehow not right, even though Father Schmidt assured her it was God's will. She insisted that they be married. "So to make the girl happy," Schmidt told Inspector Faurot, "I bought a business suit and took Anna down to City Hall and got a marriage license. I used my real name. New York is a big city and one need not fear being recognized. Then I performed the wedding ceremony myself and Anna, thinking everything was perfectly legal, although perhaps a little irregular, was very happy."

But Anna's happiness was short-lived. She found herself with child. To Schmidt that was no problem. The little monster had long before had cards printed proclaiming himself Dr. Emil Mollierre of the Municipal Women's Hospital in Paris, and was earning money with which to carry on affairs with several women by going around town performing abortions at fancy fees. When, then, he informed Anna that he was a specialist in abortion, he thought that's all there would be to it.

But that's where Schmidt was dead wrong. Suddenly Anna remembered all her religious teachings. The girl was enamored of Schmidt, but she refused to let him perform an abortion. Not only that, she threatened to expose him if he didn't do the right thing—whatever, precisely, the mixed-up girl thought the right thing was.

Hans Schmidt was in a spot. Moreover, conceited fiend that he was, he was enraged that a girl should threaten him. So, promising to abandon the priesthood and marry the girl, Schmidt laid plans to murder her. He went out and bought a loud suit, the better to disguise himself, rented the apartment and furnished it. Then took Anna to it.

Schmidt needed a large knife and a meat saw for what he had in mind. He made a trip way downtown to buy the knife and the saw in—of all places—a hardware store on Centre Street, practically next door to Police Headquarters.

Hans Schmidt seems to have had a lot of the nut in him. "I felt sorry for Anna," he said to Faurot. "She was so pure, so simple, so beautiful. I knew she would make the ideal sacrifice. So I cut her throat as she lay sleeping. It was a merciful end. And then, because Anna was a true sacrifice, I drank some of her blood."

One thing had to be said for Hans Schmidt. He put on a good show at his trial—such a good exhibition of real or simulated goofiness that two of the jurors stood pat for acquittal on the grounds that the man was an authentic nut and should go to a booby hatch instead of the hot seat. But at Schmidt's second trial the twelve jurors voted the straight electric-chair ticket and Inspector Joseph A. Farout, now that he was done with one headache, was free to develop another.—**West F. Peterson**

The Incredible Saga of the S-5

[*Continued from page* 21]

thrown in the sponge. "Pay off the crew," he told the protesting Johnson, "and get a tug to take her up the river." He thus abandoned the *Alanthus* to the ghost fleet of the surplus merchant ships tied up to rust in the James River.

No Saba captain gives up a ship so easily. "I'll charter her myself," Johnson countered. Determinedly he made the rounds of the Norfolk brokerage offices. He would trod the bridge of his little ship once more, he vowed, before he lost her. Finally he picked up a cargo of coal for Boston. But no sooner had he arrived in that port than Donnelly, the cook, had demanded another pay raise for the deck crew.

Now he paced the floor of his cabin racking his brain for a way to get the *Alanthus* back to Norfolk. His black gang was still intact but he could not sail without a deck crew. Yet he had to get out of Boston before the demurrage charges started to pile up again. He had spent a fruitless afternoon scouring Boston for another deck crew. Now, too restless to remain aboard, he went ashore again and wandered into a waterfront speakeasy. As he stepped through the door arms were flung about his neck and he was almost dragged to the floor.

"You saved my life," shouted a beery voice. It belonged to a boatswain's mate in whose favor Johnson had interceded in a Brooklyn brawl two years before. Embarrassed, Johnson freed himself and allowed the bosun and his companion, an equally inebriated sailor, to buy him a drink. Then, thinking fast, he ordered a double round for both of them.

"I need a bosun," he said, after the pair had emptied their glasses. "Will you ship with me to Norfolk?"

"I sure will," was the enthusiastic reply, "and so will my shipmate."

Hastily Johnson herded the staggering pair into a taxi. The *Alanthus* ordinarily carried a deck crew of eight. Two, he had decided, would be enough to get her to Norfolk. Once aboard, he roused the Engine Room and ordered them to get up steam at once before his "shanghai'd crew" could sober up and change their minds. But before they had cleared the harbor the mate was hammering on his cabin door. "You've sailed without Sparks," he cried, referring to the radio operator.

"God Almighty!" cried Johnson distractedly. "Where is he?"

"He went ashore to buy a present for his girl. Shall I turn back for him?"

"Damnation to the fool and his girl," stormed Johnson. "I'm bound for Norfolk. Radio or no radio, I'm out to sea."

With her skeleton crew the "Darling and Demurrage" steamed south toward her appointment with the James River's maritime boneyard.

The *S-5*, meanwhile, proceeded leisurely down the Atlantic coast, keeping well out to sea to stay clear of coastal shipping lanes and running through a series of training maneuvers.

By Wednesday noon the *S-5* was about fifty miles off the coast of Delaware.

On the bridge, Commander Cooke conned his ship: course southwest; speed nine knots. Cold spray broke over the low-lying tapering gray hull. The weather had turned cloudy and a choppy sea was running. All the hatches were dogged down tight except the single conning tower hatch leading to the control room. Just behind the conning tower was a big open valve, the main induction valve, through which the *S-5's* diesels were gulping air.

Ensign Longstaffe, bundled up in heavy clothing, squeezed himself into a corner of the tiny bridge, endeavoring to keep out of the way and observe closely how the submarine was handled. Commander Cooke occasionally favored him with a slow smile. The young skipper was pleased with his new vessel's performance. They had made several speed runs, a five-hour submerged run and then returned to the surface to re-charge batteries and air flasks. Now they were ready for their final maneuver before setting a course for Baltimore.

"Stand by for crash dive," Cooke ordered.

Inside the submarine, diving klaxons noisily blasted the alarm. Sailors raced to their stations. Dozens of hands flew to ballast wheels and flood valves. In the after compartments machinists and electricians shut down the diesel engines and threw the switches for the electric motors which propelled the submarine beneath the surface.

"Take her down!"

Lookouts posted in the rigging of the

conning tower slid swiftly down steel poles and dropped through the hatch. Ensign Longstaffe followed them, painfully skinning his shins as usual. Commander Cooke dodged after him and yanked down the hatch cover. Sea water rushed into the *S-5's* flooding tanks. With her elevating rudders set at a slight diving angle, the submarine sank beneath the surface in a sudden turbulance of hissing bubbles and eddies of splashing foam.

As Cooke slid down the ladder he felt the sub lurch suddenly into what seemed to be an abnormally sharp diving angle. He listened for the sharp thump that would tell him his control-room chief had shut the main induction valve. Instead, from the control room below came an outburst of startled cries and the spine-chilling roar of rushing water. Letting go the ladder, Cooke dropped down to find his control-room force trying frantically to stem a torrent of icy salt water that was spraying from the ventilation duct. A frightened sailor's face appeared in the door of the Battery Room.

"Torpedo Room's flooding," he yelled.

"Rudder at hard rise!" shouted Cooke, passing the order which would return the submarine to the surface.

At the crew's mess table in the Battery Compartment, Joseph Youkers, a young torpedoman, had just come off watch and was munching a roast beef sandwich. Nearby, Gunner's Mate John Love was reading a magazine and drinking coffee. They too heard the sudden roar of water and cries from the Torpedo Room. Vaulting a mess table they dashed forward to find the Torpedo Room the scene of a desperate struggle. A solid 6-inch stream of water was spurting from an overhead valve, operated from a position atop a tier of grease-covered torpedoes. The chief torpedoman and two sailors fighting to close it had been swept from the slippery "fish" by the inrushing water. Already it was swirling knee-deep in the Torpedo Room and commencing to splash over the high sill into the Battery Compartment. Youkers and Love sprang to assist the chief but he shoved them back.

"Never mind," he shouted. "It's too late. Secure the compartment!"

Floundering through the rising water, the men stumbled into the Battery Room and slammed shut the water-tight door. As Youkers and Love tightened the "Dogs" they saw the water rush past the glass eye-port four feet off the deck.

In the Control Room they could hear Commander Cooke rapidly barking orders to try to bring the submarine back to the surface. But she was not responding. Inclined at a steep angle, she shot toward the bottom. Youkers found himself clawing his way aft through a Niagara of falling mess tables, mattresses and dishes from the galley.

"They can't hold her," screamed a seaman. "She's going all the way!"

Down . . . down . . . down . . .

Through Youkers' mind flashed the question, "My God, how deep is the water?" The *S-5*, he knew, had a diving limit of a few hundred feet. After that the tremendous sea pressure would crumple her strong steel hull like a large sledge hammer hitting a tin can.

With an impact that hurled the crew against the bulkheads, the *S-5* struck bottom, bounced ponderously thirty or forty feet and slowly settled again nose-down in the soft clinging mud. Ensign Longstaffe, dazed and shaken by the sudden descent, clung to the conning tower ladder and watched Cooke rally his crew. Among this highly disciplined company there was no panic. Sailors scrambled back up the slanting decks to their stations.

Commander Cooke quickly ascertained what had happened: Chief-of-the-Boat "Bubbles" Fox, veteran submarine chief petty officer, had been closing the main induction valve when his attention had momentarily been diverted by a sailor in trouble with a jammed ballast lever. In that instant the sea had poured in with such pressure that Fox could not get the valve shut. The *S-5's* ventilation system, running the length of the boat, had suddenly been converted into a giant water main. Tons of sea water had poured into all compartments, but because of the diving angle of the boat had rushed forward to flood the Torpedo Room. The momentum of its dive had then carried the bow-heavy submarine straight to the bottom. According to the big dials of the depth gauges she lay in 170 feet of water.

How serious was their predicament? Quick closing of flapper valves and sealing off the Torpedo Room had stopped further flooding. The air gauges were steady with plenty of pressure. The electric motors were still functioning. Lights were burning brightly. There was no evidence of further damage.

Commander Cooke returned to the Control Room after a thorough inspection of the boat. His manner was still natural and deliberate. "Reckon her nose is pretty well into the mud," he observed. "Let's get to work to pull her out."

"Blow Number One Ballast!"

A sailor yanked a valve handle. There was a muffled roar as compressed air rushed through the air lines.

"Ready on both engines . . . All astern, one third."

"Blow Number Two Ballast . . . Blow Forward Trim . . ."

Commander Cooke was trying every trick in the submariner's book to wrench the *S-5* free from the clutch of the mud. The Control Room men waited tensely, eyeing the dials of the instrument panel. Nothing happened.

"Bleed air into Torpedo Room . . . Blow Number Five Ballast . . . Give her a five-minute blow."

Tension mounted as more than an hour passed while Cooke proceeded deliberately from one emergency maneuver to another. Pumps ground away as fuel oil was forced out into the sea to lighten ship. Bubbling to the surface it would also form a huge oil slick that might attract some passing vessel's attention to their desperate struggle.

"Savvy" Cooke studied his instruments and pondered the next move. His air reserves were running low. There was not enough left in the tanks for many more maneuvers.

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"Mr. Grisham, could you come forward a moment, please?"

"Yes, Captain." Grisham slid down the slanting deck plates and dropped into the Control Room.

Cooke nodded in the direction of the dropping air gauges. "We've blown out a lot of air," he remarked quietly. "I think it's time we made a maximum effort."

Grisham nodded grimly. "Yes, sir. I understand." He clambered back up to the Engine Room. "All ready, Captain," he called.

"Blow all tanks," Cooke ordered. "All motors back . . . Emergency speed . . . Make maximum power."

In Grisham's Motor Room, electrician's mates slammed in clutches and steadily increased rheostat settings despite the sheets of blue flame and showers of crackling sparks from the water-grounded connections. Deck plates vibrated noisily as the *S-5's* furiously churning screws bit into the water. "Pour it on!" Grisham's voice rose above the high-pitched whine of the motors. "Give it to 'em!"

Suddenly the *S-5* shuddered from stem to stern and began to rise. A wild cheer resounded through her compartments, "Here we go!"

But even before the first exultant shouts died away, the men slipped and grabbed for new handholds. The *S-5* was moving but not according to plan.

With the bow still embedded in the mud, the lightened stern had begun to lift. Up it shot moving faster and faster like a skyscraper's express elevator until the submarine was practically standing on its nose. With a thundering roar an avalanche of tools, boxes, bedding, bilge water, books, buckets and clothing rained down through the boat. Sailors, clawing wildly for handholds, were tumbled from compartment to compartment. Then, abruptly, the stern's upward movement ceased. The thunder of the avalanche died away to hollow, metallic echoes and splashes of tools caroming into the gurgling bilges.

Ensign Longstaffe who had dodged up the ladder to the periscope deck to escape the falling debris, dropped back down again to find the up-ended Control Room a mass of sailors struggling to free themselves from the wreckage. Some of the men had hung on at their stations and were dangling from valve levers and wheels. Commander Cooke, hurled to the bottom of the compartment, climbed back up to the control panel.

"Mr. Grisham?"

The door to the Engine Room had slammed shut, but the voice tube was still working. In a moment Grisham's voice replied, "Yes, Captain."

"Are you all right aft?"

"All right, sir. Some of the men are a bit shaken up, but . . ."

Suddenly, from the Battery Room, came an outburst of coughing and choking.

"Gas!" cried out a despairing voice.

All hands stiffened, aghast, as a sharp acrid odor invaded the Control Room. Owing to the steep angle of the boat, acid was pouring from the huge battery jars and mingling with the salt water sloshing about in the Battery Room. Poisonous chlorine gas was being generated.

"Secure the Battery Compartment," Cooke ordered crisply.

But the Battery Room force could not reach the Control Room doorway. Hastily curtains were torn from the wardroom and lowered down to them. They shinnied up the curtains bringing with them all the drinking water they could carry in the only available container—the galley garbage can.

The Battery Room was sealed off but chlorine gas continued to seep through packing around the cable and pipe conduits. Sailors sneezed and coughed as the gas burned their throats and eyes. The Control Room, nerve center of the sub, would have to be abandoned.

"All hands on that door," ordered Cooke. Sailors swarmed up the sides of the Control Room to the Engine Room door now almost overhead. Seeking footholds on machinery, they strained and heaved. The other side of the door was buried under loose gear and several feet of water. Trying to push it upward was like trying to raise a trap door laden with thousand pound weights but the imprisoned men knew they must open it or perish.

Finally, with Grisham's Engine Room force heaving on the other side, they cracked it open. Dodging the water and gear that cascaded down, they moved aft to the Engine Room and Motor Room, climbing hand over hand up the sides of the up-ended sub. Torpedoman Joe Youkers suddenly remembered he had left his wallet, crammed with a month's pay, tucked in a locker in the abandoned Battery Room but the loss seemed without significance.

Now, crowded into two small compartments, the crew of the *S-5* could scarcely be recognized as the trim sailors of a few hours ago. Officers and men alike were soaked to the skin and blackened with grease and sweat and oily salt water. Many wore makeshift rag bandages wrapped around cuts and bruises. All were gasping in the thin, chlorine-laden air. Commander Cooke sat in what used to be the doorway to the Motor Room dangling his feet and forcing his throbbing senses to concentrate. He gazed at the grease-smeared faces of his crew.

"Can everybody hear me?" he called, adopting a loud, firm tone though the effort cut through his chlorine burned throat like a knife. "This is the captain speaking. We're all together back here now and everyone is all right. We're going to get out of here so don't worry about it. Just stay as quiet as you can until I need you. That gas is a nuisance but you've got to bear it. Don't rub your eyes and don't fall asleep. If the man next to you starts to go to sleep, sock him. Chief Bender, bring a working party up here. We'll go aft and look around. The rest of you stand by with Mr. Grisham."

A working party under Chief Bender including Machinist's Mates Bill White-

"That's poor sportsmanship, Gloria—after all, they did get up and give us their seats."

head and "Rebel" Hudson climbed up hauling a bag of tools after them. Every man aboard understood what Cooke had meant by "look around."

The *S-5* had sunk in 170 feet of water. The submarine's length was 231 feet. The sharp angle which the vessel had assumed must have raised the stern close to the surface. The question was: how close?

Led by Commander Cooke, Chief Bender and his party crawled upward tapping the steel hull with hammers and wrenches. In a corner of the Motor Room there was a crew's toilet. It was a complex mechanism designed to expell its contents into the sea under pressure. It had been a standing joke among the crew that you had to be a master plumber to operate it. Chief Bender thrust his head inside the toilet compartment and manipulated its wheels and levers. There was a gush of air and then a heavy stream of cold salt water.

The working party exchanged grim looks. Only a scant twenty feet of hull remained between them and the stern. Either they would find air in that brief span or be confronted with a hideous fact: the stern of the *S-5* was bobbing just below the surface and they were hopelessly entombed beneath the sea.

Just abaft the Motor Room was a tiny space called the Tiller Room which tapered into the pointed tip of the stern. It was reached by a hinged manhole just large enough for a sailor to squeeze through to oil up the steering gear. Cooke and Bender opened the manhole. In turn they thrust their heads inside the Tiller Room and listened. Their straining ears caught a rhythmic slap and muffled splash.

"Waves?" questioned Bender softly.

"Pass up a drill," Cooke called sharply. He hoisted himself into the Tiller Compartment, braced himself in its cramped space and ground away at the steel hull with a small hand drill. Between his teeth he clenched a whittled wooden plug to jam into the hole if it suddenly emitted a stream of water. Finally the drill broke through. Cautiously Cooke withdrew it.

"Air!" he exclaimed.

Instead of into water the drill had broken through into fresh air.

"Stern's out!" Excitedly the cry echoed down through the other compartments. A hoarse cheer resounded through the *S-5* as men lifted bloodshot eyes and grinned at one another through swollen lips.

Applying his eye to the tiny hole, Cooke saw a dark wedge of heaving ocean dimly illuminated by a waning moon. Night had fallen. There would be no chance to signal passing ships until the next day. If they did succeed in escaping to the outside of the hull which seemed to protrude about 30 feet out of the water, what then? They were 50 miles from land without rafts or life jackets. It would be impossible for the crew to cling to the slippery, wave-splashed stern. But the urgency of escaping from the chlorine fumes overrode all other problems.

"Pass up all hand drills and ratchets. Break out all chisels, hammers and steel saws!"

Feverishly sailors groped and dove in the waist-deep, debris-choked waters at the bottom of the compartments for tools that had been hurled in all directions when the *S-5* stood on her nose. With a shout someone discovered a heavy electric drill boring a three-eighths hole. Hastily it was handed up to the Tiller Compartment and switched on. The man gripping it screamed in agony. The current leaping from the wet drill to his water-soaked clothing and sweat-drenched body had shocked him severely. There was no way to dry off the grounded connections. Grimly the next man grasped the drill. The leaking current knotted his muscles, bound his arms and subjected him to excruciating pain. Supported by his companions, he gritted his teeth and hung on.

When the current weakened the work was continued by hand drill, spurred on by ominous muffled explosions from the Battery Room. Apparently the jars of electrolytic acid were blowing up. At any moment the *S-5* might be plunged into darkness or increasing gas pressure might burst through the water-tight doors.

By dawn a small jagged hole, about 6x5 inches, shaped like a high shoe had been cut through the tough hull. In an attempt to attract the attention of passing vessels, a sailor's torn and grease-stained undershirt was rigged to a brass pole and waved vigorously at two minute intervals, but the morning passed without any response.

Help would have to come soon now. The temperature inside the sub had shot up to a fantastic 135 degrees. Sailors, nearing collapse from nervous strain and lack of oxygen, lay draped over machinery, gasping for air through raw and swollen throats.

"We're going to get out of here, aren't we, Captain?" quavered a white-faced young seaman nearing the breaking point.

Cooke nodded encouragingly. "Just stay awake, Billy, and you'll be all right."

"Ship in sight!" came a hoarse cry from the Tiller Room. Mustering his remaining strength, Cooke scaled the sides of the Motor Room and was hoisted into the Tiller Room.

A small freighter was steaming toward them. Frantically Cooke wagged the undershirt. Below, men made one more desperate search for a means of igniting oily waste to make a signal smoke. Ripping the insulation from live wires, Chief Bender "shorted" them to raise a spark. All he got was severely burned fingers.

"Do they see us, Captain? Are they turning?"

"Can't tell yet," Cooke replied. He yanked the shirt violently. Finally, when the freighter still did not acknowledge it, he began to punish his swollen throat with a series of cries, "Ship Ahoy! Ahoy!"

The freighter came closer. Then abruptly it changed course and passed out of sight.

Cooke dropped exhausted. Below a sailor was sobbing, "They left us. . .

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GORDON FAWCETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of September, 1954.

[SEAL] LILLIAN M. KLEIN
(My commission expires April 1, 1958)

The bastards left us. . . We're never going to get out of here."

"Pipe down," Cooke croaked weakly. "Pipe down. Mr. Grisham?"

The exec's bleary face swam into view.

"Get the men back on the drill," Cooke commanded.

On the *Alanthus*, now 48 hours out of Boston, Captain Johnson sighed heavily as he penciled in his noonday position on the chart: 50 miles east of Cape Henlopen, Delaware. His rendezvous with the James River ghost fleet was less than twelve hours away.

He was hanging disconsolately over the wing of the bridge when he heard the mate remark, "Look at that buoy on the port bow."

"Impossible," snapped Johnson. "We're fifty miles at sea."

The mate shrugged. "Take a look for yourself."

Johnson seized the binoculars. Sure enough, a large, tapering object protruded buoy-like from the sea about six miles away.

The mate yawned. "Probably a hunk of driftwood," he suggested indifferently. "I'll make a note of it in the log."

Johnson snorted. "Mr. Lewis, according to the rule book, all unknown objects are a menace to navigation and should be reported. Change course to 150 degrees. We'll take a look at it."

The helmsman winked at the mate and spun the wheel. The *Alanthus* steadied on a new course steaming directly toward the mysterious buoy. Off-watch members of the black gang gathered at the rail.

"What's the crazy dutchman up to now? Chasing buoys?"

"That ain't no buoy," opined a fireman. "It's a dead whale. The critters blow up with gas and float for days. The stink will be awful."

By 2 p. m. the *Alanthus* was closing in on the peculiar object. Johnson and the mate studied it through their glasses.

"I see something moving," muttered Johnson.

The mate squinted. "Just a seagull, Captain. No. . . No. . . It looks like a small flag." Suddenly the explanation hit him. "My God, it's a submarine. There's somebody inside that thing!"

"Full speed ahead," roared Johnson. "Lookouts to the bow. Keep a sharp eye for men in the water. Mr. Lewis, take a party forward to rig lines. Give me that wheel!"

Yanking the whistle cord he blew a series of sharp blasts, scattering a flock of gulls roosting on the sub's stern.

"Have you gone crazy up there?" shouted an angry voice from the engine room speaking tube.

"Never mind," roared Johnson, making a wide circle and then heading directly for the sunken sub. "Full speed astern!"

The *Alanthus* shivered violently as Johnson laid her bow gently against the *S-5's* stern. In a scene of wild confusion, the mate's hastily mustered party of firemen and oilers, unused to handling lines, struggled to pass hawsers around the stern tresses and shafts. A wave lifted the *Alanthus* and sent her plunging down toward the sub's huge propellers. The firemen scattered.

"Take the wheel, Mr. Lewis," bawled Johnson.

Running from the bridge he drove several men into a whaleboat, leaped in after them and seized the tiller. "Lower away," he cried.

The firemen clumsily plied their oars. Without hesitation Johnson drove the whaleboat into the turbulent gap between the two hulls. A giant wave crashed them against the sunken sub.

"You'll kill us all," screamed a terrified fireman.

"Lay on those oars, damn you!" yelled Johnson.

Somehow, a huge hawser was passed around the shaft of the *S-5* and made fast. The whaleboat was hoisted back aboard and the hawser, reinforced by steel cables, drawn up tight, firmly securing the stern of the submarine to the bow of the *Alanthus*. Calling for a ladder, Captain Johnson slid down to the stern of the *S-5* and peered into the jagged hole from which the sailor's undershirt now hung limply. Dimly he could make out a face inside.

"What ship is this?" he demanded.

"*United States Submarine S-5*," was the hoarse reply. "Lieutenant Commander Cooke speaking. Who are you?"

"Captain Johnson of the American freighter *Alanthus*. Are you all alive in there?"

"All alive," was the weak response. "But we must get out soon."

"Can I tow you to port?" asked Johnson.

"We'd never make it," Cooke answered. "Can you cut us out?"

"I've only hack saws and cold chisels," Johnson replied.

"Get a message to the Navy," Cooke requested. "They will send a salvage force."

Captain Johnson grimaced with chagrin and embarrassment. "I've no radio operator aboard," he admitted. "But I will get you air and water, and, Captain, as long as the cables hold we will be with you."

He scrambled back up the ladder. The *S-5* crew heard muffled shouts and thumps as a plank staging was rigged around the hole. A deck hose, spouting a stream of fresh, cold water, was thrust inside reviving the semi-conscious sailors. But an attempt to pump in air was unsuccessful. Under the *Alanthus'* chief engineer, C. F. Jacobsen, firemen and oilers hacked and hammered at the steel hull. Captain Johnson roamed back and forth between the submarine and his bridge, scowling at the deserted radio shack and the empty ocean. If only there were a way to summon more help! In any kind of a squall the *S-5* would be torn loose and plunge to the bottom. The afternoon passed with no word to the world ashore about the desperate plight of Commander Cooke and his men.

"Ship smoke on the starboard quarter!"

A thin trail of smoke, barely visible on the horizon, marked the track of a steamer bound north. Impatiently Johnson waited until its hull broke water and then sent distress signals flapping to the fore-peak.

5:30 p. m.—The vessel, a large, Panama Line cargo ship named the *General G. W. Goethals* steamed within hailing distance. Curious passengers lined the rail as the *Alanthus* whaleboat manned by the lubberish firemen bobbed alongside. "What kind of a fish have you got there?" shouted a passenger.

"It's an American submarine," snapped a fireman. "There's 38 men trapped inside that thing."

The passengers gaped incredulously. In a few minutes the whaleboat, now bearing the *Goethal's* first mate, chief engineer William Grace, two doctors and assorted cutting tools was on its way back to the *Alanthus*. Out from the radio mast of the *Goethals* crackled the first message. Simultaneously it was flashing into Navy shore stations in Philadelphia and Norfolk. Radiomen raced for the desks of their duty officers.

In another moment the word had reached Washington. Secretary of the Navy Joseph Daniels was summoned from a White House dinner party. With him hurried his assistant, vice-presidential nominee of the Democratic party, Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Orders flashed to bases along the Atlantic coast as the Navy gathered its forces.

9:30 p. m.—Tugs and destroyers were racing from Norfolk, Philadelphia, New York and New London. The battleship *Ohio* steamed out of Hampton Roads, Virginia. Meanwhile, Chief Engineer Grace had ordered the *Alanthus* to cast off and drag anchor about a half-mile away so that it wouldn't block out the moonlight by which he, Chief Engineer Jacobsen and their men worked, tearing furiously at the hull of the *S-5*. Drill after drill was reduced to useless bluntness. Swells drenched them and threatened to dash them from the staging. Chief Grace thrust his face close to the hole.

"How are you now, Skipper?"

"We can last a little longer," was the weak reply. Despite the aid they had received, the men of the *S-5* were nearly finished. Already most of them were only semiconscious.

Midnight—Passengers of the *Goethals* still lined the rails. On the *Alanthus* the doctors stood by with their bags of drugs and stimulants.

Radio message from *General G. W. Goethals* to Destroyer *Biddle*: "S-5 CREW WEAKER. HOW SOON CAN YOU ARRIVE?"

From the *Biddle* to the *Goethals*: "MAKING ALL POSSIBLE SPEED. ESTIMATE ARRIVAL TIME FOUR A. M."

The doctors shook their heads. "Too late."

Chief Grace beat with fury on the steel plating. From inside the *S-5* now there was only silence. With their rescuers only inches away the men were dying. Their entombment had lasted 36 hours.

1:20 a. m.—Chief Grace dropped his hammer and chisel. "Everybody on the crowbars," he gasped.

All hands seized the crowbars and wrenched with all their strength. With a grinding shriek the town steel burst open. Out rushed a blast of overheated gaseous fumes that almost knocked them off the staging.

For a moment there was silence. Then Commander Cooke's face appeared at the hole. His swollen, bloodshot eyes blinked in the light.

"Thank you," he said feebly. "Thank you very much. Get the men out first."

One by one the sailors of the *S-5* were hauled from the jagged hole, hoisted aboard the *Alanthus*, which had pulled up alongside again, and carried to bunks where doctors treated them with restoratives. Last out was Commander Cooke who somehow had summoned the strength to descend once more through the submarine to secure all watertight doors and make sure his men were all safe.

Searchlights stabbed through the darkness as the first Navy vessels reached the scene. Chief Grace shook hands with Captain Johnson and returned to the *Goethals* which resumed her voyage to New York. Dawn disclosed the little *Alanthus* still holding fast to the *S-5*, surrounded by the majestic might of a naval force of battleships, destroyers and tugs. Captain Johnson's tiny pilot house was crowded with high-level Navy brass. He offered his ship for towing but the *Ohio*, it was decided, had the stronger gear. At 10 a. m. the hawsers and cables were transferred and, saluted by a chorus of whistles, the *Alanthus* steamed on to Norfolk.

Concluded successfully had been the only major American submarine disaster to this day in which there was no loss of life. The *Ohio* lost the *S-5* that afternoon after towing her only a few miles, and today she lies in the unearthly silence of the ocean depths with Joe Yonkers' wallet presumably still in his locker.

Captain Johnson was forced to surrender the *Alanthus* to the ghost fleet a few days later. By an ironic twist of fate he, too, then became a victim of our merchant marine's postwar surplus of ships and men. American officers were so plentiful that Johnson never again attained command of a large vessel. In subsequent years he skippered a succession of trading schooners before retiring to tiny Saba where he dwells today.

Chief Engineer William Grace is now port engineer for the Panama Lines in New York. He still carries the gold watch presented to him by the Secretary of the Navy for his part in the rescue of the *S-5* crew. Still hale and hearty at the age of 69 he's due for retirement next year.

The men whose lives they saved lived to serve the Navy well. Lieutenant Commander Cooke went on to a distinguished naval career which reached a climax when, as Admiral Cooke, he served as Chief of Staff to Admiral Ernest J. King in World War II. Ensign Longstaffe, despite his harrowing introduction to undersea duty, stayed in submarines. As Captain Longstaffe, he directed a squadron of submarines that wreaked havoc among the Japanese shipping in the Pacific.

Seaman Youkers became Chief Torpedoman Youkers. Now retired, he remembers seeing the *Alanthus* often not many years ago. She lies broken in two and covered with real estate signs near the mouth of the Delaware Bay.

—Evan McLeod Wylie

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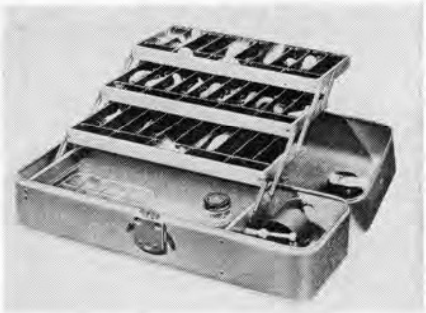
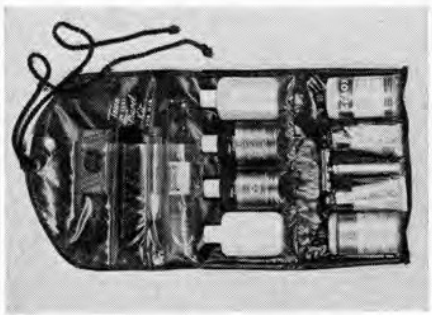


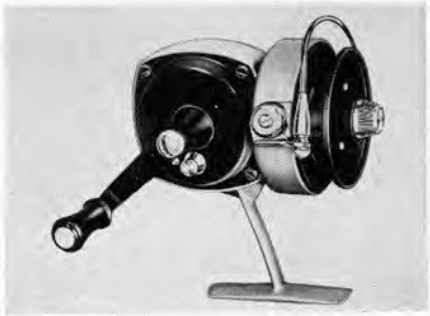
If there's a fisherman in the house, here's something that'll send your stock soaring. The new Fold-A-Tray Spinning-Tackle Box by Umco features a watertight aluminum case, three trays with 45 lure compartments. $10.95; UMCO 1717 4th Ave. South, Minneapolis, Minn.

For the ski-bunny looking for a different kick, the Ski-Sit is one way to hit the slopes sitting down with no loss of dignity or trouser bottom. Grained kiln-dried wood, it's 54 inches long and good fun for adults and children, too. $15.75 ppd. Ski-Sit Co., North Adams, Mass.

No more rushing home to feed Fido. KUMPET'S as efficient as any baby sitter at feeding the dogs on schedule. Fill tray, lock in concealed position, set alarm for chow time when out it comes. $9.98 ppd. Lou-Wal Enterprises, P. O. Box 2, New Lots Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.



Complete "Home on the Road" for the traveling man, business or pleasure bent. Tawn's de luxe travel kit has everything from Gillette razor through a full dozen other toilet articles. All unbreakable, fits your pocket. $5.89 plus tax. The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C.



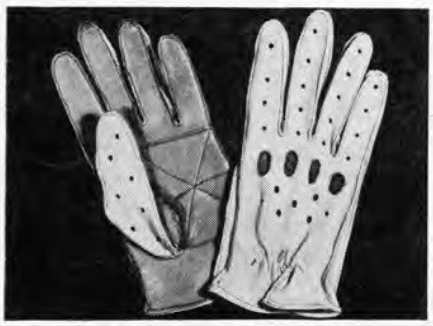
Here's another new one for the fisherman of the house. A Bronson Jet Spinning Reel with a drag smooth enough to eliminate all grabbing and jerking. Has a full bail pickup with roller guide and nonreversing crank button. $14.95; Bronson, 304 State Street, Bronson, Mich.

goes shopping

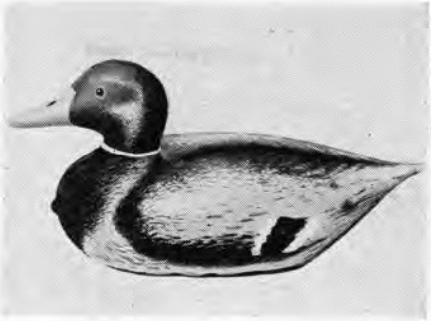
This department is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.

Duck blinds can get plenty cold and winter fishing has its heating problems, too. Aladdin Labs have come up with a Jone-e body belt that'll keep you warm all over. Strap it on and you're set for anything down to 25 degrees below. $3.50 at Aladdin Labs, Minneapolis, Minn.

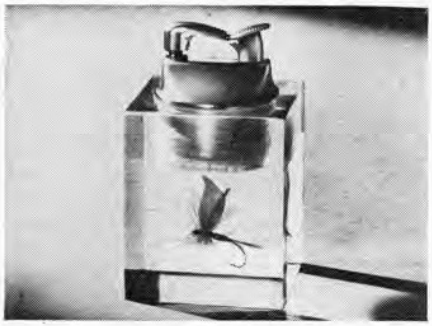
There's always the time when you come across the guy, or gal, for that matter, who has everything. Just so they'll never be broke, slip them this silver-dollar set in highly polished lucite to hold down their dividend checks. $4.95 ppd. The Peddler's Cart, Winnetka, Ill.



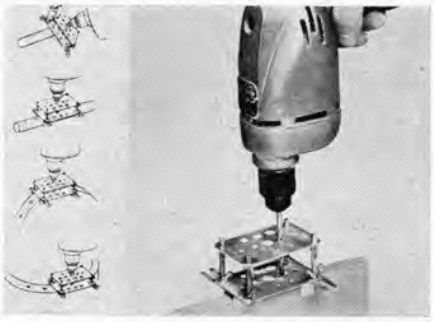
With all the excitement currently building up about sports car racing, it's a good tip to dress the part. Here's an Italian-designed driving glove that has complete flexibility and a positive, non-slip grip. The "Monza," $7.95 ppd. Pastell, 3806 Main St., Culver City, Cal.



Tired of lugging a ton load of decoys out to the blind? We are, too, and the new heavy-duty Bakelite Vinyl Collapsible "Duck-Mates" are the answer. Mallards or Sprigs, blow 'em up with a puff. $14.95 per dozen. Wham-O Mfg., Dept. TB, 604 S. Marengo, Alhambra, Cal.



For a last-minute Christmas item as we go to press, a table lighter for sportsmen, lodge men, the military or if your wife belongs to the Garden Club, it's good for her, too. A plastic casement for all types of insignia. $15 ppd. at K. F. Thomas Co., West Hartford, Conn.



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Rubinstein: the Jailbird We Can't Deport

[*Continued from page* 61]

"I kept 15 per cent of Panhandle which should have been enough for control. But when you have an indictment against you, there is no control," Rubinstein complained. "Floyd Odlum of Atlas (whom Serge calls 'a real genius') and Bache teamed up to force me out. They had help from two traitors in my company, Dahl, and Romeo Muller, my Public Relations Director who used to chisel $2 from me for subway fare until I gave him his $1,000 a month job. As the payoff they made Muller president of Panhandle. But he botched the job and the stock dove down to $4—it was the only time Atlas ever took a beating."

Rubinstein is full of theories about his business success.

"My technique in finance is to figure out how much a company is worth dead—not living," Rubinstein was once quoted as saying. "I don't pay much attention to figures on a company's earning power. I'm most interested in finding out if the liquidation price of a company's assets is more than the price of the stock."

Or as he was also reputed to have said: "If you don't control you can't liquidate."

"I don't believe in dabbling in the market," Rubinstein explained one afternoon in his office. "That untrained investors are permitted to play the market is nothing but legalized gambling. The public is incapable of buying and selling stocks; they operate on intuition, buy on the rise and sell on the decline. It is the Achilles heel of capitalism—it's the thing that causes all the false swings up and down, and eventually, booms and busts. Investors should be trained people licensed to operate in their profession.

"Myself, I buy when the assets are worth more than they're selling for. I won't invest unless I can get control—except perhaps in a very strong company with good management."

Rub's critics have called his business tactics every name in the book, from "unscrupulous" to "stock rigging *extraordinaire*," but Serge brushes them off. "I have an exceptional business record to be proud of," he says. "People who have invested in public companies under my control—as in Panhandle—have always done exceptionally well. I'm more honest than at least 60 per cent of the traders on Wall Street."

A little story about Rub's ethics, has plagued him for about twenty years. Over in England in the 30's, a stock broker proposed a retired admiral as a nominee for the board of Serge's Chosen Corporation during the proxy fight.

"What qualifications has he for the job?" Rub asked.

"None, except that he is the soul of honesty," the admiral answered.

"Good," Rubinstein said, "then we'll make him the night watchman."

Rubinstein's fiercest critic in the U.S., and the one along with brother Andre that he blames for most of his aggravation, is Harry T. Zucker.

Zucker represented the Chosen stockholders in Banbury vs. Rubinstein, a fiery action begun in March, 1941, to recover $5,900,000 of Chosen's funds. Allegations against Rubinstein were flung fast and quite furiously.

Burton Crane, *New York Times* financial reporter (and another Rubinstein headache) covered the opening of the Chosen trial thusly: "It is a drama of light-fingered magic played on the stage of France, England, Korea, Japan, Manchuria, and the U.S. and is now reportedly moving into the Latin-American scene. The Rubinstein method, the complaint declared, has been to get control of a company, force it to exchange its assets for shares of a worthless dummy corporation, then dissolve the latter, eliminating any evidence of fraud."

"That's all poppycock," Rub retorts.

MARCH OF DIMES

FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 3-31

"Chosen once sold for 2½ shillings but while I ran the company I paid out 16 shillings in dividends and in 1946 a liquidation price of 10 shillings."

Mr. Zucker, when interviewed about his favorite topic, the Great Rub, explodes at Serge's attempt to appear righteous. "I followed Rubinstein's trail all over France and England in 1940 and then 1941-43 to Brazil, Canada, and the West Coast. It was no easy case to unravel—our London files alone filled a whole steamer trunk. It was a gigantic jig-saw puzzle full of phony straw men, and fantastically complicated contracts, the whole purpose of which was to defraud the stockholders. Rubinstein never paid a nickel for the company that made him rich."

On Zucker, Rubinstein has a great deal to say.

"Zucker and his cohorts are the ones responsible for my draft indictment," Rubinstein says. "Zucker became angry because I arranged a settlement with the British government. I was to hand in all my shares in Chosen and pay $800,000 in cash in return for which I would get the American assets of Chosen Ltd.

"But this let Zucker out because he was trying to collect $150,000 legal fees—not from his client—but from me. I refused and he started official wheels turning on a draft action. November 15, 1943, had been set for the settlement date with the stockholders and I was chasing around madly to get the cash. I was fighting for my life. The American assets of Chosen were everything I had in the world except my house and furniture and the clothes on my back. I took out a $225,000 loan on my Panhandle stock from the Republic National Bank in Dallas and I was getting the rest of the money.

"Zucker didn't want me to succeed even though he was representing Chosen," Rub continued. "He wanted to get me into the Army so that I couldn't close the deal—and he threatened me with just that through my attorney Milton Pollack.

"I finally paid Zucker his $145,000 'legal fees' while I was in prison because he threatened to stop my parole—which I didn't get anyway," Rub says. "Now in retrospect it would have been cheaper to pay him when he asked. It would have saved me two years in Lewisburg Pen. In 1943, Zucker helped start a Grand Jury action against me under the Mann Act—charging that I transported a girl across a state line for immoral purposes. Actually I took a girl friend properly chaperoned on a Caribbean cruise on the S.S. *Kungsholm* and when she gallantly refused to answer embarrassing questions, the case was thrown out. That same day I was arrested on my first deportation charge, but I beat that one too."

Serge sees the infamous draft plot against him thusly: Zucker influenced Major David Brady, chief of Occupational Deferment of New York Selective Service, who in turn persuaded U.S. Attorney (now Judge) Irving Saypol that Rubinstein was a draft-dodger.

Both men, of course, discount Serge's charges as fantasy. Zucker, however, states that in line with his duty as a good citizen: "I was obliged to and did consult with many individuals connected with these offices, including the Department of State, the Securities Exchange Commission, the Department of Justice, the Treasury Department, and the House Military Affairs Committee."

To further support his charges of "persecution" by his financial enemies, Rub claims that the House Military Affairs Committee—which held a hearing at his suggestion—stated that the entire case was an abuse of the draft procedure.

"When the war broke out December 7, 1941, I immediately sent a telegram to FDR offering my services to the country," Rub says displaying a copy of the message. "I also offered my talents to the War Production Board, the Alien Property Custodian's Office and others."

Serge's patriotism, however, did not impress the jury. At his draft trial, which began March 1947, he offered witnesses who swore that he "dressed like a roughneck around the drills." The draft charges were not based on the fact that he never entered service, for a few hours before he was supposed to report for induction on November 17, 1943, Serge signed Form 301 which granted him immunity from the draft as "a neutral alien," a citizen of Portugal. The draft conviction was on the technical grounds

that he lied in certain points of his application for deferment as "essential to the war effort."

The most damaging charge was that he purposely bought the Taylorcraft Aircraft Company (manufacturers of light liaison planes for the Army) in October 1943, and had James C. Hart, its president, and Allan Gordon Foster, an executive of the firm, swear that he was employed as "Assistant to the President" as far back as August, 1943. Hart and Foster were convicted with him, receiving suspended sentences. Foster, however, a Scotsman with neither the luck or skill of his former employer, has since been deported to his native highlands.

Rubinstein has no complaint against his local draft board. "They knew I was essential," Rub says. "I had hundreds of people under me at Panhandle Oil, from mechanics to clerks, and they were all deferred. We were one of the big producers of aviation gas in America. My local board put me in 2B a half-dozen times and if it were not for my financial enemies would have kept me there."

At the trial it was deftly pointed out by the prosecution that he was an absentee owner and had spent a total of three hours at Panhandle Refining and only one hour at Panhandle Steel. The jury convened only a short time and found Rub guilty on five counts, four about "essentiality" and one on support. The support conviction was later reversed by the Court of Appeals. Rubinstein was sentenced to two and one half years at the Federal pen at Lewisburg.

Little has been known about Serge's life in Lewisburg from 1947 to 1949 except for one comment that he had two hired inmates who acted as "protectors," and accompanied him at all times. Rubinstein had a little more to add about his two years behind bars.

"Lewisburg is supposed to be the country club of prisons," Rub says. "It looks like a university and there's no iron rule on silence. I suppose it's all right for someone who never had three squares in his life. But for me every day was a living torture. At first I had a fairly good job, being secretary to the prison psychologist, but my enemies followed me to prison and ended that.

"Leslie Gould, financial editor of the *Journal-American* used to 'drop in' to see me just to be sure I wasn't having it easy. Whenever he came they took me off my regular job and put me to work scrubbing floors and cleaning toilets. Later I was transferred to the school where I taught history and economics. The only thing that saved my life was the library. I spent two solid years reading."

While Serge was still in prison, his ever-loving Laurette, a delicate Dresden-doll-type beauty from Flushing, Long Island, that Rub took under his wing when she was 18, divorced him. "I don't blame her," Rub says. "Of course I took her from a poor family, supported her whole family and made Laurette a grand lady, but she is not the type that can face panic. She needs peace and peace makes me restless. But we're the best of friends now. I have two wonderful children by her (Elizabeth, 9, and Alexandra, 8) and I see them often in California. When Laurette and her new husband visit New York they often stay at my place."

At the divorce hearing in Las Vegas two weeks before Serge got out of jail in April 1949, Laurette painted things a little less rosy. "On March 14, 1944, my birthday," she said, "when I returned home he assaulted me with his clenched fist in the lobby, knocking me to the floor. . . . Upon entering our apartment my husband again assaulted me, rendering me semiconscious, ripping my clothes from my body, during which he used indecent and profane language."

This was one time Rub engendered a little public sympathy. Even society columnist Cholly Knickerbocker came to his rescue—chastising Laurette for deserting Rub while he was still in prison.

Rub speaks with a slight indefinable accent, a mixture of his many backgrounds, including a touch of Cambridge University. His voice is reasonably-modulated except when making abrupt orders to one of his ten lackeys. (His personal staff includes a butler, two maids, a cleaning woman, cook, two female secretaries and three male private secretaries.)

"I asked only one thing of life—that every day be a perfect adventure," Rub says. "I'm deathly afraid of boredom. I haven't been disappointed, but it helps to make me a target for everybody's attack."

Rubinstein, the man who wants everyday to be an adventure, hasn't been disappointed—even since he got out of prison. He has been indicted, tried, and acquitted on violation of SEC regulations growing out of the old Panhandle deal. Rub beat the rap, but good authority swears that during the trial in 1951, Rub offered to take a fifty-year suspended sentence and voluntary deportation to Cuba.

The deportation case has been one long battle with the Immigration Department and the attorney general, and Serge so far is ahead on points. At his first deportation hearing in 1943 it was charged that he was not a citizen of Portugal as he had claimed. Serge's lawyer, the late ex-Senator Brien McMahon, refuted this charge by producing in court a passport the Portuguese Consul in New York had recently issued Rubinstein for a trip to Mexico. Again Rub was in the clear.

Another deportation hearing held at Lewisburg Pen on November 5, 1948, ruled that draft conviction does not involve moral turpitude and that Serge was not deportable. But the government wouldn't give up, and another hearing held in Los Angeles in October, 1951, ordered him deported.

Rub has the case beautifully boxed in court right now. The deportation case hasn't even been heard. Serge has two diversionary actions—his successful injunction against Brownell and his own suit against Uncle Sam—working overtime. Should the courts ever get to the case in question, there are grave doubts they can move Rubinstein even as far as the Hoboken pier. Portugal has disowned him and his birthplace, Russia, hasn't accepted any American deportees in the last fifteen years. The Immigration Department would like to see him rot on Ellis Island but Rub has other ideas.

Meanwhile, as Rub says, "I have been active and successful in business the last few years." He has added Stanwell Gas and Oil in Canada to his list of investments and he has visions of "building the largest integrated oil firm in Canada."

Things are humming and even though Rub is sure his enemies are hatching still more plots against him, he feels confident with twenty-seven years in the financial jungle, a jail stretch and a Supreme Court victory under his belt. He's ready and waiting for all comers, including still-battling Uncle Sam, who's not yet convinced Rub is the man we can't deport.—**Martin L. Gross**

"Right about now I'm sort of glad I had to work all night."

ISAAC SINGER KEPT FIVE WOMEN IN STITCHES

Even with this chin-bush, Singer was a devastating lover.

[*Continued from page* 49]

twenty-four children who were officially recognized as his, and in all probability quite a few more who weren't. Only eight of his known offspring were legitimate, the other sixteen being authentic bastards.

At one time, when he was in his prime and really going strong, he maintained, under different names, four separate households, each loud with the cries of the young and the patter of little feet. Compared to Singer, Alec Guinness, the sea captain who had two households in the movie *The Captain's Paradise,* was not only a piker but a coward. Guinness, playing it safe, kept one home in Gibraltar and another in Africa. Singer established *his* four domiciles right on the tight little island of Manhattan, which was quite a stunt considering the fact that in those days Manhattan was so sparsely populated you could shoot deer up in Central Park.

Singer was a giant of a man well over 6 feet, with a barrel chest, a massive forehead and the broad, open countenance of the true extrovert. He had deep blue eyes that shot out magnetism practically like sparks, a fine shock of hair and, at the peak of his affairs, luxurious side whiskers, moustache and beard. Facially, he bore more than a passing resemblance to General Ulysses S. Grant.

If it was the physical side of Singer that held the girls once he got them, it was the man's voice that bowled them over in the first place. He had the throbbing, deep-timbered vocal apparatus of the ham actor—which indeed he was in his early days. Although, because of his poverty-ridden origin in upper New York State, he never had a single day's schooling and never learned to spell above the sixth-grade level, he was a brilliant man and an avaricious reader with a phenomenal memory. When he focused those remarkable eyes on an impressionable prospect and used that voice of his as a vehicle to spout Shakespeare or Byron, complete with gestures, the poor girl had as much chance as a fish in a seal tank.

But if Isaac Merritt Singer was an active man after dark, he was just as active during the day. Blessed with an inventive mind, a superb confidence in himself, and a wonderful capacity for elbowing at the turns, he left a unique imprint on the American business scene. Largely through his imagination, showmanship and foresight, the company that he founded little more than a century ago has stitched up a global market whose net profits are around $20 million annually and whose assets are close to a third of a billion.

A failure at one thing after another until he reached middle age, he made up for lost time once he got into the sewing-machine business. Singer did not, as is often supposed, invent the sewing machine. But laboring around the clock in a little shop on Harvard Place in Boston, he came up with an invention that got the sewing machine off the ground. Once he did that, though he infringed on another's patent in the process, nothing could stop him.

Even after perfecting his machine, however, he found anything but clear sailing. The sewing machine had acquired a bad reputation. Peddled by fly-by-night characters who conned both industrialists and housewives into buying it, the thing usually broke down shortly after the salesman departed. Singer had to overcome mounting sales resistance to his product.

Drawing on his background as a ham actor, he introduced showmanship into his business. Decked out in gorgeous costumes, he traveled around the country, appearing at country fairs and church socials, demonstrating the machine and by the sheer force of his personality selling it. He hired pretty seamstresses and put them in store windows working at his machines, shrewdly assuming that while a woman would be interested in the machine, her husband, who had to pay for the gadget, would be attracted by a pretty seamstress. Knowing that practically everybody had faith in the judgment of a clergyman or a schoolteacher, Singer conceived the idea of making clergymen and teachers sponsors of his product by offering it to them at half price.

He was the first man to offer cash prizes to the purchasers of his product who wrote the best letters about it—letters that he printed in a little house organ. He dreamed up the trade-in system, by which the owner of one of his old machines could swap it in part payment for a new one—a system that has since been adopted by practically all manufacturers of hard goods.

Installment buying was another Singer first. Singer sewing machines, which today retail for from around $15 (toy variety) to $300 (jumbo job), sold for $50 a century ago, when $50 dollars was roughly 10 percent of a man's annual pay. So Singer eased the purchaser's pain and hiked sales by breaking the cost into $5 down and $5 a month.

In his early days, he met some competition from other sewing-machine makers. It was a dog-eat-dog era and nobody bothered too much about ethics. So he came up with another first—bird-dogging. This consisted of having his own men trail other salesmen. Then, after a rival had left a house, a Singer man would go up to the door and offer the housewife more attractive terms. If the woman had already actually purchased the other machine, the Singer man, on orders from the founder, would simply smash the damned thing and replace it with a Singer free of charge.

Although Isaac Singer has, for more than half a century now, been buried in the village of Paignton, Devonshire, England, where he spent his last days as lord and master of the entire village, the man's influence still permeates the company he founded. Some 40,000 Singer salesmen and collectors, all conscious of the founder's aggressive methods, swarm over practically every civilized country on the globe. Eight free lessons are thrown in with every machine, and there are more than a

thousand of the Singer sewing centers in this country alone.

In the Far East, notably in Malaya, a young swain often gives his girl a Singer sewing machine instead of a ring to seal their betrothal. Singer's factories in this country—Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Elizabethport, New Jersey—and in Canada and Europe make machines to suit practically every need. Special Singers are manufactured for about a hundred industries, including aircraft fabrication. One machine, with Braille-like raised controls, is turned out especially for the blind.

The Singer organization has, curiously enough, always been manned by conservative gentlemen—except for the founder himself. That is probably why the company has long disowned the old boy. All that remains of Isaac Singer is his last name—and that has been kept only because Singer himself started the name on its dizzy ascent to incalculable wealth. Thus the man who revolutionized the sex habits of the human male and who was the motivating force in putting across a machine that has had world-wide import, is the eagerly forgotten man of the organization bearing his name.

Isaac Singer, the youngest in a family of eight, was born in 1811 in the village of Pittstown, not far from Troy, New York. He sprang from a line of hardy, long-lived Germans, the doomed weaklings among whom popped off at the early age of three score and ten but most of whom lived to be in their nineties. Singer's father Adam, a carpenter who had immigrated to this country a decade before Isaac was born, wasn't in need of a mortician until he was 102, and Isaac's mother Ruth lived to be 96.

There was never enough to eat in the Singer household, a cramped and smelly lean-to. Isaac was to say in later years that the sordid surroundings of his boyhood home were to influence him in practically everything he did. He grew to look upon poverty with white-hot hatred.

None of the Singers ever saw the inside of a schoolhouse. Since neither Adam nor Ruth had schooling enough to guide their children into the world of learning, Isaac was a complete illiterate until he reached his early teens.

Adam Singer was a thoroughly nasty man who frequently horsewhipped his wife. Eventually, when Isaac was 10, his mother divorced his father, the old man keeping the kids.

Adam remarried but son Isaac, who didn't like his stepmother, left home at the age 12. For five years young Singer wandered through New York State living a hand-to-mouth existence, taking any job he could get. At 17 he was a big, raw-boned fellow who could do almost any kind of hard work. Although most of his jobs were on farms, he occasionally latched onto one with a machinist.

It was during this phase of his career that Isaac's instinct for machinery manifested itself. He seemed to have a sixth sense that told him what was wrong with anything mechanical. As he wandered through New York from the Great Lakes to the Finger Lakes, his reputation grew among farmers and tradesmen. Whenever a contraption broke down and couldn't be readily fixed, it became common for the owner to shrug and say, "I'll wait until young Ike Singer comes around again. *He'll* fix it."

Somewhere in his roamings Isaac Singer learned to read. The printed page opened up a new world and he read practically everything he could lay hands on. His tastes ran to the classics. He read the Bible from cover to cover and he soaked up Shakespeare like a sponge.

One night in Rochester, Isaac passed a theater that was housing a production of

A True Book-Length Feature

Hamlet by a roving stock company. He bought a ticket for the gallery and was bitten by the theatrical bug. Joining the troupe as a general handyman he shortly began to play small parts.

Next season, back odd-jobbing, he happened to be in a village near Rochester when a troupe putting on temperance dramas in the sticks ran into trouble with their star, a prime demonstrator of the evils of strong drink. Singer, palming himself off as an experienced actor, got the star's job and toured upper New York's temperance belt, appearing in grange halls, lodge halls and barns in such dramatic thunderbolts as *Marry No Man If He Drinks*, or *Laura's Plan and How It Succeeded* and *The First Glass*, or *The Power of a Woman's Influence*.

Young Singer, with his compelling appearance and flair for the dramatic, was a smash with the anti-alcohol set. To add to his years, he grew a handsome crop of chin whiskers. He bought a cane, a pair of spats, and a stovepipe hat, and sewed on his overcoat a velvet collar—one of the trademarks of the romantic Thespians of the era.

And then he discovered girls. One of the actresses in the troupe, always on the make for new talent, seduced young Isaac, and he found another new world opened up to him. From that time on, to his dying day, sex became the strongest drive in his life.

One night when he was appearing in a lodge hall in the town of Palmyra, New York, there sat in the audience a girl of 15 named Catharine Haley, daughter of a man-of-all-work. Catharine, smitten by Singer, joined the group of lovelorn girls who went backstage to meet him. She was blond, blue-eyed and physically, if not mentally, developed beyond her years.

Knowing a good thing when he saw it, Isaac invited himself to Catharine's home for lemonade and cake—an invitation that he was to live to regret. Nothing much happened that particular night—Singer was young yet and hadn't completed his line—but when he left town next day he couldn't get Catharine Haley out of his mind. He began an enthusiastic correspondence with her, and when the tour was over young

"It isn't that my wife doesn't understand me. All of a sudden I understand her."

Isaac returned and, at the age of 19, he married the girl.

The newlyweds lived with her folks and Singer worked as a general handyman. It was while living in Palmyra that he boned up on the exploits of a rather remarkable young fellow by the name of Joseph Smith who, at the age of 25 in 1830, was six years Singer's senior. Smith, who had recently moved westward to Fayette, New York, had just founded the Mormon Church, a tenet of which was that a man was entitled to as many wives as he could take care of. Singer was one day to tell intimates that he used to lie in bed at night, alongside his bride, and speculate on what a jam a man would be in if he embraced the Mormon religion and took on more than he could handle. Singer was not a smug man, but he had to smile to himself, lying there in the dark, about his own staminal gifts.

Four years after their marriage, the young couple were blessed by a son, William. Singer peered into the future and saw nothing arresting in Palmyra, what with the earnings of a general handyman against an extra mouth to feed. So 23-year-old Isaac packed up and took his little family to New York City.

The New York of 1834 was not only the country's commercial center but its theatrical hub, a mantle it had recently wrested from Philadelphia. Singer got a job with a printing establishment, but since his employer was a great believer in coolie wages, the Singers, living in a sparsely furnished room on Third Avenue, were usually cold and hungry.

Within two years Catharine became pregnant again. Isaac, whose passion for the stage had never diminished, attended the theater nights, leaving his wife in the flat. Naturally, the girl began to feel neglected. Worse yet, she displayed the first signs of turning into a shrew. Singer felt trapped.

He suggested that Catharine divorce him and go back to live with her folks in Palmyra. She not only refused but threatened to set the law on her husband. "What for?" he asked. "Don't worry," she replied. "I'll find *some* reason."

Mulling that over, he began poking the local troupes for a job, and finally hooked up with a touring show that needed a character actor and general utility man. "What's your name?" the manager asked. Singer thought fast. He figured that by changing his monicker and going away with the show his wife would lose all track of him and eventually conclude that he was dead—to her, at least. So he reached not very far into the air and pulled out his middle name. "Merritt," he said. "Isaac Merritt."

Not long after leaving New York, Singer, alias Merritt, arrived with the show in Baltimore, where the troupe put up at the home of John Sponsler, a moderately prosperous oyster dealer. Sponsler found it comparatively simple to develop a first-degree dislike for Isaac because the troupe's bargain was that the actors could have all they wanted to eat and Singer sometimes put away three or four dozen raw oysters at a sitting.

But if Sponsler was burned up by the barrel-chested actor's capacity for oysters he soon found the bivalve problem insignificant in comparison to a biologic complication. The oyster dealer had a strikingly beautiful daughter, Mary Ann, who had just turned 19. Mary Ann was tall, brunette and buxom and had a musical laugh which, Singer was quick to inform her, positively thrilled him. Between emoting and shifting scenery at the theater, he spent most of his time spouting poetry to Mary Ann. The girl was simply swept off her feet by the dashing actor.

On the last night the show was in Baltimore. Singer declared himself devastated at the thought of not seeing Mary Ann Sponsler again. He proposed to her, and then he seduced her.

The plot was that Mary Ann was to come to New York a few months hence, when the show's tour was over, and marry him. By now Singer was apparently dedicated to that phase of Mormonism sanctioning a man to avail himself of more than one wife. There is no evidence to indicate that he even thought of again asking his wife for a divorce. And so one fine autumn day Isaac Singer, alias Merritt, was at the boat to meet Mary Ann when she arrived from Baltimore. He had, he said, something to take up with Mary Ann. They sat on the wharf, the future sewing-machine king and the daughter of the Baltimore oyster dealer, and he disclosed to her that he had a wife in upstate New York from whom he was getting a divorce but that legal technicalities were delaying its granting. Then, actor that he was, he beat his breast, professed his undying love, fixed the innocent maiden with that X-ray stare, and said, "Anyway, what's a legal technicality?"

Mary Ann, fearing the wrath of her father, was naturally afraid to go home. Not that she was in any position to. Isaac, fertile fellow, had impregnated her the night he seduced her.

So Mary Ann and Singer, going under the names of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Merritt, moved into a rooming house on Third Avenue, only a few blocks from where the real Mrs. Singer was barely keeping body and soul together. His idea was to remain close to his wife—but not too close—the better to keep an eye on what she was doing. Mrs. Singer had meanwhile given birth to her second child—a girl she named Lillian.

Mary Ann, too enamored of Isaac to bother much about her precarious moral situation, behaved like any happy bride. A few months after Catharine gave birth to her second legitimate child Mary Ann gave birth to her first illegitimate child—Isaac Augustus, who was to grow up into a real bastard.

Singer, again a handyman, was searching for work one day when whom did he run into on Third Avenue but his wife. The girl shot blood from her eyes and began to chase him down the street. It was only by fast footwork and ducking into the front of a saloon and out the back that Isaac was able to shake her. The experience shook him as well.

Not long after the birth of Isaac Augustus Merrit, New York was hit by a depression and the streets were filled with despairing men. Singer wrote a letter to an older brother, John, who was a superintendent on the building of the state-subsidized Michigan and Illinois Canal. John told him to come out and he would give him a job. So Isaac went to Lockport, Illinois, worked as a laborer on the big ditch, and sent money to Mary Ann each week.

Most of the excavating work was being done by pick and shovel, and Isaac, with his inventive mind, began to wonder if there wasn't a way of simplifying the process. So he experimented at night and eventually conceived a rock-excavating machine. Drawing crude sketches of the invention, he sent them to a Chicago lawyer and within a year was granted a patent.

In quick need of money, he sold the patent for $2,000—a small fortune in those days. Returning to New York with the money, he paid off a flock of debts. Then, finding the city still gripped by the depression, he took Mary Ann and little Gus back to Illinois. But by the time he got to the Middle West the depression had reached there, too. Work on the canal had been abandoned. Isaac couldn't find a job of any kind. Soon the last of the money was gone and there were the Merritts, stranded in Lockport.

They made their way to Chicago where, to outwit the specter of want, Isaac was reduced to panhandling. In his spare time he combed Chicago until he got a theatrical troupe together. The idea was to travel from town to town in a couple of wagons, put on temperance plays, and get fed by the local religious populace. The departure of the Merritt Temperance Players, however, was delayed until the arrival of Mary Ann's second baby in 1840—a girl who was given the handsome name of Voulettie Theresa.

The Merritt Players traveled through Illinois, Indiana, Ohio and Western New York. It was a rugged life, and one that

didn't fatten the actors, but it was a healthy one and a happy one. The strolling players were cordially received in the best homes of the towns and villages where they performed and the countryside rang with the fervor of their anti-drink singing.

The wanderings of the temperance troupe came to two temporary halts during its six years of life so that the daughter of the Baltimore oyster dealer could bear Isaac two more children—a boy named John, a girl Fannie, making a total of four out-of-wedlock children for the star of the show. Getting enough milk to feed the kids became an acute problem, and Singer sometimes solved it by sneaking onto a farm and stealing milk direct from a cow.

In 1846 the temperance players, who seem to have been so corny that they pretty well wore out their welcome among even audiences that would cry at card tricks, disbanded in Fredericksburg, Ohio, a community of about 300. And Singer was stranded again, this time at the age of 35, with an unwed wife and four illegitimate children and a legal wife and two legitimates.

The leading industry of Fredericksburg at the time was a combination sawmill and wood-type factory. Wood type was used for the large letters in the printing of posters and handbills. Isaac, although very much out at the elbows, talked his way into a job by recounting to the owner of the plant glamorous and utterly fictitious stories of his past glories in the theater. The owner was so fascinated, in fact, that he agreed to supply board and room to Isaac, Mary Ann and their entire hatch in return for Singer's services.

Isaac's morning-to-night job was to carve the letters of the alphabet out of blocks of wood. The work was so tedious and uninspiring that he began to see the alphabet in his sleep.

Since he had received the patent on the rock excavating machine he had chosen to regard himself as an inventor as well as an actor and a propagator of the race. So as he chiseled away his mind was constantly at work devising a quicker and cheaper method of making the letters.

One day he was visited by the idea of inventing a mechanical carver. Scraping together a few materials, he assembled—on the occasional nights when he had nothing else on his mind—a crude device that actually carved wood type. He borrowed money from his employer to go to Chicago and there hunted up a lawyer willing to handle his idea on a contingent basis. Eventually he got a patent on the type-carver and then with his offshore family lit out for New York in side-door Pullmans.

Isaac Singer was 37 when, after an absence of a decade, he landed back in New York. As poor as a snake without a pit to hiss in, and pretty much a failure at one thing after another, he was nonetheless brimming with confidence. He knew that he would get off the ground and into some real money with that wood-type invention of his—or with *some*thing.

Still calling himself Isaac Merritt, Singer and Mary Ann and their bastard brood, now numbering five, holed up in a rooming house on Third Avenue, not far from where they had lived before. Despite her precarious life, Mary Ann had apparently been very happy. During the years she was giving birth to her tribe, she seems not to have pressed Isaac about getting a divorce from his wife.

One of his first acts after returning to New York was to scout cautiously around the neighborhood to ascertain whether his wife and two legitimate children were still in residence on Third Avenue. He quickly learned that they were. Catherine was being supported by her parents and taking in sewing on the side.

Singer was curious to lay eyes on the two children—William, by now 14, and Lillian, who was 11. He located a neighbor of his wife who knew the children well and gave him the news about them—although he must have used up a considerable quantity of his charm to keep her from spilling the beans. One afternoon he sat in the neighbor's house peering through the lace curtains at a parlor window, waiting for the children to pass on their way home from school. "There's William now," said the neighbor, pointing to a well-set-up youth walking with a pretty blonde girl. "Who's that with him?" asked Singer.

"That's your daughter Lillian."

Something happened to Singer as he sat there sneaking looks at his two legitimates. Perhaps it was paternal pride that engulfed him; perhaps their legal status seemed, at the time, so novel. At any rate, he decided then and there that his two children needed a father. That being so, he would have to make up with his wife.

He went home to his illegitimate horde and addressed himself to the problem, if not to Mary Ann. That night he paid a call on Catharine. She had changed for the worse in the ten years since he had last seen her—that day she had forced him to use a saloon as an escape hatch. Only 33, she looked considerably older and all the bloom of youth had vanished from her once-lovely face.

Mrs. Singer recognized her husband immediately. Although he was frayed at the cuffs and down at the heels he exuded potential prosperity. His beard was neatly trimmed and he was carrying a cane and wearing spats.

It was a tense moment as the two stood there measuring each other. Then, according to the story she was one day to divulge to an attorney, he fell on his knees, like the dramatic ham that he was, picked up the hem of her skirt and kissed it, and sobbingly asked for forgiveness.

Although Catharine had hated Isaac for quite a long time now, she was still a woman, and a woman starved for affection.

"Champagne spots, eh? Smells more like plain beer to me!"

Thus she was only too willing to let her emotions overrule her better judgment and listen to the man's blandishments. She listened so intently, in fact, that ere an hour had passed the marriage of Isaac Singer and Catharine Haley had, as one historian aptly put it, been reconsummated.

It was only after re-establishing his right to the marital franchise that Singer got around to giving his wife a fine cock-and-bull story to account for the years he had been absent. He had been seeking his fortune, he told her, and had hesitated to return until he had made a success of life. But now everything would be rosy. He told Catharine about his wood-type patent and said it would be but a matter of time until the money was rolling in. And the woman sat there believing every word he said.

"Then you'll never leave me again, Isaac?" she asked.

Singer gulped. Well, he explained, it wouldn't be exactly that way. He would have to be away a good deal of the time—out of town trying to wrap up a deal for his patent. "But have no fear, my darling," he said, playing the dramatically romantic actor again, "I shall always return."

From then on he spent his days in the usual routine—panhandling, scrounging around town looking for somebody to finance his wood-type patent, and robbing bread boxes and fruit stalls when he was sure he could get away with it—but his nights he divided between his wife and his mistress. He explained to Mary Ann that he was spending the time away from home trying to interest somebody in his patent and the lady, although knowing him as honest as a winter day is long, didn't seem the slightest suspicious.

On the nights with Catharine, Singer became acquainted with his two legitimate children. After every second day of tramping the streets he arrived at her home for supper and the night. He was a devoted father to young William and Lillian. Although he had no religion himself, he approved of it for them. So he read the Bible aloud, sometimes acting out Biblical dramas, playing all the parts himself.

In his search for somebody to back his patent, Singer heard about a man named Zieber. This Zieber, the proprietor of a bookshop, was a well-heeled man who constantly had an eye peeled for some place to invest money.

So Singer went around to the bookshop, looked in the window and studied him. Zieber, a pale, hawk-faced individual a few years older than Singer, looked like a tough customer—one of those men who walked around a thing three times before making up his mind. Isaac poked around the neighborhood of the store, dropping a question here and there, and learned that Zieber was a very strait-laced man—so strait-laced, in fact, that he would have nothing to do with anyone whose morals were open to question. It would never—but *never*—do to let Zieber find out that Singer had a mistress and a houseful of bastards.

Combing his beard and patching himself up as best he could, Singer called on Zieber and showed him his wood-type material. Zieber was immediately interested. An imaginative man who overlooked Singer's obvious poverty, he saw great possibilities in the patent. Then, fixing the inventor with an icy stare, he said, "I'm interested in backing you. But I'll first have to look into your home life. I always like to deal with a man who has a good home life."

Singer rushed to his legitimate abode and told his wife what cooked. She was naturally more than willing to fabricate a story of his constant devotion. William and Lillian were carefully coached on how to behave when Mr. Zieber called. They were simply to address Papa as "Father Dear" and say nothing if Mr. Zieber asked them questions.

Everything went fine. Catharine played the dutiful, loving wife and the children kept their mouths shut. When Zieber was about to leave, he suggested that Singer walk down Third Avenue with him a little way.

The two men were passing under a street lamp when Singer heard a thin small voice crying, "Father!" Turning, he saw 11-year-old Gus. He pretended not to notice the boy. But Gus, a persistent little stinker, ran up to his sire and asked, "Are you coming home tonight, Father?" "Go away, sonny," said Father, "I'm busy now." Gus went away.

"I thought you had only two children," Zieber said.

"I have," replied Singer.

"Well, who was that boy? He called you 'Father.' "

"Oh," said Singer, "a lot of children in the neighborhood call me 'Father.' I love kids and I'm like a father to many of them." The explanation satisfied Zieber. And well it might have, because it was, technically at least, the gospel truth.

Zieber suggested that the two of them go to Boston with the patent because Boston was then the hub of the printing business. With Zieber putting up the money, the men rented display space in a small shop on Harvard Place, opposite Old South Meeting Place. Singer and Zieber tramped the streets trying to induce printers to look at the machine. But they couldn't arouse a ripple of interest.

Late one afternoon Isaac was sitting alone in the little shop wondering what to do next when his eye lit upon something he had never even heard of—a crude sewing machine. Singer's landlord, a man by the name of Orson Phelps, was manufacturing the machines for the sewing and leather trades in New York and Philadelphia.

Singer, curious, asked Phelps to tell him everything he knew about the device. The story of sewing machines up to that day turned out to be a tale of unbroken woe. A number of patents had been granted, both in this country and in Europe, on contraptions that would stitch by mechanical means. But there was something wrong with all the machines. The one Phelps was using, which operated on the shuttle principle and had been patented by Elias Howe, Jr.—the Cambridge, Massachusetts, inventor who devised the first of the machines to work at all—had one serious drawback: the thread got tangled up. "The people I sell these machines to keep sending them back to me for repairs," Phelps added. "I don't know what I'm going to do."

As Singer walked around the balky device, which was run with a hand crank, one theme was recurrent in his mind: maybe, at long last, he had found the pot at the end of the rainbow. He kept shooting questions at Phelps and decided the man knew practically nothing about things mechanical. That, of course, was all to the good.

Standing there in that little shop in Boston, Singer then made a remark which was to have world-wide results in the years ahead. "I think," he said to Phelps, "that I can fix the machine so there won't be any more trouble with it." Phelps gulped and asked what basis he had for his optimistic outlook. "Why," replied Singer, "I've been inventing things for years. I'm a natural inventor."

Phelps was impressed. "Well," he asked, "what would you do to it?"

Singer looked at the machine, narrowed his eyes and supported his chin in his hand. "I'll have to make a study of the thing," he said, "before I can advise you."

Phelps had nothing to lose. "All right," he said, "go ahead. Here's a key to my shop. Come in any time you want to." Singer had been quick to grasp the potential of the sewing machine. He recalled how his mother, with her eight children ripping away at their clothes, had practically gone blind mending by hand under the rays of a kerosene lamp. Why, a *machine* that could do such work would be the pride of every woman in the land and would make its inventor a fortune.

That thought decided it. Still making the rounds of printing houses with Zieber by day on the wood-type machine, Singer worked in Phelps' shop by night with the fervor of the dedicated

man. He labored by lamplight sometimes till dawn, then went back to the hotel where he was staying as Zieber's guest and slept for an hour or two.

With his talent for mechanics, it didn't take Singer long to figure out what was wrong with Phelps' sewing machine. It had two basic defects—defects so obvious that he marveled nobody had previously corrected them. The thread-holder went around in a circle and the needle through which the thread passed was curved and moved horizontally. Singer figured if the shuttle moved to and fro and if the needle that held the thread was straight instead of curved and that if it moved up and down instead of horizontally, the basic problem of tangled thread would be licked.

He informed Phelps that he had discovered what the trouble was and that, moreover, he could fix it. "How?" asked Phelps. Singer, playing his cards close to the vest, wouldn't divulge details. Instead, he told Zieber, the moneybags, his solution for Phelps' difficulty. Zieber wasn't interested in Phelps' problem; it was no dandruff out of *his* hair.

"But," countered Singer, "there's a fortune in the sewing machine." Zieber, who had come to have a high regard for his man's mental processes, blinked and craved details. Singer with wonderful imagination painted a glowing picture of the day when the sewing machine would not only service the sewing and leather trades, but become a standard household appliance.

Zieber was hard to convince. Women, he maintained, were useful for cooking and bearing children, but were incapable of coping with anything mechanical.

That, said Singer, was true enough. But he envisioned a sewing machine so simple a child could run it. The machine in his mind would be worked not by a hand crank but by a foot pedal, thus freeing both of the sewer's hands.

As he warmed up to his subject and started to punctuate his remarks with glorified gestures, Zieber got steamed up. Maybe, he said in effect, Singer had something.

"I do," said Singer. "Suppose the three of us go into partnership—you, Phelps and myself." For the partnership, as he saw it, Phelps was to supply the machine, Zieber was to put up the money needed, and Singer was to supply the inventive knowledge. When Phelps agreed, a partnership was drawn up and the work began.

The wood-type project was forgotten and Singer addressed himself wholly to the task that was to make him a fortune. With practically inexhaustible energy he labored from early morning sometimes through to the following dawn and then, with a couple of hours' sleep, resumed work again. Phelps and Zieber, neither of whom was as robust as Singer, took turns standing by to tend the lights and lend companionship if not conversation. Completely absorbed in his task, Singer seldom spoke. He ate practically nothing, sustaining himself on an occasional glass of milk with a couple of raw eggs dropped in it.

Finally, at the end of a fortnight, he finished his new designs of thread-holder and thread-holding needle. It was almost dawn, that spring day in the year of 1850, when he completed the last bit of fitting, and Singer, robust as he was, was practically out on his feet from the long ordeal. Phelps and Zieber, awaiting the great moment, were in the same shape.

Then, in the little shop opposite Old South Meeting Place, Isaac Singer reached the most dramatic moment he was ever to achieve—a moment far more significant than any he had ever acted out on the stage. He placed a piece of black cloth in the sewing machine, the better to show up the white thread. And while Phelps and Zieber held their breaths, he slowly turned the crank. The thread began to unwind from the spool as the needle moved up and down, and presently, under the rays of the lanterns, a row of perfect white stitches appeared.

Singer stopped cranking the machine and removed the cloth. He held it close to the rays of a lamp, eyeing it keenly. Then his face broke with a broad smile. "Gentlemen," he said, his deep voice throbbing with emotion, "we have met with success." And indeed they had. As Phelps and Zieber examined the piece of cloth they saw that the threads were there to stay. The three men shook hands and stepped out into the Boston dawn with confidence that they were on the verge of wealth.

That was it. That was what started Isaac Singer on the road to a fortune. Why none of the other sewing-machine inventors had chanced on the two simple things that Singer thought of is a question that is no doubt causing some rapid turning in their graves even today.

Singer wasn't quite done, though. He kept at it a little longer, up there in Boston, putting other touches on his invention while the wheels began to creak at the United States Patent Office. Within a month he had come up with another idea—a feeder that permitted sewing in any direction, straight, angular or circular.

Phelps, a fretful man, kept inquiring whether Howe, who had been granted a patent on the shuttle principle, should not be declared in on the gravy. Singer took the position that since Howe had not come up with a dependable machine he should be declared out. "But maybe Howe will sue us," Phelps said, foretelling events nicely. "To hell with Howe," retorted Singer.

Borrowing $300 from Zieber, Singer rushed back to New York and paid off a few overdue bills up and down Third Avenue. Then he gave his wife some money for herself and his legitimate children and his mistress some money for herself and his illegitimate offspring.

Isaac informed his wife that he had invented a sewing machine up in Boston, but to Mary Ann he presented a different story. He had, he told *her,* succeeded in getting an advance on his type-carving machine. Thus the man was not only living under two different names, but he was two different things to

"This is Shaw. He's the mainspring in this outfit."

two different women—a sewing-machine inventor to one and a wood-type inventor to the other.

Off in Boston again, he supervised a corps of workmen in constructing the first batch of the machines. Zieber and Phelps hit the road to New York and Philadelphia and returned with a pile of orders from the sewing and leather trades. Better yet, they had cash in hand as down payments on machines that were to retail at $100 a copy.

Singer, panting at his chance for the big money, became, for the first time since the actress had seduced him, an abstemious man so far as women were concerned. He was so wrapped up in the sewing machine that he worked practically around the clock overseeing production. The ladies in New York could wait.

Six months after operations got under way, Isaac decided things were running so smoothly in Boston that his presence could be spared for a few months. His idea was to go out after the retail trade, housewives. He mapped out an itinerary by which he would appear at carnivals, fairs, barbecues and church socials along the Atlantic Seaboard to demonstrate and take orders for the machines.

As he dipped into the till for expenses, Singer made certain to grab off a little extra cash with which to outfit himself to sartorial perfection. Thus, when he lit out on his travels, he had a trunk filled with green pants and pink pants, gold and brocaded waistcoats, black, tan and purple frock coats, and a rainbow assortment of spats, cravats and top hats.

The first date he played with his sewing machine was at a fair on the outskirts of Boston. He stood up on a platform, resplendent in green coat and purple pants, his beard glistening in the sun, and in that magnificent baritone of his shouted, "Ladies! Ladies! Ladies! Come one. Come all. See Singer's sewing machine! The miracle of the age!"

The combination of Singer's magnetic personality and the authority of his demonstrations, during which he actually mended clothes, was simply overwhelming. He left his first stand with several sales and repeated the feat at each stop. When he returned to Boston after his tour he had enough orders to keep the little shop busy for six months and enough down-payment money to keep him and Zieber and Phelps liquid for a long time.

After the business had been going for about a year and the money was coming in regularly, Singer was riding up Fifth Avenue in a hired carriage one fine afternoon when he spotted a well-stacked brunette sauntering past in the opposite direction. He jumped out of the carriage, ran back, and asked the girl what she was doing the rest of the day. If she hadn't known before, she did then.

That was how Isaac Singer put an intrigue in motion with Mary Eastwood Walters, the daughter of a Staten Island tavern keeper. He palmed himself off as Isaac Robbins, traveling man.

With his nice sense of humor in such matters, he set Mary Walters in a flat on Third Avenue, on the opposite side of the street but smack in between the establishments of Mary Ann Sponsler and Mrs. Singer. He rationed himself among the three ladies by spending every third night with each, explaining away the two absent nights by saying he was out of town on business.

What with keeping three women happy, running up to Boston to keep a hand on the controls of the sewing-machine business, and dashing hither and yon hustling up new business, he must have resembled a blur. Nine months, almost to the day, after he had picked up Mary Walters on Fifth Avenue the girl gave birth to a daughter. In the forty-second year of his life, Isaac Singer could, as one understanding commentator put it, sit back and survey a rather complicated personal life. He now had three homes under three separate identities and backgrounds, and was the father of eleven children, two of them actually legal.

Singer's sewing machines were successful with the leather and garment industries from the first. All three of the partners—Singer, Phelps and Zieber—were constantly darting about getting orders. Singer was the closer, moving in on a prospect after Phelps and Zieber had failed. With his theatrical approach he could swing the toughest prospect.

Two years after he had put out the first machines the Boston headquarters was swamped with orders and had to expand greatly. For the first time in his life Isaac Singer was free of the specter of poverty and could spend a few dollars without thinking twice.

Naturally he decided to expand personal operations along with the business. One day, a few months after he had picked up Mary Walters, he was riding on Christopher Street in Greenwich Village when he spied a pretty blonde of 24—a sexy and tempestuous lady by the name of Mary McGonigal. Leaping out of the carriage and introducing himself as Isaac Mathews, Singer put the same proposition up to her as he had to Mary Walters a year previously. And precisely the same thing happened. The third Mary whose life Isaac entered quickly found herself with child.

There was a basic difference in Singer's relationship with Mary McGonigal from that with the other two Marys and his wife. He did not plant Mary McGonigal on Third Avenue, but told her to stay right where he had found her—on Christopher Street. Mary McGonigal shared a flat there with a younger and prettier sister, Kate.

With Mary McGonigal pregnant and sister Kate living in the same flat, and with Isaac calling regularly, guess what happened to Kate. Well, only partly. Kate, although she was to become his full-time mistress for several years, never did knit—or stitch—tiny garments.

When Isaac Singer was 43, two more illegitimate children were born to him—the first of five that Mary McGonigal was to bear and the eighth of ten that Mary Ann Sponsler was to bring into the world.

Hardly given to pacing the floor any longer for such routine occasions, Singer found more important his quarrel with partner Phelps. Whatever the ostensible cause may have been, it's pretty certain the real one was Singer's growing greed for money after his first taste of the baled stuff. Finally he suggested that Phelps take $4,000 for his share of the business and get out, and Phelps, fool that he was, agreed. So Singer told partner Zieber to pay the man off.

That left Singer and Zieber in possession of the business. Singer, with a wife and four mistresses in New York, suggested to Zieber that they move their headquarters to Manhattan, neglecting to mention to his strait-laced backer that his reasons were not entirely business, unless large-scale amatory operations can be considered under that term. Zieber agreed and advanced money for the purchase of a factory on the East Side.

Shortly afterward Zieber fell ill of a fever, which could hardly have worried Singer. Zieber, the righteous one, had begun to suspect that his partner was something less than a paragon of virtue and Singer, now that the money was beginning to come in, had come to regard the other as a sort of fifth wheel.

Various stories are told about what happened right after Zieber was stricken. One is that Singer went to Zieber's doctor and asked what the trouble was. "Nothing serious," the sawbones stated. "He'll be all right in a couple of weeks." Then Singer is supposed to have made a deal—a cash deal—for the doctor to tell Zieber that he was on his deathbed.

With a spade thus staring him in the face, Zieber was a ready sucker for the few thousand dollars that Singer, on the basis of a promising business, promoted from a bank to offer him. When Zieber recovered and realized he had been swindled, he couldn't do anything about it.

Shortly after he bought out his last partner, Singer ran into a problem that even he couldn't solve. Elias Howe, the sewing-

machine inventor who had a patent on the shuttle principle, slapped a suit on Singer for infringement. To defend himself Singer consulted a noted patent lawyer, a Manhattan socialite named Edward Clark. Clark, who had ice water in his veins, saw not only the validity of Howe's claim but the potentiality of the sewing machine. He insisted on taking the case not for cash but on a contingent basis. And so he drew up a contract filled with so many and/ors and whereases that his client didn't understand it. Distilled, the contract offered Clark nothing except a half interest in the company.

As things turned out, Singer lost the infringement suit to Howe, who got a royalty on each sewing machine Singer manufactured during the life of the patent. When the returns were all in, Howe collected $2 million on something which he had offered to Singer for $2,000. And Clark became half owner of the Singer company simply for representing Singer in a suit that cost his principal 2 million bucks. For that little service Clark and his heirs collected uncounted millions which are still pouring in.

Although his machines were selling well in the industrial field, Singer was still meeting sales resistance on the retail level. So, announcing to his wife and mistresses that he was leaving town on business, he locked himself up in the East Side factory and concentrated on the problem of making his mechanical product more popular. Presently he came up with a treadle to power the machine, freeing both hands of the operator. This was perhaps the greatest step forward except for the machine itself, and Isaac was quickly granted a patent on it.

He took to the road again, personally demonstrating the treadle at the sociable get-togethers of the day. The treadle proved its appeal—he found himself under a snowstorm of orders. Getting into the spirit of things he hired demonstrators to go on the road and they had almost as good luck as Singer. Now, only a few years after he had first looked at that broken-down machine up in Boston, things really began to roll. His New York factory was employing more than 300 men and women.

Singer was encountering competition, of course, from several other manufacturers. But this was where the man's resourcefulness and flair for showmanship came in. It was then that he introduced the installment plan. "Only $5 down, folks," he would yell from a platform at a country fair, "and $5 a month. You'll never miss the money."

Clark, who was taking more and more of a hand in the business, attended to the dull but important fiscal details and management problems, thus freeing Singer for his various pursuits. Clark, the cold socialite, wanted nothing to do with his partner after working hours. The inventor once suggested that the two of them get together some night, but Clark just gave him a fishy stare and that's all that ever came of *that*. Singer might have attempted to kick Clark out except for two reasons: Clark was too valuable and that contract he had was copper-riveted.

Isaac was busy enough taking care of his women and children. He moved his three Third Avenue families to the more fashionable Fifth Avenue, settling them in houses only a few blocks apart. The most fashionable of the houses, on lower Fifth Avenue, was occupied by Mary Ann Sponsler and her brood. From Singer's point of view the attractive feature of this place was that it was within an easy walk of the Christopher Street house where he was keeping the two McGonigal girls.

Up to now, when the man was in his forty-fifth year, Isaac Singer had kept his after-dark shenanigans under the covers in more ways than one. Here was a man who was leading not simply a double life but a quintuple life, with probably a few fractions thrown in. He was Isaac Singer the sewing-machine man to his legal wife and her two moppets. To Mary Ann Sponsler, who by mid-century had borne him nine illegitimate children, he was Isaac Merritt, the inventor of a type-carving machine. To Mary Walters, who was to bear him only one child, Singer was Isaac Robbins, a traveling man. And to the McGonigal sisters, the elder of whom was to bring forth five Singer offspring, he was Isaac Mathews, also a traveling man.

The success of Papa—and we do not use the word lightly—in maintaining four households without being found out was, while dependent in part on luck, due mainly to his cunning. Isaac now owned two carriages and a couple of fine horses, but he took his mistresses out for an airing only after dark. For the most part he kept indoors during the day either at the plant or at one of his homes.

Singer made it a rule to have no social life. Not, considering his other duties, that he would have had time. The only visitors he ever had were men who were in some way associated with him in business, and they always called at his legitimate domicile. He never ate out at any of the city's tonier restaurants, preferring, as he always put it to Catharine, the three Marys and Kate McGonigal, the wonderful home cooking that only one woman in the world could prepare.

Although Singer was increasingly occupied with the tangles of his personal life, he was keeping a sharp eye on the constantly expanding industrial picture. It was at this stage of his career that he came up with two more firsts—the trade-in system and the testimonial. Both boomed sales beyond even Isaac's free-wheeling dreams.

As the torrent of wealth increased in volume, with no income tax to hack it down, Singer began trying to get the stuff out from underfoot by covering himself with costly jewels and gorgeous raiment. His wife, who knew where all the money was coming from, went on shopping sprees and ordered two or three pianos at a time and so many van loads of rich furnishings that her home began to take on the surface appearance of a storage warehouse. Mary Walters and the McGonigal sisters, although realizing that their man was doing pretty well at the bank, were comparatively easy to handle. But Mary Ann Sponsler was something else again. *She* wanted the moon. Her layout began to look as much like a furniture depository as did wife

"This is the part I hate . . . pickin' up!"

Catharine's. Mary Ann Sponsler, in fact, was beginning to get out of hand. The daughter of the Baltimore oyster dealer had borne Singer ten children, nine of whom were living. Now, in the twentieth year of their illicit relationship, she suddenly began to make demands for marriage. Where, she wanted to know, was Singer's wife, and what was he doing about a divorce? Why she had waited two decades to make a hot issue of her ringless state probably not even Singer could have figured out. During one discussion of her suddenly realized predicament, Mary Ann mentioned that she was tired of never going out anywhere during the day. Other women of means, she said, were driven around town by their husbands in custom-built carriages big enough to accommodate the whole family. "All right," said Isaac, leaping at the easy out, "I'll have a carriage built for you."

And what a carriage it was. An enormous affair, it took eight horses to haul it around, and it was big enough to seat thirty passengers. Consequently one fine Sunday morning Isaac Singer and the oyster dealer's daughter and their brood of illegitimates, ranging from 21-year-old Gus to the newest baby, rolled up Fifth Avenue. Practically everybody on the street stopped to gape at the spectacle and Singer, sitting up in front with his whiskers and barrel chest, was quite unsuccessful in his rather bizarre attempt to make himself invisible.

Next morning at the factory, Clark said to him, "Who was that family I saw you out driving with yesterday?" Singer feigned surprise. "I wasn't out driving yesterday," he declared. "Oh, yes you were," said Clark. "Who were you with?" Singer continued to deny that he had been the coy papa in the carriage but Clark was a strong believer in the eyewitness account, especially his own. And it seemed there had been other eyewitnesses too—of a number of things.

A few nights later, when it was Isaac's turn to hole up again in Mary Ann's house, she faced him with needles spewing off her tongue and in her hand a copy of the *Police Gazette* fresh off the presses. As Singer read the story in it, his several houses of cards started shaking. For the *Gazette* had somehow got wind of the fact that the sewing-machine magnate was leading more than one life. Spread all over the publication was the first installment of a serial stating that Singer had four mistresses and a flock of illegitimate kids and that subsequent issues would go into all the details. Mary Ann intimated, in terse, freshly sharpened words, that she'd like those details ahead of publication.

Hustling around to his various residences to see how his women were taking the scandal, Isaac got mixed returns. The McGonigal sisters and Mary Walters didn't seem to mind, so long as it didn't affect their financial position, which Singer assured them it wouldn't. But his wife raised hell.

Singer's most menacing problem was Clark. The austere socialite, who had more and more been taking over the reins of the business while Singer dreamed up ways of attracting attention to it, looked with dark disfavor on his partner's antics. Although the two men saw each other almost daily, they spoke only when they had to—when, in the presence of other key men in the company, there were important business problems to discuss.

For his part Singer was growing increasingly impatient with business details. He frequently broke up a meeting by announcing that he had to be going—going, Clark knew, to one wife or another. "You can take care of that problem, Mr. Clark," he would say, clapping on his hat and bounding for the door. Clark would sit there for a minute, tight-lipped and narrow-eyed, before proceeding with the business at hand.

That next year Singer led pretty much of a dog's life. Catharine was hounding him to stay away from his mistresses and Mary Ann Sponsler was hounding him to divorce Catharine and marry her. Since Mary Ann had borne him ten illegitimate children and Catharine had borne him only two of the legal variety, Isaac decided in favor of Mary Ann.

Catharine was naturally reluctant to listen to her husband's suggestion for a divorce. He didn't even bother to try persuasion; instead he immediately started cooking up a plot to frame her. First he dug up a character by the name of Steve Kemp and gave him a few hundred dollars to admit that he had been engaged in adulterous relations with Mrs. Singer.

In those days divorce proceedings were heard by referees instead of juries, and Singer, working behind the scenes, wangled things so that a good friend of his—a prominent mouthpiece named Banajah Leffingwell—was appointed referee.

The outraged husband appeared in court decked out in purple pants and orange coat, his hands resting on a gold-headed cane, his eyes staring off into space—the picture of wronged virtue. His wife was so mad that she acted more guilty than innocent. When Kemp, the purchased witness, got on the stand and went into spicy details of his fictitious dalliance with Mrs. Singer, the woman had to be restrained from sinking her claws into the man. Singer put on quite an act, too. He hung his head in his hands and moaned as Kemp spouted the fiction that Singer himself had so carefully coached him in.

Singer was granted a divorce and ordered to pay his wife $10,000 to take care of her and her two children for the rest of their lives.

Now that he was rid of his wife and free to marry again, he underwent a sudden change of feeling. He was like the reverse of the man in the joke who never knew what true love was until he married and then it was too late. No, he decided, he was having no more of marriage. So he informed Mary Ann of his decision and told her she could like it or lump it. Mean-

time, he was still holding the franchise with Mary Walters and the McGonigal sisters.

By now practically everybody in New York who had normal eyes or hearing knew about Isaac Singer and his affairs. His face, reproduced in the *Police Gazette* and in the newspapers, became familiar to everyone. Being a brazen bucko, he just stared people down when they recognized him. As a matter of fact, Singer seemed to like the attention he got. He made no distinction between notoriety and fame. Furthermore, with his dirty linen going through the tubs in public, he no longer had anything to fear. He took his ladies out for carriage rides in broad daylight whenever he damned well pleased.

One warm Saturday afternoon in August of 1860 Isaac was riding up Fifth Avenue with Mary McGonigal, who had by now borne him a squirming total of five. Mary was a brazen little hussy, just as good at staring people down as Singer was.

When their carriage pulled up for traffic at a street intersection another carriage drew up alongside. Mary McGonigal turned to Singer and whispered, "Who's that woman in the next carriage? She seems to know you." She did. She had known him, in fact, just twice as well—or as thoroughly—as Mary McGonigal. When Isaac turned his head, Mary Ann Sponsler was already belching fire. She hopped up from her seat as if to fly across to the other carriage. Singer sank spurs into his driver to get going.

The two carriages tore up the street abreast of each other, with Mary Ann yelling loud enough to be heard half a mile off and Mary doing her Irish best not to be outdone. Until his driver could skid the carriage around into a side street Singer sat there with his head lowered like a small boy being admonished—which was probably not exactly the way he felt.

What he did that evening was a better sign of his reaction. Instead of spending the night with the McGonigals (it was *their* turn) he barged into Mary Ann's home and beat her unconscious. Then he left the house, got into his carriage, and went out for a few hours' prospecting.

Mary Ann Sponsler was so outraged that she sought out a lawyer. He advised her to have Singer arrested for assault. She did and a lot of good *that* accomplished. Singer dropped some money in the right places and the charge was dismissed for lack of evidence, the only witnesses being six of the offspring of complainant and defendant.

In the meantime Clark, expanding the business on the international level, had opened a plant near Glasgow, Scotland. For some reason Isaac decided that it might not be a bad idea to take a trip to Europe just then to inspect the new factory. And oddly enough Mary Ann, back in New York, began developing a real mad at Singer at the same time. She consulted one of the town's cagiest teams of barristers—the firm of Abbett and Fuller. The way Abbett and Fuller looked at her problem, she had had no legal status during the years that Singer cohabited with her while married to Catharine. Now that Isaac had lived with Mary Ann for several months after his divorce, that made her his common-law wife. All Mary Ann needed was witnesses, and she said she could supply a couple of police vans of them. So Singer was sued for divorce for the second time within a year.

Returning to New York to face the discordant music, he was served with the divorce papers as he stepped down the gangplank. He scoffed. "How," he inquired, "can I be sued for divorce when I was never married to this woman?" The question was one that was asked again from the tea cups of Fifth Avenue to the whisky glasses of the Bowery.

But Singer ceased to take the matter so lightly after he had a talk with his barristers. *They* were of the opinion that Mary Ann had a pretty good case and that an out-of-court settlement would be the smart move.

Mary Ann's divorce action against him was also heard by a referee—the same legal setup that had worked so nicely to his advantage in his suit against Catharine. The clamoring of the mobs to get into the courtroom and lap up the juice was something fierce. Singer, decked out in a lavender coat and purple pants, spent half his time sizing up the prettier of the feminine spectators and the other half trying to assassinate Mary Ann with verbal darts.

The plaintiff's children—five girls and four boys, ranging in age from 24-year-old Gus to Caroline, who was only 4—were all in court, constituting Exhibits One to Nine.

The referee, this time not under Singer's thimble, granted Mary Ann $8,000 a year temporary alimony pending final adjudication of the mess. Isaac, looking on it as an outrage and a personal affront, arose from his chair, stretched dramatically to full height, and with a scowl on his face stalked from the courtroom.

Having no intention of taking that verdict lying down, he called on Mary Ann, threatened her with another gymnastic workout if she didn't ignore the referee's findings, and talked her into signing an agreement giving her a modest home and $50 a week for the rest of her life. He stuck in a joker making the deal invalid if she ever married. Since Mary Ann, at the age of 45, was looking forward to the serenity of life without a man —even an every third- or fourth-night man—she hadn't the slightest intention of getting married and paid no attention to the clause.

If Singer didn't mind all the publicity that his capers heaped on him and the company, his partner Clark did. Clark was so outraged at Singer's behavior and so weary of having his socialite friends kid him that he suggested to the inventor they dissolve the partnership and form a corporation.

The idea was all right with Singer. Dough was rolling in so fast that he had to hire a couple of accountants to keep track of it. There was just one point that he insisted upon: Clark was to sign an agreement forfeiting all claim to ever being president of the corporation. Clark, more anxious to be rid of Singer than anything else, assented, provided Singer signed an

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agreement never to be president either. Isaac, looking ahead to a life of clipping coupons and women, was only too happy to split the stock and get out.

First, though, there was a little difficulty over who would be president. A 27-year-old, thousand-dollar-a-year bookkeeper by the name of Inslee Hopper heard the two arguing. He boldly proposed that the toss of a coin determine which would pick the president. The suggestion appealed to both. Young Hopper flipped a quarter and Singer cried, "Tails!" and won. Then he looked at Hopper. He had come to know and respect the young bookkeeper, who had often appeared at executive meetings to explain sheaves of figures. "You're the new president," Singer told him. Hopper got 25 grand a year to start and a chunk of stock that was later worth a fortune. He made a fine president, too.

After stepping out of the company, Isaac set out for Europe in 1862. He was 51 years old and, while still going strong in the amatory sweepstakes, was beginning to show signs of wear and tear. Landing in the British Isles, he heard about a wondrous doctor in Paris who was purveying a magic compound guaranteed to put starch in worn-out males.

Singer was disappointed. "You do not, Monsieur, need me," the doctor told him. "I, on the other hand, could take a leaf from your book."

Liking the feel of Paris, Singer decided to spend a few months there. He set up in style in a hotel suite and devoted himself to touring the boulevards with an eye peeled for the ladies. On an afternoon in May of 1863, with spring in the air and the sap flowing, he was riding along the Bois de Boulogne when he picked up fortyish Pamela Lockwood Boyer, the English widow of a French hotel man. Madame Boyer kept a pension on the Left Bank and it didn't take Singer long to move in with her.

Things rocked along for about a month, with Isaac getting everything he wanted but with the Madame, who obviously had matrimony in mind, getting no place. Then one day there strolled into the pension a gorgeous brunette of 20. "Who," Singer inquired of Madame Boyer, "is *that?*" "That," answered the Madame, "is my daughter Eugénie." Singer, man of infinite experience, gaped at the girl like a peasant at a sideshow, for Eugénie was practically a walking, breathing aphrodisiac.

The Madame was quick to catch on. If the obviously well-heeled American was not interested in marrying her, he might, she calculated, be persuaded to marry her daughter. Promptly she not only effected an introduction between the two but, wanting a solid future for her daughter, saw to it that Eugénie became Isaac's mistress.

After the liaison had been in motion for several weeks, Singer felt happier than he had in years. Madame Boyer, the cunning one, carefully coached her daughter in all the little ways that a smart and gorgeous girl can use to make a man supremely contented. And then, when she had let Isaac gobble the bait down thoroughly, the Madame jerked in the line.

She was terribly sorry, she said, but her daughter could no longer continue as Monsieur Merritt's mistress. Why? The master wanted to know. Because, Madame Boyer declared, she had been thinking things over and she wanted security for her daughter. What kind of security? The security of marriage of course—there was another kind? Monsieur, in the future, could look but he must not touch.

In the meantime, while Isaac had been dallying in Paris, his ex-under-the-counter wife had been doing a little dillying on her own in New York. The Mary Ann of the many brats found, although she was pushing 46, romance entering her life once more. Somewhere she had met up with a 25-year-old chap by the name of John Edward Foster, a clerk in the passenger department of the Erie Railroad. After a few get-togethers, Mary Ann and John Edward agreed that they couldn't go on without each other.

Then Mary Ann read thoroughly for the first time that agreement she had signed for Singer. To her horror she discovered that its financial details became null and void if she married. This confronted her with a serious problem. Smitten with the youthful railroad clerk, she was also flattered that a man two decades her junior should find her so desirable. But having lived in sin for such a long time, Mary Ann had now developed an overwhelming passion for respectability. As much as she loved the young railroad clerk she would not, she informed him, make her charms available unless they were first married.

Marriage, it turned out, was all right with Foster who no doubt had got a whiff of that settlement money. And so the happy pair eloped to Boston where they were secretly married by a Congressional minister. Then they rented a little house.

One day Mary Ann took a bad tumble down a long flight of stairs. She was painfully injured in the fall and a doctor, whose bedside manner was on a par with his talent as a diagnostician, informed her that she had only a few days to live.

Thinking that death was near, she sent for her eldest daughter, Voulettie, now 23 and married, and told her about her secret wedding. Voulettie's husband was a rat named Proctor, who worked for the Singer company. Proctor, knowing of the ill will between Isaac and Mary Ann, decided to put the thing on a paying basis by double-crossing his mother-in-law. So the stinker got off a long letter to his father-in-law in Paris, apprising him of Mary Ann's marriage to Foster and adding, as a postscript, that she was well on the road to recovery.

Singer now felt himself to be in a position to return to the

"John, you never take me anywhere."

United States and put the squeeze on Mary Ann. The situation in Paris had gradually worsened, and he was ready to pounce on any kind of good news. It seems that Isaac, with his devastating charm, had succeeded in circumventing the injunction of Madame Boyer that he terminate relations with Eugénie. He had, in fact, been so successful that Eugénie found herself pregnant.

Ordinarily, he wouldn't have bothered too much about a little thing like a pregnancy of his authorship. But in this case it happened to be different. Madame Boyer, sly mama, had somehow found out that her daughter's Isaac Merritt was in reality Isaac Singer the sewing-machine king. The Madame had two reasons for applying the screws to him. Not only had he impregnated her daughter but he had, she suddenly discovered, caused the Madame great anguish by throwing *her* over. So she lay it on the line: "You will marry my daughter or I'll cause an international scandal."

Singer tried glaring the woman down, but was getting nowhere when Eugénie entered the room like a well-timed piece of bait. As usual, the old boy couldn't keep his eyes off her, and the debate he had with himself was short. Pregnant or not, Eugénie was the most desirable girl he had ever known.

"I have to go to the United States," he told Madame Boyer, "and I want Eugénie to come with me. We'll be married there." Why not, inquired Madame, be married in Paris? There were certain technical obstacles that he first had to clear up in America, Singer said, the collective obstacles, of course, being Mary Ann. He would be in a better position to deal with her if he were not married himself.

Madame Boyer saw the point. She settled for a personal payment of $100,000.

Isaac and Eugénie traveled to New York under separate names and put up in adjoining suites, at a Fifth Avenue hotel. Then Singer got down to the business of giving the business to Mary Ann. He hired a whole battery of nasty lawyers and they addressed themselves to their task with an enthusiasm that greatly appealed to the wronged man.

It was but a matter of weeks before the shamuses forced Mary Ann to sign an agreement whereby she forfeited the house Isaac had given her and agreed to a settlement of $1,000 a year for the support of herself and the younger children instead of the previous $50 a week.

Now that Mary Ann's hash was settled, Isaac and Eugénie laid plans to get married. And well they might: the girl was eight months along with Singer's nineteenth child—a boy who was one day to cut quite a swath in international society as Sir Mortimer Singer.

The marriage was performed by the Reverend E. R. T. Cooke, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church. The Reverend Cooke apparently winked at some of the basic tenets of the Episcopal Church in marrying Singer, let alone having anything to do with the man, for the Episcopalians frowned on divorce and, moreover, Isaac had no known religion besides a high regard for himself. But the very proper Eugénie wanted the father of her children to be at least technically a church member, and after little Mortimer was born Isaac became an Episcopalian.

Two years after Eugénie gave birth to her first she bore her second, a girl, and a year after that her second son. This child was born during a period when Isaac was boning up on American history, so he had the boy, his twenty-first recognized item of produce, christened Washington Merritt Grant Singer.

To offset this sudden burst of interest in his country, Eugénie persuaded Isaac to move to Paris. Landing in the French metropolis in January 1867, the Singers rented a villa on the Rue Malesherbes—one of the toniest thoroughfares in the city.

Eugénie was getting pregnant on an average of about once a year and by 1870, when she had borne six children in less than seven years—four boys and two girls—Singer, feeling the old engine really running down when he couldn't do better than that, went on the prowl for a physician who could restore his youth. The only thing he got was envy.

Eugénie's health began to decline after the birth of her last child and physicians prescribed a change of climate. Isaac, who had come to have quite a liking for the boulevards and their pretty wenches, was reluctant to leave Paris. But the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian War decided him. Although he had never shrunk from a personal fight, mass conflict he found distasteful. So in the summer of 1870 the Singers and their six children moved across the channel.

In London, Singer purchased a mansion in Grosvenor Gardens. But the sticky London summers and the bitter, fog-blanketed winters did Eugénie's health no good. And he himself at last accepted the fact that his youth had been spent—well spent but spent. Consequently in 1872, when Singer was 61 and his wife only 30 he purchased a monstrosity of an estate—a place called Oldway, in the village of Paignton on Tor Bay, along the balmy Devon coast.

The climate of Devon agreed with both Isaac and Eugénie. For the first time in his life the sewing-machine man seemed to have hobbies other than sex in the forefront of his mind. Although he liked the grounds at Oldway, he had no use for the house. So he called in architects and, instructing them to proceed with a to-hell-with-the-expense attitude, he set them to planning a new home. Singer ordered the works for the forthcoming mansion, which was to be in the Greco-Roman tradition. The plans included a theater and an art gallery and, at the far end of the grounds, a gigantic circular coach house which could be used to shelter fifty horses and carriages or be converted into a small circus arena. Isaac was recalling the days when, as a strolling temperance player, he had often slept in a tent, and following that tack he christened his new home "The Wigwam."

Deeply hurt now by the fact that he was a social outcast, Singer decided to be the king of his own little domain in Devon. The village of Paignton had but a couple of hundred residents and he was quick to see that if he gave most of them work he would, for the first time in his life, become a respected figure, and perhaps a beloved one. So he hired more servants, coachmen and gardeners than he actually needed, and paid them three times the prevailing wage scale.

Realizing that in his entire life he had made practically no friends, he now became a man desperately anxious to be loved. He used to drive into the village of Paignton and go around asking people how he could help them. By the time the Wigwam was nearing completion, Isaac Singer, an unconscionable libertine to the women of the United States, had become a demigod in the little English village.

And having reached that peak when he was only 64, he suddenly came apart at the seams, took to his bed and died. The year was 1875 and the whole village of Paignton went into mourning.

There were great expectations in several quarters when Isaac Singer's will was made public. The old boy left more than half his pile to his widow and a considerable portion to the six children she had borne him. The remainder he spread out among his other children, both right- and left-handed. Promptly the two legitimate ones, by his first wife, put up a howl that they weren't getting enough of the gravy. The usual behind-the-scenes legal maneuvering began and finally, with some of the more fortunate heirs chipping in, the golden deluge was straightened out. Only one thing had they all agreed on from the start: no more publicity.

Nobody knows to this day how much Singer's heirs received. But every bastard should be so lucky—have an old man who, starting with nothing, winds up with everything. Everything, that is, except the respect of his fellow men.—**Alan Hynd**

A True Book-Length Feature

THIS

funny life

As a special treat for his 9th birthday, we allowed our son to stay up later than usual to watch television, but when it came time for him to go to sleep, he still put up an argument.

Insisting that he was still too young to stay up late, I had to drag him out of the room. Suddenly he stopped struggling and asked, "Daddy, how long have you and Mama been married?"

"Fifteen years," I answered.

"Well!" he said accusingly. "You know I could have been a lot older by now if you'd wanted to."

—Harry Chatham
Salinas, Calif.

A middle-aged couple dropped into my real estate office and asked to see a house in the suburbs that I had for sale. As I drove them out to the place, the woman, a very nervous type, kept repeating that she wouldn't be interested in the house, no matter what it looked like, unless it was a very quiet neighborhood.

To assure her, I used one of my stock replies, "Madam, this house I'm going to show you is so quiet someone could murder you in broad daylight and no one would hear a sound."

I don't know whether it was this that ruined the sale or her husband's eager reply to my remark, "Are you kidding or is that really the truth?"

—Veron St. John
Peoria, Ill.

Business was off so the boss called all of us salesmen together to announce a new sales contest that he was going to supervise personally.

"What does the winner get?" I asked.

The boss's answer was directed at all of us. "He gets to keep his job."

—Jack Alderman
Cedar Rapids, Mich.

Never in my life did I think I could get as angry at my son as I did when I visited his home shortly after his marriage. His young bride spent the entire afternoon preparing dinner and when he came home she greeted him affectionately.

"Poor dear," she said. "You must be tired and hungry. How would you like some nice pea soup, tender roast beef with French fries, a crisp salad and mushrooms on toast?"

"No, darling," he answered firmly. "Let's save the money and eat at home."

—Anna Schmidt
Sacramento, Calif.

A couple of years ago, I guess I considered myself an authority on every subject, and evidently I didn't hesitate to tell everyone about it.

At the office Christmas party that year, one of my co-workers handed me a gift-wrapped package and told me it was a token of the staff's gratitude for my enlightening them all the time.

"Why thanks," I beamed. When I opened it, I found a book with all blank pages. "What is it?" I asked, puzzled.

"A special encyclopedia," he answered, "for guys like you who know everything."

I haven't shot my mouth off since.

—Harry Fritch
Denver, Colo.

The walls in the apartment house where I live are very thin, and the other evening I heard my elderly neighbor yelling at his much younger wife. "You can't deny," he raged, "that every time I leave the house, that young salesman comes to keep you company."

"What does that prove?" she answered calmly, "except that I'm lonely when you're out."

—Al Heidner
Chicago, Ill.

An old maiden aunt of mine, who has led a rather sheltered life, has a Siamese female cat named Ting Lee. She gets quite concerned every so often because the cat seems to be in great distress, caterwauling and complaining in a way that only a Siamese in heat can do.

I explained to my aunt that Ting undoubtedly wanted a family and that the only humane thing to do was to breed her. My aunt thought about this for some time and finally, reluctantly, consented.

When the time came again for Ting to be receptive, I offered to take her away for breeding. But when I asked my aunt for the stud fee, she was absolutely astounded, and said, "Do you mean that Ting Lee has to pay?"

—Betty Miller
Lynwood, Calif.

"Madam," I said as I demonstrated the vacuum cleaner in her living room, "you pay a small down payment and then you pay no more for three months."

She drew herself up indignantly. "I bet you heard that from my catty next-door neighbor. I pay my bills as well as the next person."

—Dudley Thoren
Fall River, Mass.

At a fashionable cocktail lounge where I work, two well-dressed women sat at the bar and I couldn't help overhearing them talk.

"It's very hard to remain faithful to one man," the first said.

"What would you say if you were in my place?" retorted the other one. "I have to remain faithful to three."

—Everett K. Moelner
Palm Beach, Fla.

Our next-door neighbors used to practically live in our house until they struck it quite rich and moved to a much better neighborhood. After not hearing from them in weeks, my husband and I decided to pay them a visit. They not only greeted us coldly but made it quite clear that their new social obligations would leave them little time for us. My husband, who hadn't had a chance to remove his hat, replied, "It's all right. We just dropped in to say *good-by*."

—Mrs. Jack Cartwright
Van Nuys, Calif.

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Mr. Lionel Q. McBjork, who is often pictured in the society magazines as the best dressed man on Long Island, Andros Island, The Virgin Islands, or the Isle of Capri, says,

"I have all my sport shirts tailored of Springmaid Broadcloth"

Mr. McBjork became a customers' man in a brokerage office after graduating from Elmira, and was making his first million by making love to the secretaries of some big Wall Street fishermen. While they stocked their pools, he pooled their stocks.

He joined the Bankers Club and bought a 28 oz. rod for a 14/0 reel and a 54 thread line. As long as his sources were reliable, he made record hauls but one cute sturgeon took his line, and he had to marry her or else she would sell him short. This cut his bait for undercover contacts and took the suckers to the cleaners. He didn't get off the hook until his wife landed a son of a President.

His second wife was the heiress of a patent medicine fortune. He joined the Bath Club and bought a 30-30 rifle with a telescopic sight. On their first safari she took along a tank of her tonic and stayed blissfully blind until she stumbled into an elephant trap.

His present wife was the Baroness Tschysdvoff, nee Schwartz. Her grandfather made his fortune the aristocratic way—by stealing a Western railroad while the Grant administration was having an Eastern investigation. Mr. McBjork now joined the Clambake Club and bought an over-and-under fowling piece with extra barrels. He's now Newport champion at live pigeon shooting.

Those who wish to imitate Mr. McBjork with big game or a big name will do well to insist on the SPRINGMAID label. Mr. McBjork does his best fishing in Springmaid Broadcloth.

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